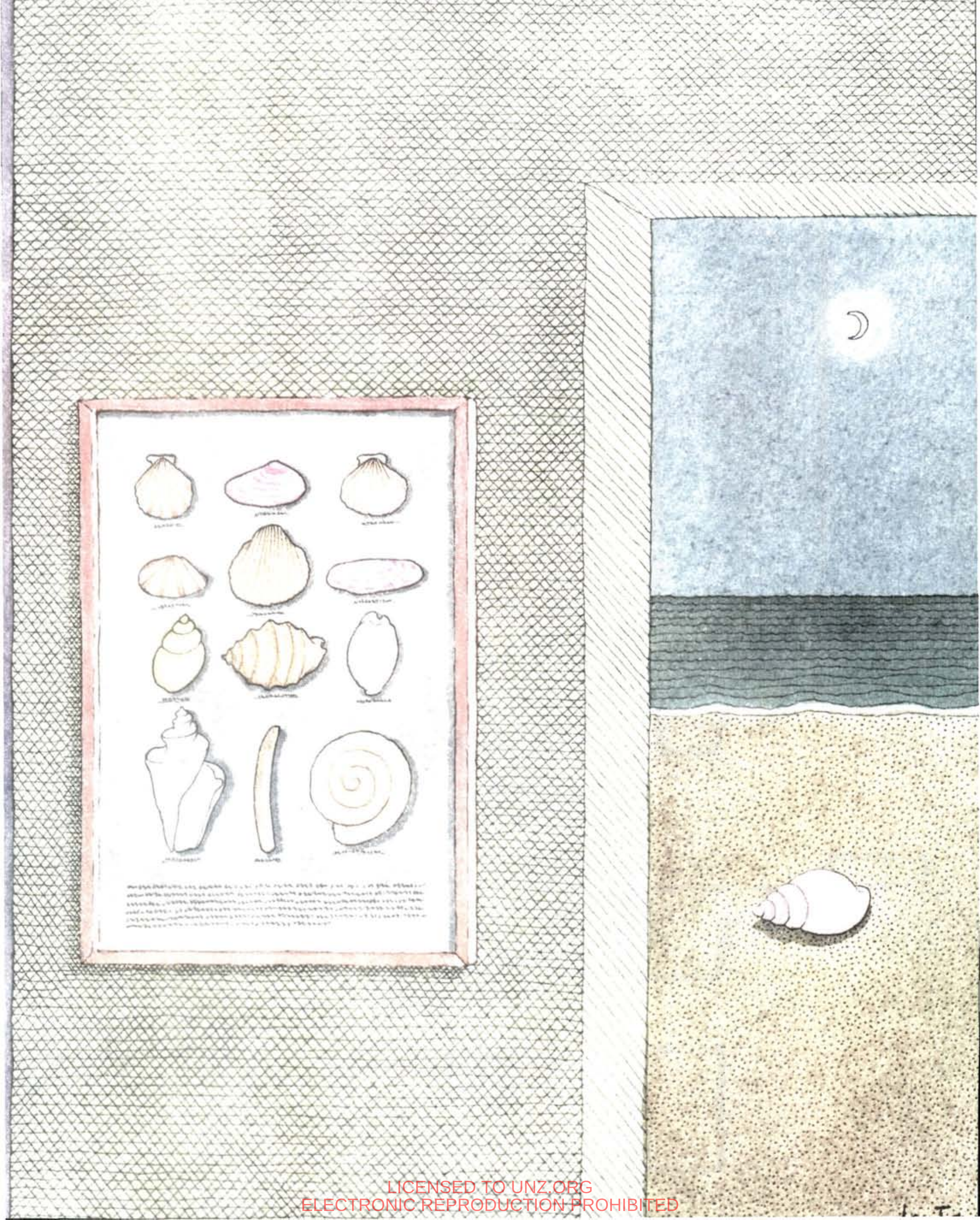
July 28, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. Cedric Smith fills in for Mr. Peterson at the 10-o'clock show on Saturdays and at Sunday matinées. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Blackstone!—In which flags, elephants, eagles, flowers, and the bodies of young women appear and disappear and reappear in a way that cannot be and is. Mr. Blackstone has a certain archness of delivery that he would do well to make vanish into thin air. (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Branches from the Same Tree—A play by Marge Eliot. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

Camelot—Richard Burton is the star of this admirable new production of the Lerner-Loewe musical, which he starred in twenty years ago. His King Arthur is a touching, lonely man. Christine Ebersole plays Guenevere and Richard Muenz is Lancelot. (7/21/80) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, THE WOOLGATHERER, with Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig: Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10:15, and Sundays at 3. . . . MACREADY!, a one-character play written and performed by Frank Barrie: Previews Friday, July 25, at 10:15; Saturday and Sunday, July 26-27, at 7; and Monday, July 28, at 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, July 29, at 7. Other performances Friday, Aug. 1, at 10:15, and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospects. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—THE ZOO, TRIAL BY JURY, and COX & BOX will play through Sunday, July 27. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 30, a two-week engagement of NAUGHTY MARIETTA. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster, modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (7/7/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—Song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves hap-

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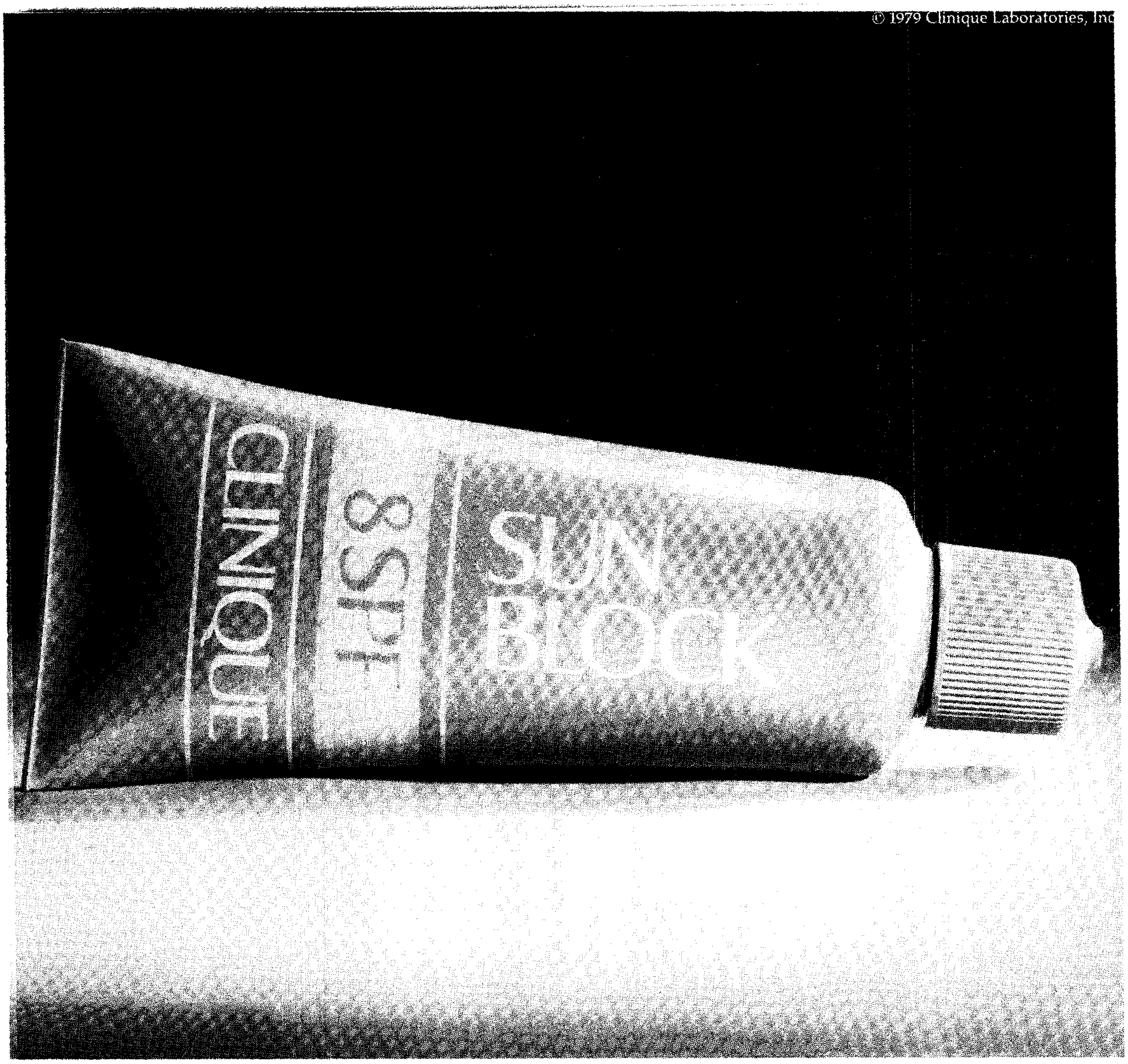

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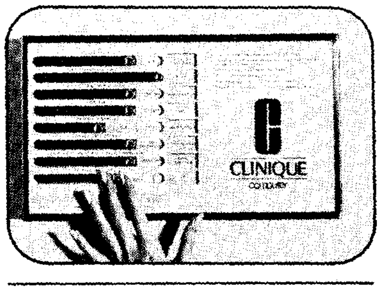

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the others. With Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

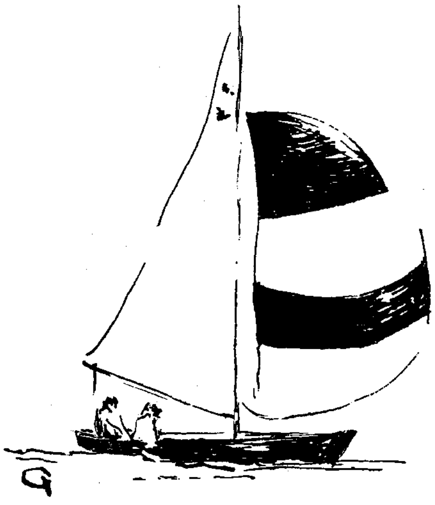
Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Bury a Cousin—A play by Gus Weill, with Harry Goz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A revival of Vinnette Carroll's hymn sing of a few seasons back, derived from the Gospel According to St. Matthew. It's hard to improve on the Bible, and Miss Carroll hasn't. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **annie**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the best little whorehouse in texas**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **a chorus line**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **dancin'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **deathtrap**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the elephant man**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jeff Hayenga is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **evita**: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the fantasticks**: 8,416 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **gemini**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **gertrude stein gertrude stein gertrude stein**: Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3.). . . **i'm getting my act together and taking it on the road**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **oh! calcutta!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.). . . **one mo' time**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **peter pan**: A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **scrambled feet**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **sugar babies**: This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **they're playing our song**: A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **vanities**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Berlin Ballet—With Rudolf Nureyev, Evelyne Desutter, and Galina and Valery Panov, in the final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, July 23: "Firebird," "Symphonie Pour un Homme Seul," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Miss Julie.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 23: "Firebird," "Five Tangos," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Miss Julie.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 24-25: "The Idiot.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 26: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Munich Dance Project—An eight-member troupe performing Birgitta Trommler's full-length work "I No Longer Dream," with music by Steve Reich. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Monday through Wednesday, July 28-30, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, July 23, Skafish will play some rock; Thursday, July 24, will be given over to the Kingbees, a rockabilly band, and to Little Buster & the Soul Brothers, an R. & B. group from Long Island; Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, blues-and-rock singer **tracy nelson** will alternate with Chicago-blues guitarist and singer **jimmy rogers**; on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 29-30, **taj mahal**, a fine folk-blues-and-rock singer and an alumnus of the Folklore Society at Amherst, will be onstage; Thursday, July 31, will be claimed by **buddy rich**, the smiling, black-belt drummer and bandleader; and on Friday and

Saturday, Aug. 1-2, television kiddie-show host Uncle Floyd will be on hand. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

RADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant that specializes in first-rate jazz duos. **ANDY LA VERNE** and **GEORGE MRAZ** are the piano-bass team through Saturday, July 26; on Monday, July 28, bassist **RED MITCHELL** will take up with hard-bop pianist, composer, and sideman **TOMMY FLANAGAN.** Sundays are the property of **RED MITCHELL** and guitarist **JOE BECK.** Music from nine-thirty.

ACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

AFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND** has taken over the piano for Bobby Short while Mr. Short is on leave. She works with a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

AFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who plays a seven-string guitar—the seventh string is a bass string, which gives the instrument a richer, harmonic range—has teamed up with his guitarist son John, who plays a matching George Van Eps model Gretsch guitar. They trade fours Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

ARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant with a variety (alive and plastic) of hanging plants. **ADAM MAKOWICZ** is the piano soloist nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

BGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, July 23, Mundanes, Tragic Flaw, and Rebob; Thursday, July 24, Lynn Todd & Peroxide and the Ex-Husbands; Friday, July 25, Helen Wheels Band, Ex-Davis, and Hard Attack; and Saturday, July 26, Shrapnel and Tiger Beats. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

ITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn, Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten. Dining.

HE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you like watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply enjoy gazing at the Park trees. Farther inside the room are the musical attractions—singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and his bassist, **JACK SIX**—who perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

OOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MARION WILLIAMS** has a powerful, emotional voice, and when she's singing gospel music at a jazz or folk festival or in a large hall, she can cause one to feel overcome—if not by religion itself, by something very close to it. But in smaller quarters, such as these, Miss Williams sounds restrained; one wishes she would set aside her microphone and just let loose. Nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven. On Sundays, the center of the room is turned over to **DARDANELLE,** a singer and pianist who has no faults, at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

DDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, July 27, pianist **JOHN BUNCH'S** quintet, which features cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY,** will be on hand from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled downstairs jazz-stars room. The jazz stars: Vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON'S** quartet is here through Saturday, July 26; on Tuesday, July 29, pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER,** who plays crescendo-laden solos, will bring in his group. Sets begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A very big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. Vibraharpist **DAVID SAMUELS,** oboist **PAUL MC CANDLESS,** and drummer **RATZO HARRIS** are here Wednesday, July 23; Thursday through Sunday, July 24-27, will belong to vigorous bebop saxophonist **JAMES MOODY,** his pianist **MICKEY TUCKER,** and his bassist **RUFUS REID.** On Monday, July 28, Cybill Shepherd will sing; on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 29-30, Janet Lawson, a young bebop-inspired singer, will work with her backing crew; and on Thursday, July 31, rock-and-blues guitarist **MICHAEL BLOOMFIELD** will arrive with his group. Music every night after ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **BEN ARONOV,** guitarist **AL GAFA,** and bassist Todd Coolman, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Every night but Sunday, from seven to ten, is given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that is in the process of being refurbished itself. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players. **RALPH SUTTON,** a robust stride pianist, is the current musical catch. He's here Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Lou Forestieri plays piano and leads a dance trio from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live bands: The Members will be present Wednesday through Friday, July 23-25, along with Broadway on Wednesday, the Shades on Thursday, and the Nails on Friday. On Saturday, July 26, the Know will perform opposite Tinapeel. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Video shows on Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. Weekend Brazilian jazz continues: trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will lead a quintet on Friday and Saturday, July 25-26; percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO**—his axes include the berimbau, the cuica, caxixi, and reco-reco—will perform with his band Amazon. Sets begin about nine-thirty. On Sundays, drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** and trumpeter **GERRY LA FURN** co-pilot a seventeen-piece band from nine.

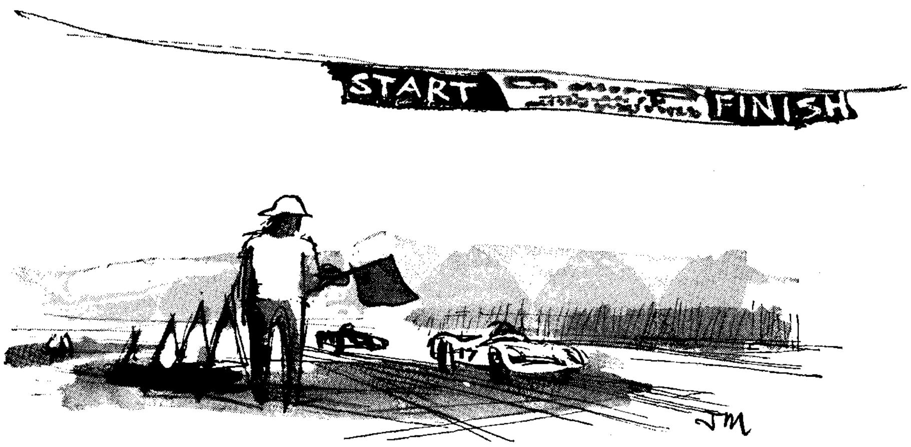
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is the resident legend, and he's buoyed by a quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and with good reasons. The reasons include pianist and Kansas City music myth **MARY LOU WILLIAMS** and her bassist **MILTON SUGGS,** and they'll be here through Saturday, July 26. On Tuesday, July 29, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bass player **MARTY RIVERA** will take charge. **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** hold down the Sunday and Monday positions. Music nightly from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The rock, country, rockabilly, and blues schedule: **NRBQ,** which plays blues and rock, will be here on Wednesday and Thursday, July 23-24; Sunday, July 27, will be set aside for country singer and songwriter **TOM T. HALL;** on Tuesday, July 29, Chicago-blues singer and blues-harp player **JAMES COTTON** will dance around the stage, backed by his quartet; Wednesday, July 30, Kinky Friedman will drop in; and on Thursday, July 31, country singer Rex Allen, Jr., will be present. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, crowded in the eighties, and it will probably be crowded in the nineties. The lineup: Wednesday, July 23, Dizzy & the Romilars, Alcoholics Anonymous, and Cosmopolitans; Thursday, July 24, Cheetah Chrome and Gina Harlow & the Cutthroats; Friday, July 25, the Billies and 4/4; Saturday, July 26, Revelons and Back Street Boys; Sunday, July 27, Peter Gordon and Ut; Monday, July 28, Kongress, Trouble Boys, and Responsible Teenagers; and Tuesday, July 29, Tattoo and Ex-Husbands. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The New Orleans Heritage Hall Jazz Band—drummer-singer Freddie Kohlman, pianist Ellis Marsalis, trumpeter Teddy Riley, clarinettist Manuel Crusto, trombonist Fred Lonzo, and bassist Walter Payton—winds up its visit to East 55th Street on Saturday, July 26. Beginning Tuesday, July 29, clarinettist **BOB WILBER** and a group of willing musical colleagues are scheduled to re-create the Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall concert of 1938. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The Ray Chew group performs Thursday through Saturday, July 24-26; and singer Jae Mason and his band will work Monday and Tuesday, July 28-29. Music from about ten until two.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Thursday through Saturday, July 24-26, Carolyne Mas, a pop-rock singer and songwriter, will lead her band; on Wednesday and Thursday, July 30-31, folkie **KENNY RANKIN** will trade sets with another folkie, Christine Lavin; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, three rock bands—Rockats, Will Rambeau, and Donna Destri—will take over. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

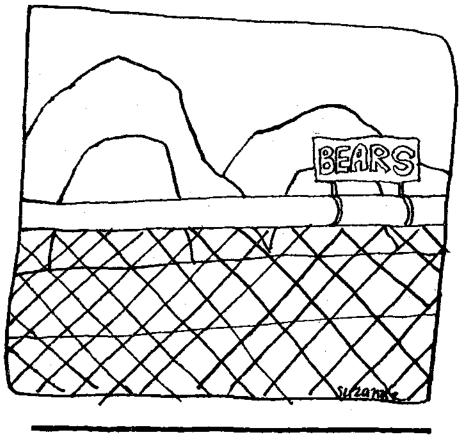
Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his orchestra play for listening and dancing through Sunday, July 27; and then on Tuesday, July 29, drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** will take command. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—The only view in the windowless King Cole Room is the room itself, and it's striking. Massive white walls, brass bannisters, a tiered ceiling, three levels of tables and chairs, and slick, iridescent Pre-Raphaelite-ish paintings by Maxfield Parrish—a three-panelled mural, "Old King Cole," and two small works, "Child Harvester" and "Cleopatra"—are its principal recommendations. Another recommendation, but one that is not a permanent fixture, is singer and pianist **HAZEL SCOTT**, who, with her bassist and slightly overamplified drummer, performs enthusiastic interpretations of works by Ellington, Rodgers and Hart, and many other songwriters. Music from eight until eleven, except Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Named for a tune by Dizzy Gillespie and located in the far western reaches of Tribeca, where many of the lofts are still used by business and industry. The current attraction is Dallas pianist **RED GARLAND**, who cut some historic records in the fifties with Miles Davis and who sounds today as buoyant and strong as ever. Mr. Garland and his trio work out Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to four. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. **SONNY FORTUNE**, a hard-edged, driving alto saxophonist, leads his quintet Thursday through Sunday, July 24-27; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 29-30, a soul outfit called



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Raw Sugar will occupy the bandstand; and on Thursday, July 31, pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft will come in. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the red-brocade-walled French Quarter, trumpeter Don Goldie, whose influences include Louis Armstrong, Bunny Berigan, and Billy Butterfield, guides his quartet. Music from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and jazz duos. Wednesday, July 23, pianist **JOHN HICKS** teams up with bassist **WALTER BOOKER**; Thursday through Saturday, July 24-26, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **SAM JONES** will have the floor. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **JIMMY FORREST** is currently (through Saturday, July 26) leading a quartet. On Sunday and Monday, July 27-28, saxophonist Turk Mauro's quartet will perform; and on Tuesday, July 29, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** will arrive to play with some other fine musicians. Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent of the old Five Spot. Guitarist Freddie Harris and his West Indian nonet perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty or so. Sundays are the property of drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bop trio—bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**—and Mondays are devoted to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. They all begin about nine-thirty.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and it's not surprising. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night after ten. Drummer Richard Baratta's quintet, which will include **HENRY THREADGILL** and **JOHN HICKS**, will occupy the bandstand on Thursday, July 24; Friday through Sunday, July 25-27, singer Marion Cowings and a fine backing quartet will perform; Tuesday, July 29, will belong to a bebop quartet called Bird Lore; and Wednesday and Thursday, July 30-31, **BILL HARDMAN** and **JUNIOR COOK** will co-lead a quintet. Music every night but Monday, after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Blues, reggae, ska, new-wave rock, and D. & B. (dissonance and blues). Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, **BIG MAMA THORNTON**, who recorded "Hound Dog" before Elvis Presley did, will be here; Friday, Aug. 1, will be given over to blues singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON**; and Saturday, Aug. 2, Little Buster & the Soul Brothers will perform some good old-fashioned R. & B. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as we as unknown ones. The schedule: Wednesda July 23, Cathy & the Escorts and America Teen; Thursday, July 24, Tiger Beats an Stimulators; Friday, July 25, Coma-teen Revelons, and Student Teachers; and Satu day, July 26, Elevators and Reptiles. Musi every night but Sunday after eleven, usuall Dining and dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)- The spacious, collegiate-feeling downstai room is the domain of tenor saxophoni **STANLEY TURRENTINE** and his quartet. Show tim are ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesda through Fridays, and Sundays, and twelv thirty and two-thirty on Saturdays. On Mo days a Salsa band performs at nine and ele en-thirty for listening and dancing. Mea while out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPH HELLMAN'S** trio works on Tuesdays from nin

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11 St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of jazz club. The wonderful hard-bopping gu tarist **KENNY BURRELL** is leading a trio he through Sunday, July 27. Then, on Tue day, July 29, drummer **ELVIN JONES** will brin in *his* trio. The Monday-night big-band sl will be filled on July 28 by **FRANK FOSTER**, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arrange who should be a lot more famous than he i and his band, the **LOUD MINORITY**. Music fro ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th S (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have soug this place out for years, and it is perhaps t best jazz club in the meat-packing distric One attraction is the authentically prepare collard greens; another is the warm atm sphere. Esther Blue plays piano Monda through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim has t Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music fro eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (66 8750)—Past the steam tables of piping h student food, beyond the pinball machines, a room full of mostly swing music. **RUSSE PROCOPE**, who spent many years in the Ellin ton reed section, now leads a quartet th steeps itself in Ellington and Strayhorn m sic. The quartet, which is called Ellingtoni is present through Sunday, July 27. Monda through Thursday, July 28-31, bebop piani Joe Albany's quartet will perform; and Fr day and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, will be give over to trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, saxophoni **EARLE WARREN**, and their Basie-flavored qui tet, the **COUNTSMEN**. Music nightly from abo nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Smokey Robinson—With the Manhattans. (Rad City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 24 4600. Thursday, July 24, at 8.)

Kiss—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Ju 25, at 8. For information about tickets, ca 977-9020.

AC/DC—With Def Leppard. (Palladium. Fr day, Aug. 1, at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Thursday, July 24: Jam Brown. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25: The Othe and B-Girls. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., 15th St. 473-5421. Shows start around 11.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wedne day, July 23: Jam session, featuring Jo Jon Jr. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-2 Louis Hayes Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Ju 30: Jam session. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturda Aug. 1-2: David (Fathead) Newman. (Ja Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-265 The first set starts somewhere around 9.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-flo loft. Friday, July 25: ROVA Saxopho Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Au 1-2: Sunny Murray's Trio. (Soundscape, 50 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

Squat Theatre—Sun Ra Arkestra. (Squat Th atre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238. Friday an Saturday, July 25-26, at 9:30 and 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are ope Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 1 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Douglas Abdell—Abstract sculptures, painte black. Through Thursday, July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

Maureen Connor—Constructions of starched white organdy, in shapes derived from the art of napkin-folding. Through Aug. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

oseph Cornell (1903-72)—Fourteen collages, many of them incorporating pictures of birds with brilliant plumage. Through Thursday, July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert De Niro / Robert White—Fresh, lighthearted drawings done with colored pencils, mostly of figures and still-lifes. / Medium-sized representational sculptures. Through Friday, July 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ken Greenleaf / Peter Reginato—Welded-steel abstract sculptures built up from found pieces of metal. / Jagged-looking welded sculptures made of heavy steel plate; in one of them patterns have been cut out with a torch. Through Friday, July 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Paul Leon—Colorful abstractions in mixed mediums by this Spanish-born artist. Through Aug. 15. (Walter, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Claes Oldenburg—A replica of as much of the sixty-foot "Crusoe Umbrella" (now in Des Moines) as can be crowded into two rooms of the gallery. Through Sept. 12. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

William Sommer (1867-1949)—Watercolors by an artist who lived on a farm near Brandywine, Ohio, claimed Cézanne as his idol, and painted in the manner of Demuth. Through Friday, Aug. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings on paper. Through Thursday, July 31. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 7.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—A display of a hundred imaginative masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through Aug. 17. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Battery Park City—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The nineteenth annual Old Master print exhibition: More than two hundred original prints from the fifteenth century through the eighteenth, including Montagna's engraving "Virgin and Child," Rembrandt's etching "Hundred Guilder Print," and Dürer's engravings "Sea Monster" and "Coat of Arms with a Skull." Through Aug. 8. . . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings, about thirty in all, by Theodore Robinson, Winslow Homer, Maurice Prendergast, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by nine emerging artists who first emerged at this artistic proving ground, among them Frank Moore, James Zwaldo, and Maryam Zafar. Through Aug. 9. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The summer show here includes a whole wall covered with small papier-mâché conceits by Claudia DeMonte; large line drawings in ink and oil by Nancy Dwyer; and drawings of architectural forms on heavy rag paper by Andrea Blum. Through Aug. 6. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Seven artists, including Elisa D'Arrigo, Sidney McElhenney, and Ursula von Rydingsvard. Through Thursday, July 31. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two works each—one from the early sixties and one completed recently—by seven gallery artists: Jack Beal (self-portraits from the two periods), Robert Arneson, Joan Brown, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and William Wiley. Through Aug. 15. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show of symbolist art by more than twenty artists, nearly all American and English, of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 8. . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Four newcomers to the gallery—Grace Hartigan, Rafael Ferrer, Austé, and Richard Hennessy. Through Thursday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HAMMER**, 33 W. 57th St.: Fifty works (paintings, mostly) by American and European artists—Cassatt, Marsh, Renoir, and Henri among them—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 29. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: A summertime show, with contributions by Bruce Monteith, Russell Drisch, Alexander Hollweg, and Giancarlo Neri. Through Thursday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NARDIN**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Drawings by Sigmund Abeles, Calvin Albert, Harvey Breverman, Fritz Bultman, and Jacob Landau. Through Saturday, Aug. 2. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show here, entitled "Exaggeration," includes an eleven-foot orchid made of painted industrial plastic by Eric Appel; a painting by David True of a fish leaping toward a cloud; and a sort of Pointillist figure painting, in red, by Fangor. Through Thursday, July 31. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: "Time and Space," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, collages, and reliefs by Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoyne Diller, Fritz Glarner, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Leon Polk Smith. Through Aug. 20. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures by Manzù and Calder, plus a small show of drawings and paintings by Henry Moore, Marini, Matisse, Hopper, and others. Through Aug. 29.

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of works by gallery artists, or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **HUTCHINSON**, 138 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACK**, 138 Prince St. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Aigner—Forty vintage prints from the thirties of Parisians celebrating Bastille Day. Through Aug. 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

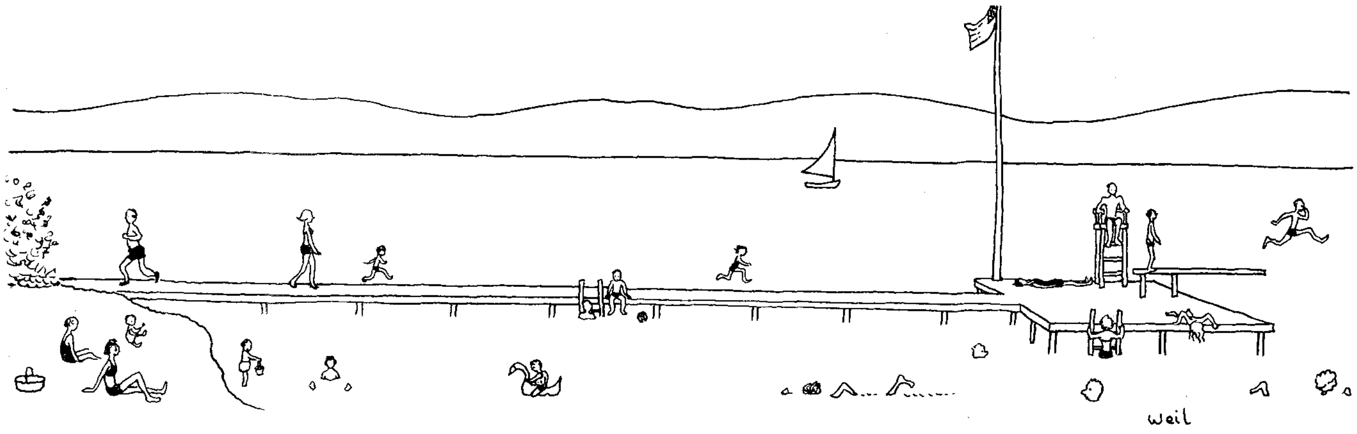
Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976) / **Laura Gilpin** (1891-1979)—Sixty little-known prints selected by Judy Dater, and thirteen portraits of friends and associates of Imogen Cunningham taken by Ms. Dater. / Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Wednesdays through Fridays.)

Alfred R. Waud (1828-78) / **Edwin Casper** (1884-1951)—Mid-nineteenth-century tintypes of ordinary people in ordinary surroundings. / Early-twentieth-century photographs on rice paper, watercolor paper, and even on the back of textured wallpaper. Through Aug. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: "Likely Stories": narrative photographs by Sandy Skoglund, Cindy Sherman, Brian Weil, and others. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Sixty mid-nineteenth-century photographs made on the grand tour of the Continent. Examples by Bisson Frères, Charles Marville, and Robert MacPherson. . . . ¶ Thirty-five black-and-white street photographs by Louis Lanzano. Both shows through Sept. 21. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A group show of photographic works meant to shake up conventional ideas of what a camera is for. The artists include Ray Metzker; Barbara Crane; Andrea Kovács; and Hass Murphy and Jerry Jones, who are known collectively as the Vision Stations. Through Sept. 18. (Open noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Lighthearted photographs by the well-known (William Henry Jackson, Cartier-Bresson, Elliott Erwitt, Robert Doisneau) and by the less well-known. Through Thursday, July 31. . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Inanimate objects—masks, mannequins, dolls—in photographs from the twenties and thirties exploring the notions that "seeing is believing" and "the camera does not lie." Three signed Hans Bellmers and several Man Rays are included. Through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave.: Six photographs each by fourteen original members of this coöperative gallery. Lee Romero, Jill Freedman, and David Chalk are among them. Through Tuesday, July 29. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: About fifty contemporary photographs, by twenty-two invited artists. Through Aug. 15.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In addition to the sculptures, decorative objects, furniture, and so forth displayed in the newly opened American Wing, there is a special exhibition of about two hundred drawings, watercolors, and prints from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About forty works on paper by the Belgian symbolist Leon Spilliaert (1881-1946). The exhibition has been organized by the Phillips Collection. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Twenty works by Charles Burchfield, the majority of them landscapes in watercolor. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Notable nineteenth-century landscapes—the Hudson River Valley, the New England coast, and the White, Sierra, and Rocky Mountains—recorded in paintings and drawings by Albert Bierstadt, John F. Kensett, Asher B. Durand, and others. Through Thursday, July 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Indian Botanical Paintings," an exhibition of seventy-two watercolors from the late eighteenth to the early nineteenth century which were commissioned by the East India Company. Starts Saturday, July 26. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Photographs of Pacific Northwest Indian tribes by Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952). Through Aug. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through Sunday, July 27. . . . ¶ A historical survey of hair styles and hair ornaments, and an exploration of hair as a symbol in literature and religion. Through Aug. 17.

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(Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Vases, figures, and tableware produced in the second half of the eighteenth century at the French national porcelain factory, which was first housed at Vincennes and later at Sèvres. Through Aug. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of about seventy-five traditional paper and bamboo Japanese kites made by contemporary craftsmen. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque, gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Both shows through Thursday, July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naive paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings by Louis Delsarte; sculptures, paintings, and photographs by Candace Hill-Montgomery; graphics and handmade books by Jacqui Holmes. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 23: Alexander Schneider conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Yefim Bronfman and Stephanie Brown, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Michael Tree, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24: A chamber-music program with Pinchas Zukerman and Mr. Laredo, both violin and viola; Stuart Canin, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and Mr. Bronfman, Miss Brown, and Marc Neikrug, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano; the Messrs. Laredo and Stoltzman; and Miss Robinson. . . . [Note: On Sunday, July 27, at 7:30, there will be a showing of the German film "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle," directed by Klaus Kirschner.] . . . ¶ Monday, July 28, and Wednesday, July 30: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29: A chamber-music program with the Messrs. Zukerman, Harrell, and Neikrug, and Eugenia Zukerman, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson trio, with Mr. Stoltzman and Barry Tuckwell, horn. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Eduardo Mata conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

Anne Burgess

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of Bach cantatas. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 27, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Friday, July 25, at 7: André Previn, piano, with members of the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: Joseph Silverstein conducting members of the Boston Symphony in a Vivaldi-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30 Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Puccini's "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, soprano Veriano Luchetti, tenor; Sherrill Milnes and Italo Tajo, baritones; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (A dress-rehearsal performance will be held Thursday, July 24, at 8:30; tickets available at Tanglewood on that day only.). . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Haydn program, with Jules Eskin, cello. . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, July 28-29, at 7 Barry Manilow. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31, a 8:30: Gilbert Kalish and Malcolm Frager duo piano, with members of the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug 1, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Brahms program, with Mr. Frager. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug 2, at 8:30: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Symphony in a Debussy-Schubert program, with the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, a 2:30: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Symphony in Schubert's Third Symphony and Mozart's Requiem, with Kathleen Battle soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets call 977-9020, in New York. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 24, and Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the American première of Haydn' opera "La Vera Costanza," in an English translation by Robert Hess, with Kathryn Bouleyn and Pauline Tinsley, sopranos, and John Brecknock, tenor. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27 at 5:30: Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8:30: A dance program by Pilobolus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3 at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Elizabethan music. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 17. On Saturdays Thursday, July 24; and Friday, Aug. 1, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

schedule of final performances by the NEW YORK CITY BALLET. Wednesday, July 23, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 2: "Serenade," "Allegro Brillante," and "Diamonds" from "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 2: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Chaconne." ... ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:15: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Fancy Free," and "The Four Seasons."... SPECIAL CONCERTS. Monday, July 28, at 7: Emmylou Harris and Leo Kottke.... ¶ Tuesday, July 29, at 8:15: Kris Kristofferson and Janis Ian. ... ¶ Thursday, July 31, at 7: Joe Jackson. ... ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:15: Chuck Mangione.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:15: Gordon Lightfoot.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 7: Harry Chapin. (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SUMMERFARE '80—A five-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music that is taking place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. Friday, July 25, at 8: "Suzanna Andler," a play by Marguerite Duras that stars Estelle Parsons; Stephen Porter is the director.... ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:30: The Copasetics.... ¶ Friday, July 25, at 11: Ramsey Lewis, piano.... ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 2:30 and 8:30: The Copasetics.... ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8, and Sunday, July 27, at 3 and 8: "Suzanna Andler."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8: "The Ruling Class," a play by Peter Barnes, starring John Glover; Michael Kahn is the director.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8: "Suzanna Andler."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30: The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: "The Ruling Class."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: "Suzanna Andler."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 11: The Preservation Hall Jazz Band.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 3 and 8: "Suzanna Andler." ... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 3 and 8: "The Ruling Class." (For information about tickets to any of the above events and other events not mentioned, call 914 253-5900. Through Sunday, Aug. 10.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet, and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 26: The Trisha Brown Dance Company and Rosalind Newman and Dancers.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 2: Loremil Machado's Afro-Brazilian Dance Company and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3; special one-hour matinée Wednesday, July 30, at 3, primarily for children. For information about tickets, call 413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, July 23, at 8.... METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Friday, July 25, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, July 26-27, at 2:05.... ¶ Atlanta, Monday and Tuesday, July 28-29, at 8:05, and Wednesday, July 30, at 2:05.... ¶ Houston, Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 7:05.

RACING—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, July 28. The Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 26, and the Lexington Handicap, Sunday, July 27. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturday and Sunday between 10:45 and noon.)... SARATOGA: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 30, through Monday, Aug. 25. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 30; the Test, Thursday, July 31; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 2. ... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Sorority, Saturday, July 26, and the Monmouth, Saturday, Aug. 2. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.)... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. The Kelly-Olympic, Friday, July 25.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. San Diego. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 23, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TENNIS—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Sunday, July 27, at 1; Monday through Friday, July 28-Aug. 1, at noon and 7:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 2-3, at 1. For information about tickets, call 201 762-6220.)

TROTTING—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22.... MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

YACHTING—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Through Wednesday, July 30.)

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)—Wednesday, July 23, at 2, and Thursday and Friday, July 24-25, at 10:15 and 2: English, French, and other Continental furniture; decorations and clocks; tribal art and antiquities; Art Nouveau and Art Deco works; and prints and posters.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—The Festival has put Shakespeare aside this year in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan. Free performances of THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE, with Linda Ronstadt, Patricia Routledge, George Rose, Kevin Kline, Rex Smith, and Tony Azito, are being presented through the summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. James Conlon will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN, Wednesday, July 30, at 8.... MARINE PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, July 31, at 8.... CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Friday, Aug. 1, at 8.

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the last two in a series of performances. Thursday, July 24, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 29): Verdi's "La Traviata."... ¶ Thursday, July 31, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 5): Verdi's Requiem.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8. Dorothy Klotzman will be the guest conductor on Wednesday, July 30.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Free entertainment on Pier 16. Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: Rutgers/Livingston Jazz Professors. ... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Pepsi Bethel Dance Company. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Wind Ensemble in a Richard Strauss-Beethoven program. The second in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 29, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

WOLLMAN RINK—Wednesday, July 23: Judy Collins.... ¶ Friday, July 25: Eddie Money and Pat Benatar.... ¶ Saturday, July 26: Joan Armatrading and Livingston Taylor.... ¶ Monday, July 28: Kenny Loggins and Firefall.... ¶ Wednesday, July 30: Johnny Winter.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Joe Jackson. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of THE SOUND OF MUSIC, with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"The World of Edith Wharton: Madison Square and Gramercy Park," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 27, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2. For reservations, call 534-1672.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The Park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

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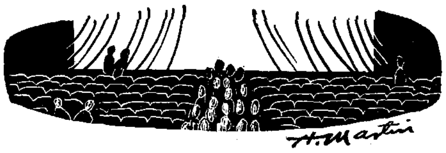
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. *(598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)*
"Ludwig." (No performances on Monday, July 28.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 29: "No Regrets for Our Youth" and "Floating Cloud."
From July 30: "Strange Masquerade."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 24: "The Long Riders" and "The Missouri Breaks."
July 25-31: "The Island" and "Jaws 2."
From Aug. 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Blue Lagoon."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through July 31: "Urban Cowboy."
From Aug. 1: "The Hunter."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airplane!"

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Mary Poppins."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through July 24: "Honeysuckle Rose."
From July 25: "The Big Red One."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through July 24: "Fame."
From July 25: "Honeysuckle Rose."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Brubaker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Airplane!"

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Rough Cut."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"No Nukes."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Tin Drum."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 31: "The Blues Brothers."
From Aug. 1: "The Final Countdown."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through July 24: "The Muppet Movie."
From July 25: "The Big Red One."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 24: "The Big Red One."
From July 25: "Dressed to Kill."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through July 24: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living."
From July 25: "Caddyshack."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through July 31: "The Empire Strikes Back."
From Aug. 1: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Urban Cowboy."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 24: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From July 25: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Blue Lagoon."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 24: "Almost Human."
From July 25: "Zombie."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through July 31: "Kill or Be Killed."
From Aug. 1: "The Hunter."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 31: "Fame."
From Aug. 1: "The Final Countdown."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through July 24: "The Canterbury Tales."
From July 25: "Caddyshack."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Brilliant Career."
Theatre 2: "The Shining."
Theatre 3: Through July 24: "Carny." From July 25: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: Through July 24: "Meetings with Remarkable Men." From July 25: "Dressed to Kill."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 25: "David Bowie."
July 26: "Having a Wild Weekend" and "Jailhouse Rock."
July 27: "Jailhouse Rock" and "Let the Good Times Roll."
July 28: "Let the Good Times Roll" and "Beatles Around the World."
July 29: "Beatles Around the World" and "Go, Johnny, Go!"
July 30: "Go, Johnny, Go!" and "Mad Dogs and Englishmen."
July 31: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" and "Mr. Rock 'n' Roll."
Aug. 1: "Mr. Rock 'n' Roll" and "The Buddy Holly Story."
Aug. 2: "The Buddy Holly Story" and "The Kids Are Alright."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 31: "Can't Stop the Music." (No evening performances on Thursday, July 24.)
From Aug. 1: "Raise the Titanic!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!"

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through July 24: "The Blues Brothers."
From July 25: "Dressed to Kill."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Come Have Coffee with Us."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Practice Makes Perfect."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through July 26: "Barocco."
From July 27: "The Arabian Nights."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Blue Lagoon."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Les Petites Fugues."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Mary Poppins."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "The Long Riders." From July 25: "Caddyshack."
Theatre 2: "Brubaker."
Theatre 3: Through July 24: "Superman." From July 25: To be announced.
Theatre 4: July 23: "The Shining." July 24: Theatre closed. From July 25: "Dressed to Kill."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"My Brilliant Career."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 24: "The Long Riders" and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
July 25-31: "Zombie" and "It's Alive."
From Aug. 1: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Honeysuckle Rose." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 31: "The Children." From Aug. 1: "The Big Red One." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 5: Through July 31: "Wholly Moses!" From Aug. 1: "Fame." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through July 31: "Brubaker." (†)
From Aug. 1: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Urban Cowboy." (†) From Aug. 1: "Brubaker." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 24: "The Black Stallion." July 25-31: "Friday the 13th." *From Aug. 1:* "Urban Cowboy." (†)
Theatre 4: "Rough Cut." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through July 24: Theatre closed.
From July 25: "Dressed to Kill." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through July 31: "The Big Red One." (†)
From Aug. 1: "The Hunter." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through July 24: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living." (†)
From July 25: "Caddyshack." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through July 24: "Kill or Be Killed." (†)
From July 25: "Zombie." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Blues Brothers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through July 31: "Fame." (†)
From Aug. 1 (tentative): "The Final Countdown." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 23: "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred M. Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Time Machine" (1960), directed by George Pal, with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.
July 24: "The Green Room" (1979), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani.
July 25-26: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Alphaville" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
July 27: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.
July 28: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "Viva Italia!" (†)
July 29: "Zatoichi, Fugitive from Law" (1963) and "Hoodlum Soldier Deserts Again" (1966), both films in Japanese, di-

rected by Tokuzo Tanaka, with Shintaro Katsu.

July 30: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper.

July 31: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.

Aug. 1: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.

Aug. 2: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

July 23: "Seven Beauties" (1976), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.

July 24: "Olympia" (1938), a two-part German documentary, directed by Leni Riefenstahl.

July 25: "Madame Rosa" (1978), in French, directed by Moshe Mizrahi, with Simone Signoret.

July 26: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

July 27: "An American in Paris." (†)

July 28: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

July 29-30: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

July 31: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, and Pat Heywood.

Aug. 1: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

Aug. 2: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 24: "All the President's Men" (1976), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford; and "The Candidate" (1972), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Robert Redford, Peter Boyle, and Melvyn Douglas.

July 25-26: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Autumn Sonata" (1978), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann.

July 27-28: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers." (†)

July 29: "Volcano: An Inquiry into the Life of Malcolm Lowry" (1977), directed by Donald Brittain; and "A Sense of Loss." (†)

July 30-31: "Maitresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

Aug. 1-2: "Home Movies" (†); and "The Landlord" (1970), directed by Hal Ashby, with Beau Bridges, Lee Grant, Diana Sands, and Pearl Bailey.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

July 23: "Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

July 24: Theatre closed.

From July 25: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 23: "The Oklahoma Kid" (1939), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart; and "Dodge City" (1939), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Ann Sheridan.

July 24-26: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "Dark Victory" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

July 27-28: "Four Daughters" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz, with John Garfield, Priscilla Lane, and Claude Rains; and "No Time for Comedy." (†)

July 29-30: "High Sierra" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy; and "They Drive by Night" (1940), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart.

July 31-Aug. 2: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 23: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Les Biches" (1968), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jacqueline Sassard, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Stéphane Audran.

July 24: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

July 25-26: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese.

July 27: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941), directed by Alexander Korda, with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "Fire Over England." (†)

July 28: A program of George Pal's puppetoons; and "Mighty Joe Young." (†)

July 29: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977), in French, directed by Agnès Varda; and "Destroy, She Said" (1970), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Catherine Sellers and Michel Lonsdale.

July 30: "A Woman of Paris" (1923), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller; and three Chaplin short films—"The Immigrant," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all made in 1917.

July 31: "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.

Aug. 1-2: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (†); and "Message from Space" (1978), a Japanese-made science-fiction film, directed by Kinji Fukasaku, with Vic Morrow and Sonny Chiba.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 23: "Made for Each Other" (1939), directed by John Cromwell, with Carole Lombard and James Stewart; and "Swing High, Swing Low" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth.

July 24: "The Case of the Curious Bride" (1935; Michael Curtiz) and "The Case of the Lucky Legs" (1935; Archie Mayo), both Perry Mason mysteries, with Warren William as the lawyer.

July 25-26: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

July 27: Two Charlie Chan mysteries—"Charlie Chan in Paris" (1935), with Warner Oland as the detective; and "Murder Over New York" (1940), with Sidney Toler playing the part of Mr. Chan.

July 28: "Can't Help Singing" (†) and "Till the Clouds Roll By." (†)

July 29: "La Bête Humaine" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

July 30: "The Cocoanuts" (†) and "Horse Feathers." (†)

July 31: "King Kong" (1932), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoed-

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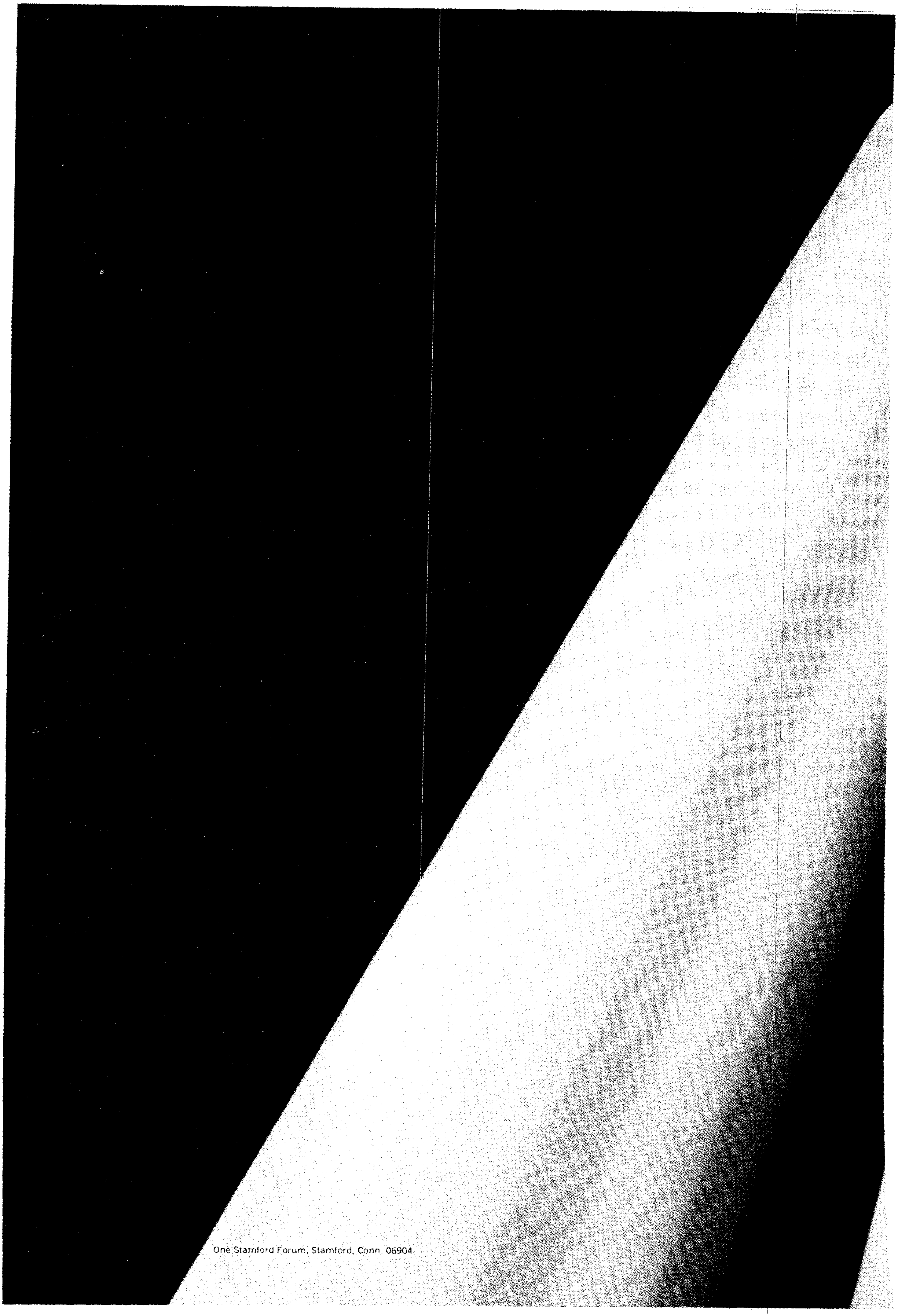

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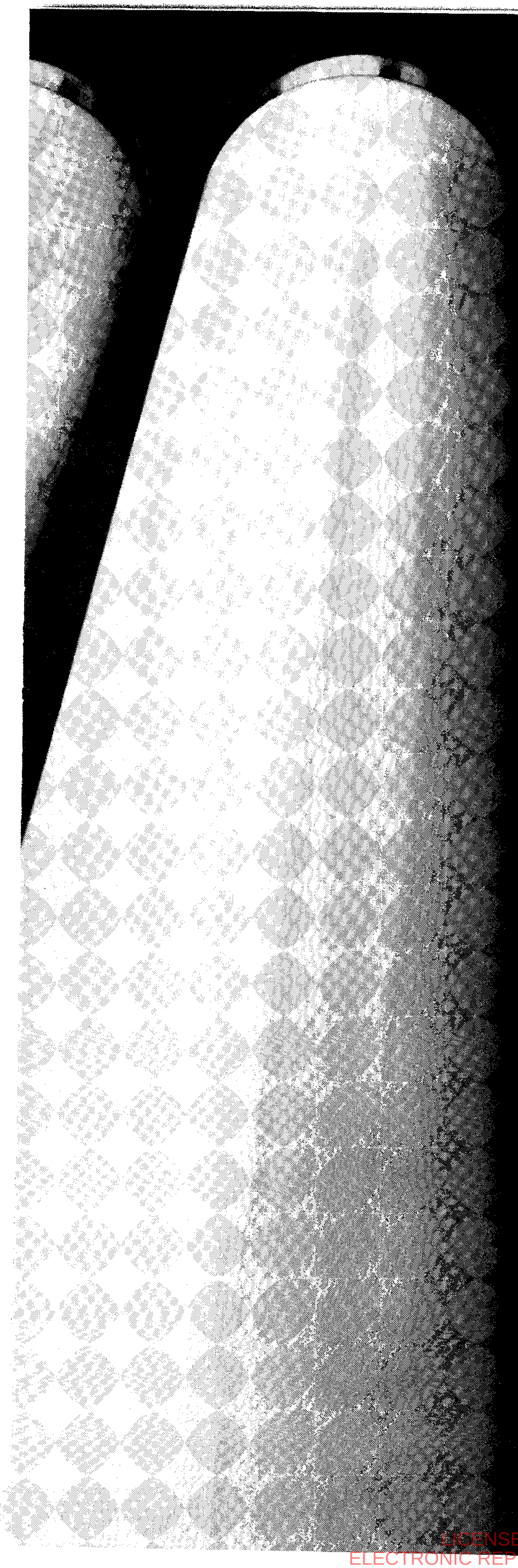

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sack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "Bird of Paradise" (1932), directed by King Vidor, with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.

Aug. 1-2: "The Lady Eve" (†) and "Palm Beach Story." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 23 at 6: "Shame, Shame, Everybody Knows Her Name" (1969), directed by Joseph Jacoby, with Gerri Miller. . . . ¶ July 23 at 8:30: "Castle Keep" (1969), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Burt Lancaster and Patrick O'Neal. . . . ¶ July 25 at 6: "Gaily, Gaily" (1969), directed by Norman Jewison, with Beau Bridges, Melina Mercouri, and Brian Keith. . . . ¶ July 25 at 8:30: "Alice's Restaurant" (1969), directed by Arthur Penn, with Arlo Guthrie, Pat Quinn, and James Broderick. . . . ¶ July 26 at 6: "More" (1969), directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Mimsy Farmer. . . . ¶ July 26 at 8:30: "Teorema" (1968), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Silvana Mangano and Terence Stamp; English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 27 at 6: "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey. . . . ¶ July 27 at 8:30: "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Charles Denner, Jacques Perrin, and Irene Papas; English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 28 at 6: "The Grape Dealer's Daughter" (1969), directed by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ July 28 at 8:30: "La Femme Infidèle" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet; English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 29 at 6: "My Night at Maud's" (1969), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant and Françoise Fabian; English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 29 at 8:30: "Captain Blood" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. . . . ¶ July 30 at 6: "Russ Meyer's Vixen" (1969), directed by Meyer, with Erica Gavin. . . . ¶ July 30 at 8:30: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 6: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Vilgot Sjöman; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 8:30: A program of short films by Kenneth Anger, Ian Hugo, Storm de Hirsch, and Larry Jordan. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "Hell in the Pacific" (1969), directed by John Boorman, with Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 8:30: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin, and Gig Young. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage and others. Showings July 24-26 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (34th St. East, Baronet, Festival, and Forum.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form, and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

The Arabian Nights (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3; starting July 27.)

Barocco—With Isabelle Adjani, Gérard Depardieu, and Marie-France Pisier; directed by André Téchiné. In French. (Cinema 3; through July 26.)

Beatles Around the World—A compilation of seven short films of the Beatles performing. (Harold Clurman; July 28-29.)

The Big Red One—With Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill, directed by Sam Fuller. (Beekman; through July 24. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through July 31. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Gemini 2; starting July 25. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 1.)

The Blue Lagoon—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. All we have to look forward to is: When are these two going to discover fornication? The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. It's Disney nature porn. The cinematography, by Nestor Almendros, is so inexpressive that we seem to be looking at the scenic wonders of a vacation spa in a travelogue. Taken from a popular novel of 1908, by Henry de Vere Stacpoole, which was adapted to the screen once before, in 1948, with Jean Simmons. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/21/80.) (Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., Paramount, and Criterion Center.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through July 24. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through July 31.)

Brubaker—Suggested by the Arkansas prison scandals of the late sixties, this muckraking melodrama has considerable power and some strong performances. In the film, the prison, which is under the control of gun-carrying convict guards who supply slave labor to nearby farms and businesses, is in an unidentified Southern state. Robert Redford plays the warden who tries to clean up the place, but he's the wrong kind of actor for a prison movie—he isn't a tough man of action, and so the character has been mythologized, softened, and honeyed, and he seems to be the selfless white knight of the Westerns. Despite some perplexing scenes—probably occasioned by the fact that the director, Stuart Rosenberg, took over a project that had been shaped for a different director (Bob Rafelson) and tried to mold the material his way—there are individual sequences that may be the best work Rosenberg has ever done on the screen. The script, by W. D. Richter, has offhand dialogue with a warm, funny edge; the cinematography, by Bruno Nuytten, has a marvellous ease. And the remarkable cast includes Morgan Freeman, Richard Ward, Yaphet Kotto, David Keith, Tim McIntire, David Harris, M. Emmet Walsh, and Matt Clark. There are also performers who are used poorly (Murray Hamilton, John McMartin, Jane Alexander) or use themselves poorly (Everett McGill). (7/7/80) (Manhattan 2, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through July 31. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 1.)

The Buddy Holly Story (1978)—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 1-2.)

Caddyshack—With Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, Ted Knight, and Michael O'Keefe; directed by Harold Ramis. (Loews New York 1, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2; starting July 25.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Waverly; through July 24.)

Can't Help Singing (1944)—The grown-up Deanna Durbin in a musical Western in which she gets to sing "Californ-i-ay." Unexciting, despite the songs by Jerome Kern and E. Y. Harburg. With Akim Tamiroff, Leonid Kinskey, and some colorless, forgettable leading men; Frank Ryan directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 28.)

Can't Stop the Music—With the Village People, Valerie Perrine, and Bruce Jenner; directed by Nancy Walker. (Ziegfeld; through July 31. No evening performances on Thursday, July 24.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Quad Cinema; through July 24.)

Cheech and Chong's Next Movie—Directed by Thomas Chong. (Manhattan 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and National.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. It sends you out in a state of blissful satisfaction. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (Loews New York 2, and Embassy 1; starting Aug. 1.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (72nd Street East; through July 24.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

David Bowie (1975)—Filmed in concert, in London. Directed by D. A. Pennebaker. (Harold Clurman; through July 25.)

Dressed to Kill—With Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson, and Nancy Allen; directed by Brian De Palma. (Beekman, Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5; starting July 25.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through July 31.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2, and New Yorker 2. . . . ¶ Plaza; through July 24. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through July 31. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 1.)

The Final Countdown—With Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen, Katharine Ross, and James Farentino; directed by Don Taylor. (Gemini 1, and 86th St. East; starting Aug. 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Aug. 1, tentative.)

Fire Over England (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full-scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to an incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a greathearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense (and slow to get under way), but with a fine spirit. Alexander Korda produced, William K. Howard directed, James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. (Thalia; July 27.)

Floating Cloud (1955)—With Hideko Takamine, directed by Mikio Naruse. In Japanese. (Art; through July 29.)

Go, Johnny, Go! (1959)—Chuck Berry, Jackie Wilson, Eddie Cochran, and others, in concert, with Alan Freed. (Harold Clurman; July 29-30.)

The Great Santini—With Robert Duvall and Blythe Danner, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Guild.)

Having a Wild Weekend (1965; "Catch Us If You Can" in England)—Directed by John Boorman, this little English movie featuring the Dave Clark Five and Barbara Ferris came to this country unpublicized, quietly failed, and disappeared. With few exceptions, the reviewers treated it as a poor imitation of "A Hard Day's Night," but although it began like that, it turned into something else. "Having a Wild Weekend" is partly a reaction against the pop world. It isn't sure of itself, its tone is uneven, its style is faltering and somewhat confused, but it's trying to get at something. It's trying to be a success and to question the meaning of success—and inevitably fails on both counts. At the beginning, the musicians are involved in a pop-music happening, but then, as if the inanity of the project overwhelmed them, the hero and heroine try to escape their advertising milieu. They don't want to be turned into products, they don't want to be sold. They begin to look at various escape routes from modern commercialism: drugs, antique collecting, yearning for an island. They encounter middle-aged failures when they're picked up by a dreadful yet sympathetic couple (Robin Bailey and Yootha Joyce), who suggest the Almans—the bickering pair from "Wild Strawberries" (she with her hysteria, he with his Catholicism). The movie seems to discover tentatively, with regret and bewilderment, that the cures are illusory, are only more symptoms. It's as if pop art had discovered Chekhov—the Three Sisters finally set off for Moscow and along the way discover that there isn't any Moscow. The young refugees from urban corruption look for pastoral innocence and solitude, and find that the corruption has infected the countryside. It is total. And the island the girl dreamed of turns out—at low tide—to be attached to the mainland. The pair were drawn together by the quest; when they are defeated, they split. This movie has an aftertaste. It's bittersweet—which is an old-fashioned word with connotations of sadness, of nostalgia, and perhaps of something one might call truth. It is one of those films that linger in the memory—a forlorn little Cinderella that the public never took to the big box-office ball. (Harold Clurman; July 26.)

Home Movies—Brian De Palma (who directed "Carrie" and several other vigorous, hyperbolic films) has enrolled some of his students at a Sarah Lawrence College film workshop in the making of this dopey cut-rate farce about sex, ugly parents, and filmmaking—which may account for its air of self-congratulatory amateurism and its fitful but mostly just irritating charm. With Keith Gordon, Nancy Allen, Vincent Gardenia, and Kirk Douglas (hamming horribly as an egocentric, with-it professor). (5/19/80) (Cinema Village; Aug. 1-2.)

Honeysuckle Rose—With Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon, and Amy Irving; directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Criterion Center . . . ¶ Sutton; through July 24. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting July 25.)

Horse Feathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their niftiest corny-surreal comedies; it isn't in the class of their "Duck Soup," but then what else is? The setting is academic, with emphasis on football; Groucho is Prof. Wagstaff, the new president of Huxley College, who explains his policy and plans in the song "Whatever It Is, I'm Against It," and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom all four brothers make overtures. So there's some naughty sense to it when Groucho sings the picture's theme song to her, "Everyone Says 'I Love You!'" Norman McLeod directed for Paramount from a screenplay by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby (who also wrote the songs) and S. J. Perelman and Will B. Johnstone. With Robert Grieg as the solemn-voiced biology professor, David Landau as the villain, and Nat Pendleton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

How to Beat the High Cost of Living—With Susan Saint James, Jane Curtin, and Jessica Lange; directed by Robert Scheerer. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2; through July 24.)

The Hunter—With Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Kathryn Harrold, and LeVar Burton; directed by Buzz Kulik. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; starting Aug. 1.)

The Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. Some of the best lines of dialogue are voice-overs—the chatter of the dehumanized. With Carolyn Jones, Larry Gates, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Directed by Don Siegel. (Thalia; Aug. 1-2.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1978)—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. Richter, supplies some funny lines, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 (see above) has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Olympia; through July 24.)

The Island—With Michael Caine and David Warner, directed by Michael Ritchie. (St. Marks Cinema; July 25-31.)

It's Alive (1977)—With John Ryan, directed by Larry Cohen. (Olympia; July 25-31.)

Jailhouse Rock (1957)—Elvis Presley, con-

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victed of manslaughter and shorn by a jailhouse haircut, sings and plays the guitar to entertain the prison inmates. At one point, he strips to the waist and is flogged by the guards, though not for his singing. Richard Thorpe directed this package, shrewdly designed to give satisfaction to the new raunchy rock generation. The story ends happily, and the movie made millions, though Presley never begins to suggest the vitality that he showed in documentary footage. With Judy Tyler, Dean Jones, and Mickey Shaughnessy. (Harold Clurman; July 26-27.)

JAWS 2 (1978)—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (St. Marks Cinema; July 25-31.)

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT (1979)—With The Who, directed by Jeff Stein. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 2.)

KILL OR BE KILLED—With James Ryan, directed by Ivan Hall. (Rivoli; through July 24. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through July 31.)

THE LADY EVE (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 1-2.)

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL (1973)—A documentary film about the fifties, and so, perhaps, not about the best of times. The film dwells on musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Harold Clurman; July 27-28.)

THE LONG RIDERS—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys. Directed by Walter Hill; with Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (St. Marks Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; through July 24.)

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LUDWIG—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film about King Ludwig II of Bavaria. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, July 28.)

MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN (1971)—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (Harold Clurman; July 30-31.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

MARY POPPINS (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussions of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; through July 24.)

MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (1949)—King Kong domesticized and turned into a children's pet. Terry Moore plays an orphan girl, raised in Africa, who buys a sweet, docile gorilla, Joe, who adores her; Robert Armstrong (who discovered King Kong) finds them and transports them to a Hollywood night club. Joe, a ten-footer, holds Terry and a grand piano up in the air on a platform while she beats out "Beautiful Dreamer." But Joe turns out to be a moralist who disapproves of drinking and carrying on, and eventually he wrecks the night club in an impressive fury. He engages in a pretty funny tug-of-war with a team composed of Man Mountain Dean, Primo Carnera, and some other oversize types. Ernest Schoedsack directed this nonsense; it has some spectacular effects, but a wretched script. With Ben Johnson. (Thalia; July 28.)

THE MISSOURI BREAKS (1976)—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 24.)

MR. ROCK 'N' ROLL (1957)—Fats Domino, Clyde McPhatter, and others, in concert, with Alan Freed. (Harold Clurman; July 31-Aug. 1.)

THE MUPPET MOVIE (1979)—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into show biz and become stars. (7/2/79) (Gemini 2; through July 24.)

THE MUSIC LOVERS (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Cinema Village; July 27-28.)

MY BRILLIANT CAREER—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1.)

NO NUKES—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concerts in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Cinema I.)

NO REGRETS FOR OUR YOUTH (1946)—With Susumu Fujita and Setsuko Hara, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Art; through July 29.)

NO TIME FOR COMEDY (1940)—S. N. Behrman's romantic comedy about life in the theatre, adapted by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. The film is halfway between play and movie, and it doesn't quite work as either; it lacks a spark, but it has amusing repartee and good New York "types," and it starts out well. A boyish Minnesota hick (James Stewart) writes a sophisticated drawing-room comedy about titled lords and ladies; it becomes a hit, and he marries his star (Rosalind Russell) and writes a succession of hits. But he meets a rich, blond muse (Genevieve Tobin), who flutters her eyelids while telling him that he

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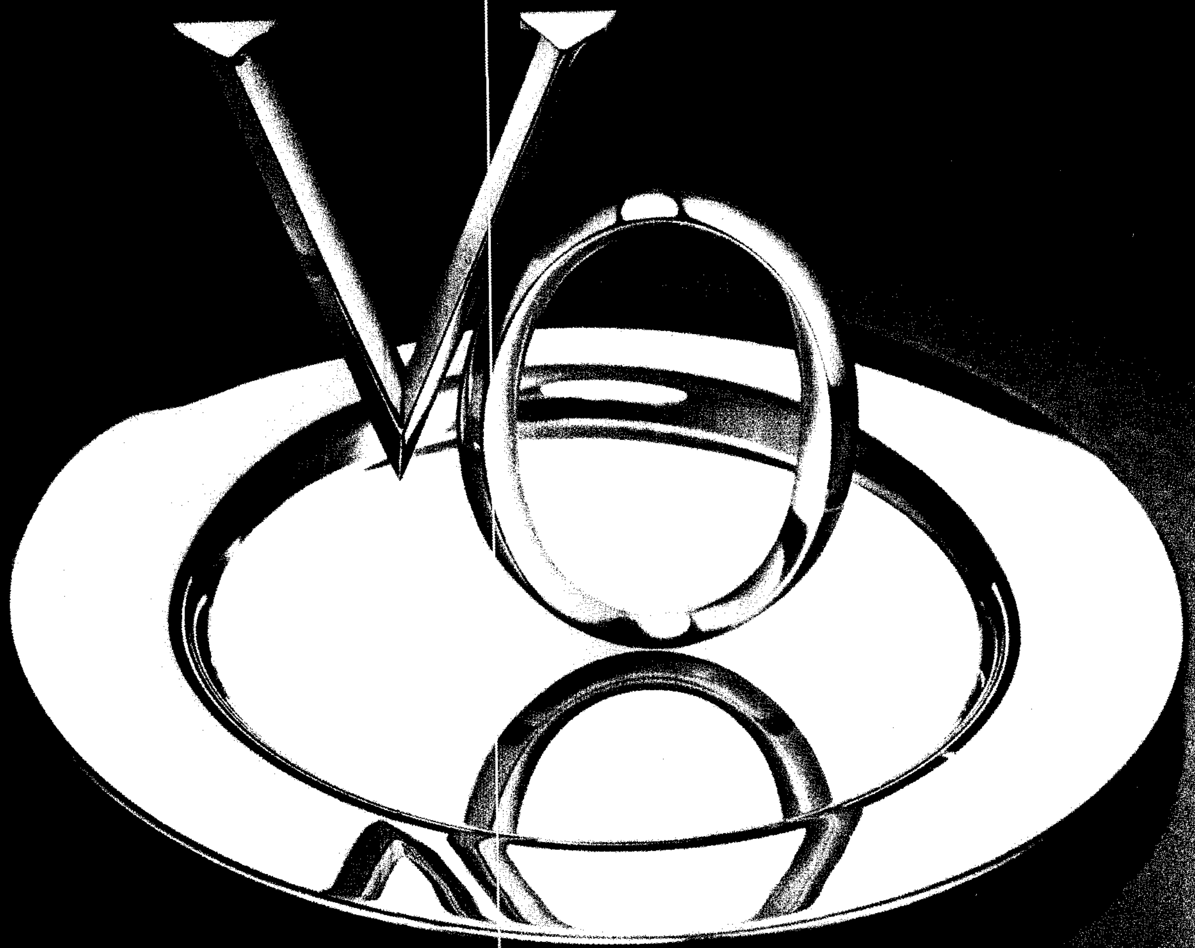

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has deeper possibilities—that he's a "latent artist"—and his head gets puffed up. At this point, the picture becomes more forced and soggy. The supporting players are very assured in the way they hit their laugh lines, especially Allyn Joslyn as a wise-guy Broadway director, Clarence Kolb as a producer, Charlie Ruggles as the muse's husband, and Louise Beavers as an actress who, between jobs, works as a maid. But Rosalind Russell's line readings are too rhythmic and mannered, and her no-nonsense, skeptical modern-woman role is tiresomely true-blue, and although James Stewart dominates the film with ease, there's not much excitement in what he does. The film recalls that period when people could stroll in Central Park at night while waiting for their reviews, and then flip to the theatre page in one newspaper after another. Lamely directed by William Keighley, for Warner Brothers. With J. M. Kerrigan, Lawrence Grossmith, and Frank Faylen as a cabdriver. (Regency; July 27-28.)

alm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic problems of the leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert) get shoved aside by the secondary characters. Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 1-2.)

es Petites Fugues—Directed by Yves Yersin. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

ractice Makes Perfect—With Jean Rochefort, Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Paris.)

aise the Titanic!—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld; starting Aug. 1.)

ough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Coronet, and Embassy.)

Sense of Loss (1972)—Marcel Ophuls gets into what the struggle in Northern Ireland is about in a far deeper sense than a mere account of the factions or the recent political moves would: he observes the living roots of the hatred in family folklore, in the schools, and on the streets, and shows how it is passed from generation to generation, and how it feeds upon violence and repression. The structure of this documentary film is defective, but for the gifts of feeling that Ophuls offers, a little discomfort is a small price. This is perhaps the first film to demonstrate how the original crimes against a people go on festering. (Cinema Village; July 29.)

ie Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; July 23.)

range Masquerade—With Endre Holman and Carla Romanelli, directed by Pál Sándor. In Hungarian. (Art; starting July 30.)

uperman (1978)—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the picture; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. The film is also likable, but disappointing—it gives the impression of having been made in panic, in fear that style or "too much" imagination might endanger its appeal to the literal-minded. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies made up to that date, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit or miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner, though there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. (Richard Lester is said to have worked on parts of it.) With an enormous cast that includes Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, Margot Kidder, Valerie Perrine, Ned Beatty, Glenn Ford, Phyllis Thaxter, Terence Stamp, Susannah York, Jeff East, Marc McClure, Trevor Howard, Harry Andrews, Maria Schell, Jackie Cooper, and Aaron Smolinski, who plays Superman as a child. The writers involved in adapting the comic strip created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster include Mario Puzo, David Newman, Leslie Newman, Robert Benton, Tom Mankiewicz, and Norman Enfield. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth; music by John Williams. (Loews 83rd Quad; through July 24.)

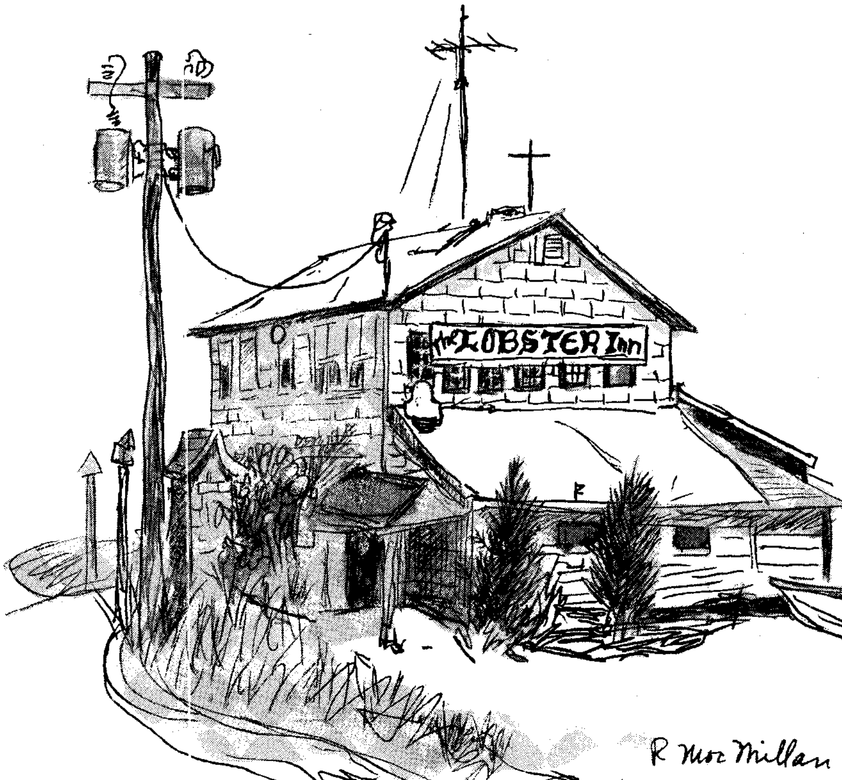
Till the Clouds Roll By (1946)—This monster thing, spawned at M-G-M, was meant to be the life of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker was the actor given the role (unlucky Walker was also miscast as Brahms), and he was surrounded by an all-star troupe that included Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, June Allyson, and Frank Sinatra, who, in perhaps the most ill-conceived sequence in this staggeringly ill-conceived venture, sings "Ol' Man River" in white tie and white tails. There are twenty-two songs by Kern, most of them reasonably well performed, but not one performed memorably. Richard Whorf directed; Vincente Minnelli staged some of the sequences. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 28.)

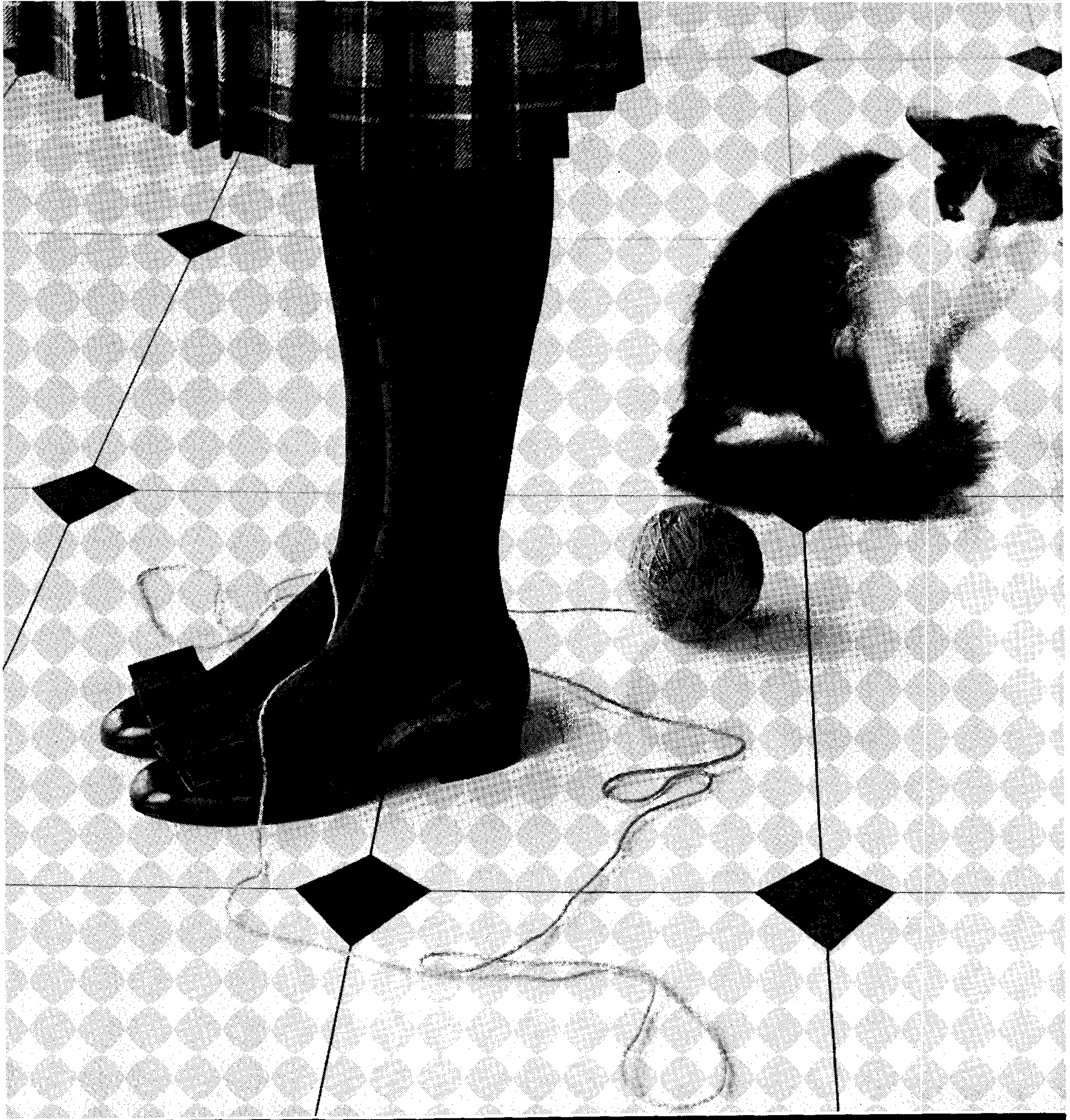
The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II.)

Urban Cowboy—Aaron Latham's article "The Urban Cowboy," featured on the September 12, 1978, cover of *Esquire*, was subtitled "Saturday Night Fever, Country & Western Style," and it was quite clearly a set of variations on the "Saturday Night Fever" theme. According to Latham, the headquarters of the young hardhats who worked in the petrochemical plants around Houston was a vast honky-tonk, Gilley's, which featured a mechanical bull, and these anomic young Southwesterners had no way to prove their manhood except by dressing up in boots and jeans and cowboy hats and trying to live out the myths of the West by riding this contraption. The film, directed by James Bridges, from a script he wrote with Latham, views its young hero, Bud (John Travolta), as rootless and ignorant on the assumption (probably false) that the audience believes in those antiquated macho values and wants to see them on the screen. The movie also tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. It dredges up an ex-convict villain (Scott Glenn) out of an ancient Western, so Bud can defeat him on the bucking machine and beat him up in a fistfight as well. The picture is scrappily edited, and the director seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect. In the best moments, satire and sultriness work together; in the worst moments, the sentimentality is so gross it makes us feel contemptuous of the moviemakers' shamelessness. With Debra Winger, who gives a steamy and very appealing performance as the girl Bud marries, and Madolyn Smith as a slumming rich bitch, and Brooke Alderson and Barry Corbin as Bud's aunt and uncle. The country music doesn't supply much excitement. (7/21/80) (Loews Tower East, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through July 31.)

Viva Italia! (1978)—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi, and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 28.)

Zombie—With Tisa Farrow, directed by Lucio Fulci. (U.A. East, and Rivoli; starting July 25. . . . ¶ Olympia; July 25-31.)





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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS an apparently unified Republican Party gathered in Detroit last week to nominate Ronald Reagan as its Presidential candidate, two issues stubbornly refused to yield to agreement: that of abortion and that of ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment, which would render the full equality of men and women a matter of basic law. The first was resolved by a plank in the platform calling for a constitutional amendment to "restore protection to the right to life for unborn children"—that is, to ban abortion—and the second was resolved by a statement that called for equal rights for women but failed to renew the Party's long-standing support for the Equal Rights Amendment. The quarrels were clearly unwelcome to the camp of Governor Reagan, one of whose aides remarked, "We don't want a fight on that," and went on to say, "We want to talk about the economy and about jobs—things that really count with the voters." Whatever may ultimately count with the voters, the so-called "women's issues"—including the abortion question and ratification of the E.R.A.—have shown a remarkable staying power in this election year and also a surprising propensity for cropping up in unexpected places. After the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, for example, when President Carter proposed registration for the draft as a means of demonstrating American military resolve to the Soviet Union, the debate over registration was soon overwhelmed by a subsidiary debate over whether or not women should be drafted. Huge philosophical questions about the organization of society and the meaning of life loomed briefly, obscuring the President's original geopolitical intent. However much political candidates might prefer to discuss such relatively tangible and safely familiar campaign issues as the state of the economy and the state of the national defense, the women's issues seem to obtrude, as though they were now somehow ingrained in the politics of our time. Certainly they are of the first importance to the "new conservatives" who appear to have taken full charge of the Republican Party this year. Somewhere near the heart of these conservatives' vision of what life in the United States should be is a conviction that birth is ordained by God and should not be tampered with by human beings, whose lot is to gratefully accept any children who are conceived and to set up a stable family life for their upbringing, preferably with the wife presiding at home while the husband goes out into the world to work. A right to have abortions strikes at the heart of this vision, because by giving over to human beings the power to prevent birth it enables them to escape the ensuing responsibilities, out of which, in the conservative view, society is built. The drafting of women, too, emerges as especially hateful to the conservatives, since it exposes the vessels of life—women—to untimely death. The supporters of the E.R.A. and of the right to abortion answer, of course, that a woman should have a right to govern what happens to "her own body," and they regard state intervention in the "private" matter of abortion as a violation of a woman's most fundamental human right. As for the drafting of women, a three-judge federal court has just declared the Selective Service Act unconstitutional because it does not include women, and the matter will go before the Supreme Court later this year.

Between these two views, or faiths—one holding that the creation of human life in all its phases is sacred, and should therefore be protected by the full weight of society and its laws, and the other holding that the creation of life is a personal decision, subject, up to a point, to personal review and cancellation—there is an abyss that leaves little room for compromise, or even for discussion. Nevertheless, the very fact that childbirth and its attendant circumstances have become an inescapable subject of political debate (although politics seems singularly incapable of providing solutions) may reflect a general nervousness about an underlying situation. For it is plain that the conditions in which life—and not human life alone—arrives in the world are changing with disturbing rapidity. Each day's newspaper seems to bring reports of some new human intervention in the processes of generation. Just recently, the Supreme Court upheld the right to obtain patents on newly manufactured living things. Genetic engineering, it is said, is on its way to becoming a major industry. But even as we create new species we extinguish others, and a recent article in the *Times* warned of "the slow erosion of the genetic diversity of food crops." The

most important intervention of all, of course, is the capacity of nuclear weapons for ending human life—in effect, for performing a sort of abortion on the entire species. (On this point, the Republican platform had little to say. Having gone to such lengths to offer protection to unborn individual life, it fell silent on the peril to all unborn generations.) With the biological ground shaking beneath our feet, even the most resolutely unified political conventions are going to find it hard to keep these fundamental questions from seeping in.

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Clambake

THE other day, seven or eight hundred people, most of them in their twenties and thirties, went to a clambake on a large farm southwest of the city. A shaggy white billy goat greeted them at the gate. The word "clambake" didn't really apply. At a true clambake, on a beach, you gather some stones, make a fire and heat them, throw on some seaweed and clams, cover the whole thing with a tarp, and forget it for a while. The word survives inland because it makes a short, snappy headline.

Subheads on some of the vehicles at the clambake: Le Car, Comet, Nova, Corolla, Horizon, Skylark, Spirit, Zephyr, Cosmo, Coronet, Capri, Caprice, Accord, Aspen, Triumph, Javelin, Gremlin, Bobcat, Pinto, Fox, Mustang, and Cougar.

Some bumper messages: Walt Disney World; Animals Have Rights, Too; Coal, No Fuel Like an Old Fuel; Kick Iran's Ass; Jane and Marty; Stop Nuclear Power; Solar Energy; Khomeini Is a Schmuck; Split Wood Not Atoms; No Nukes; Tennis Is My Racket; Pope John Paul II; Staying Alive Is No Accident; Lord Stanley Lives in Philly; Your Dealer/Tupperware; Active Today, Radioactive Tomorrow; Florida Cypress Gardens.

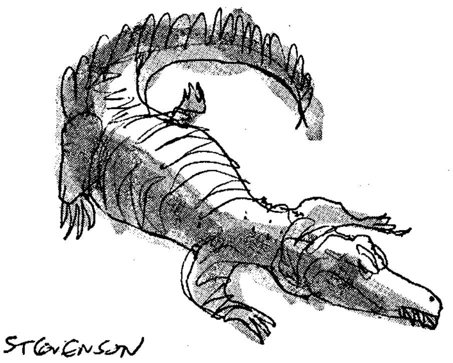
Some messages people were wearing: Go Hike the Canyon; Semper Fidelis (a tattoo); I Met the Dean of Beer in September '78; It's Better in the Bahamas; Atomic Art, the Fastest Ski in the World; a cat cartoon with two cats under the moon, one saying, "If I had two dead rats, I'd give you one!"

Some people at the clambake: A woman carrying a baby, and her companion carrying a baby carrier, which held a red bag that had pouches labelled "Diapers, Bottles." A woman with a vodka-and-tonic saying to a woman with a gin-and-tonic, "Did you hear about my ex-husband party?" A man in white shorts and a blue "All-star" T-shirt holding a tennis racquet and a glass with a lime peel in it and looking bushed. A square-dance caller in a "Steppin Nut" T-shirt standing on an instrument case giving instructions for "going for the oyster" and "dipping for the clam," and saying, "It's almost like a demolition derby." A small group of women in their fifties and sixties sitting by the pool and all wearing glasses, half of which were sunglasses.

The clambake menu: steamed clams, clams on ½ shell w/cocktail sauce, clam chowder w/crackers, corn on the cob, buttered parsley potatoes, barbecued chicken, meatballs Italian style, Italian-sausage sandwiches w/peppers, marinated mushrooms, Swiss & sharp cheese, salami, ring bologna, pepperoni, potato chips, pretzels, iced tea, lemonade, hard rolls.

Some of the songs on the jukebox by the pool: "Dreaming," by Blondie; "Jane," by the Jefferson Starship; "The Disco Strangler," by the Eagles; "Dream On," by the Oak Ridge Boys; "Let's Go," by the Cars; "Just Another Nervous Wreck," by Supertramp; "Reunited," by Peaches & Herb; "Dirty Livin'," by Kiss; "Thumpin' Music," by the Commodores; "Pour Me Another Tequila," by Eddie Rabbitt.

The live entertainment: About seventeen singers, in little groups around six microphones by the pool, singing several peppy songs while moving like cheerleaders; the girls wearing pastel skirts and blouses and chiffon neckerchiefs, and the boys wearing chocolate-brown shirts and white vests; the music travelling through two large amplifiers named Eliminator 2. A girl in a peach wraparound skirt and a striped off-the-shoulder top doing an interpretive dance. A girl with a pink scarf tied around her ponytail, and wearing white socks and black flats, boogieing with one of the boys in the chocolate-brown outfits. At the conclusion of a spirited song about obedience to signs, all of them jumping into the pool.



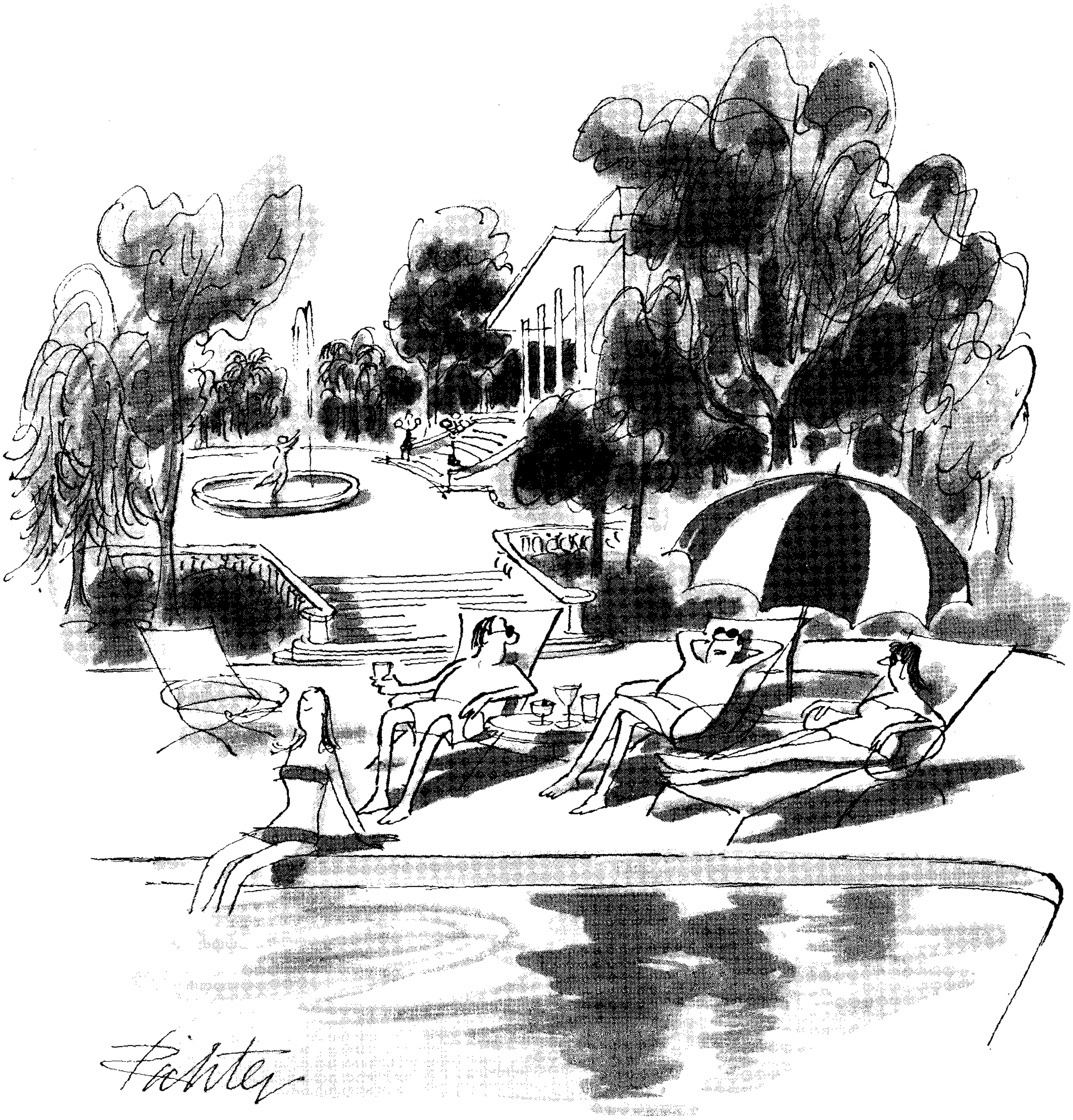
Clambake Wrapup: A beer truck ("Refrigerated Delivery") with three spigots on its side driving away and a cup of beer falling off its left rear wheel. Two frightened gray cats sneaking into a stone chicken house. A woman of about sixty, in a yellow T-shirt, with a large button saying "Taste the Moment," boogieing by herself to "Heart of Glass." A strong aroma, reminiscent of coconut macaroons, floating across the pool and through the cabaña—a smell exactly like the fragrance of yellow-flowering whin bushes in Scotland. News from other shores.

Outline

WE have lately developed the habit of taking an occasional gull's-eye view of Manhattan from its tip—from the South Street Seaport, as often as not, since that's a favorite haunt of ours. On weekends these days, lower Manhattan is far from uneventful, and we scan the *Bulletin* of the South Street Seaport Museum, and *Downtown*, the organ of the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council, for excuses to go there. Learning that on the day of the summer solstice an artist was going to have a line painted around the original shoreline of Nieuw Amsterdam, we laid out our Seaport clothes the night before.

Making a leisurely trip (it was a Saturday morning) to Wall Street, where the line was scheduled to begin, we arrived shortly before eleven, and there it was—a double traffic line running south from Wall Street down the center of Pearl, the landward line green, the seaward line blue. We followed it slowly, on foot, through Hanover Square. At intersections, the tires of passing cars had spread cloudy blue and green abstractions beside the lines—quite appropriate, we felt, for a coastline. We passed Coenties Slip, keeping to the landward side of the double line, for we imagined Fraunces Tavern awash across the street. The line turned sharply north up Broad Street but returned down the other side, marking a man-made canal there that was filled in in 1675, so we took an imaginary wooden footbridge over it and finally caught up, at the corner of Pearl and Whitehall, with the line-layers.

Two yellow, blinking pickups from the Department of Transportation bracketed the street. From both sidewalks, small knots of line-followers



"It's not all peaches and cream, although I'll admit it is *mostly* *peaches and cream."*

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watched a crew in Day-Glo vests pilot their line-laying machines, which looked like large, motorized coffee urns on wheels, into precise position before trundling them down the center of the street, where they left the double line as a neat wake. Sometimes the blue line ran ahead, sometimes the green, as the machines buzzed in like fighter planes to lay a strip of color and then peeled off to refill at the pickups. Three or four attendant scouts scuttled back and forth gathering up and resetting red plastic traffic cones to protect the newly painted strip.

"What are they doing?" a woman asked us, tugging at our sleeve.

"They're outlining the shoreline of Manhattan in the seventeenth century," we told her.

"Good for them," she said.

We joined one of the knots, and soon found ourself talking to the project director—Jessica Cusick, from the Public Art Fund, which, along with the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council, sponsored the project. She was beaming with pleasure, for the day had turned out cool and sweet-smelling—a perfect day for line-laying, for almost anything. "The green paint's called Westchester Green and the blue Oswego Blue," she told us. "It's the green from the St. Patrick's Day Parade and the blue from the Marathon. Yesterday, when I decided to call up to make sure the paint would arrive, I noticed that it came from the Amsterdam Color Works—appropriate, even though the company is in the Bronx. When Eric Arctander—he's the artist—came to us with this project, last December, everybody liked it immediately, and we got nothing but help from the Department of Transportation. Frank Addeo, the assistant ombudsman there, became our guardian angel. With Public Art, you've really got to want to do it. It's always a thrill to see it happen, to see all your plans turn into something."

One of the attendant scouts proved to be Eric Arctander. A lean, alert young man with a haircut like a brown helmet, he was wearing gray cord pants and a gray T-shirt that read "Nieuw Amsterdam Shoreline" above a map of the tip of Manhattan with the blue and green lines drawn in. We talked to him in fits and starts, for, as line-master, he darted off now and again to shift cones, to speak to the foreman of the crew, to direct a video camera, to squint back along the line. "I've been down here for the last five nights, shadow-marking the route," he told us. "It's great to see this double line materialize—I've been imagining it for so long. I call it a history painting, and it's about as accurate as I could feasibly make it. I've grown to love it around here, and I've come to know a lot of the people. I've had a lot of fun with the crew, too. I worked a bit with them in Central Park, just to learn the rudiments of laying lines, and they've been very supportive all through."

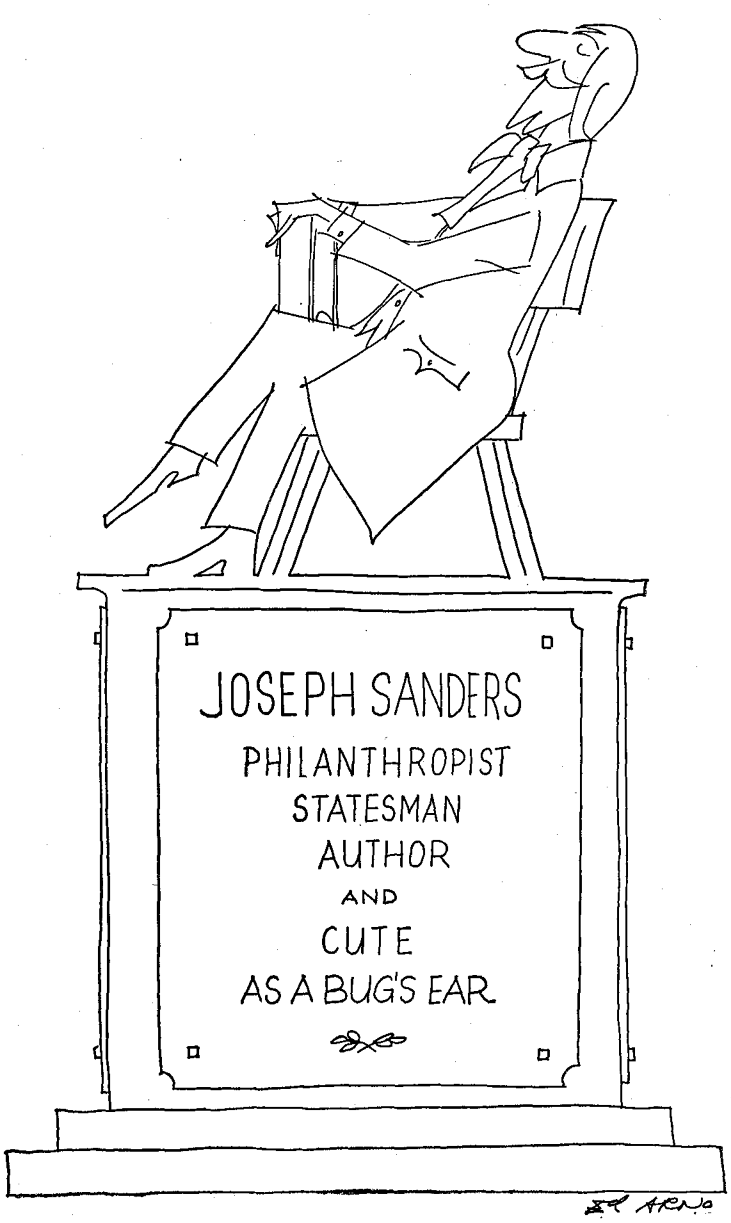
Was this his first piece of Public Art, we asked.

"Not really," he said. "Last year, although I'm a painter, I went back to New Rochelle, where I'd lived as a kid, with a bunch of chalk in my back pocket and drew a chalk line around the block I had grown up in. It was a kind of autobiographical statement. But this has been—" He broke off to explain the project patiently to a group of Japanese who had been assiduously photographing the proceedings, and then he was off again, helping to pour more blue paint into an impatiently throbbing machine.

With the assistance of all available red cones, the double line successfully negotiated State Street, and then it mounted the sidewalk leading into Battery Park and turned north in the general direction of Trinity Church, where it was to come to an end. It was now past noon, and although the Nieuw Amsterdam shoreline had been due to break for lunch, the crew foreman told us that his men had elected to push on. "We've got it going well now," he said, "and it looks real pretty." Our caravan was then resting on the benches of Battery Park while the machines refuelled, and we watched passersby struggling with their curiosity. The majority of them, after goggling for a minute or two, would buttonhole someone for enlightenment, but there were some who looked warily at everything and then left with puzzled faces, and we wondered what kind of explanation they had invented for themselves.

We managed to have a word with Mr. Addeo, who had been taking a turn with the cones. "We felt from the beginning in the Department that this was a really bright notion," he said. "It combines a bit of history—a sense of the city's past, if you like—with a contemporary Public Art event." He waved at the shimmering air as though it had been included in the planning. "It makes the past dawn on people in the streets—it's good for the city. We might even consider making it a permanent demarcation. But for now Eric Arctander is going to be putting up signs—explanations—at points along the line, for people who wonder. When we took this idea up, all the authorizations and arrangements went through very quickly and smoothly. You'd be amazed. There wasn't anybody who didn't see it as a good idea. Now watch this next bit."

Inside Battery Park, the double line had reached an iron railing enclosing a grass oval, some thirty-five feet by twenty. To skirt it would distort the shoreline of Nieuw Amsterdam unnecessarily, the artist had decided, so a gate was opened, and a newly filled green-line-layer, its motor roaring, lurched onto the grass and began to lay a careful line, green on green.



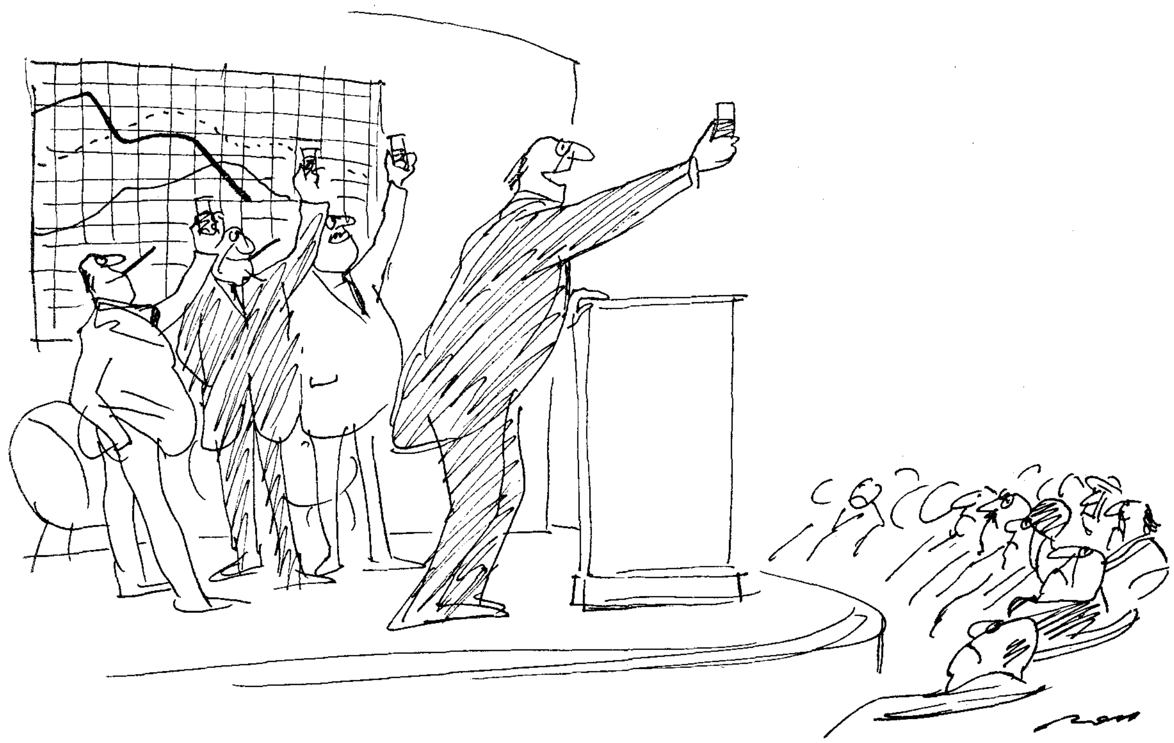
We cheered this latter-day mystery, and one member of the Japanese group, who had stayed with us, clicked away at the grass—using color film, presumably. The next crewman laid his blue line on the grass neatly beside the green one, and in no time the double line was again proceeding along the more receptive concrete of the park walk.

We suggested to one of the crewmen that he might be finished early.

"Who knows?" he said. "We've been having a good time. On a day like this, we might just take the line on uptown with us—at least until it gets dark."

Bear Bryant

PAUL (BEAR) BRYANT got his nickname when, as a large grade-school boy, he wrestled a muzzled bear for a dollar a minute before the feature at a movie theatre. For a while, Bear subdued bear, but then bear's muzzle came off, bear bit Bear, Bear leaped from stage, bear and bear's owner quickly departed,



"To you, the stockholders—better luck next time!"

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and Bear never saw any of his dollar-a-minute. Now in his late sixties, coach of the University of Alabama football team since 1958, winner of many national championships and bowl games, on the verge of becoming the winningest college coach of all time, Bear wears powder-blue blended-fibre suits, a white belt, and white shoes with tassels for formal occasions, and lemon-yellow pants, lemon-yellow shirts, a white belt, and white shoes with tassels for informal ones. When he shakes hands, his hand goes around yours like a big bandage. He is six three, but, even upright, he is always somehow hunkered. He stands in a way that people in New York seldom stand. He stands like a farmer. His face— Well, remember how a couple of years ago, during an important Yankee-Red Sox game up at Fenway, an early Yankee batter, Roy White, hit a foul pop fly on the third-base side and, with no hesitation or thought for safety, Carlton Fisk, the Red Sox catcher, and Butch Hobson, the third baseman, dived into the stands at full speed after the ball? The picture made the *News*—two pairs of legs, heels skyward, sticking out above the first-row retaining wall. Well, Butch Hobson, before he became a professional baseball player, went to the University of Alabama and played quarterback for Bear Bryant. Hobson's daddy (not father; they're from the South), also an Alabama quarterback, and Bear Bryant are good friends, and, in fact, both Butch Hobson's daddy and Bear Bryant were in Fenway Park watching that game. Bear Bryant's face implies many gestures like that hellbent dive for a foul ball. It has superintended many similar gestures—has presided over the furious energy of young men. It has worry lines that do not come from worry about money or God or the end of the world but, rather, from worry about close bowl games. We talked to Bear Bryant at the New York Athletic Club, on the occasion of the Hertz Number One Awards Dinner, for outstanding high-school athletes nationwide. The interesting things he said were about:

(1) The second time he was in New York: "Riley Smith, a classmate of mine, was getting married in Washington, D.C. He was marrying Congressman Frank Boykin's daughter; she was a roommate of my wife's in school. I was just out of college, and I drove up for that wedding. Then, after the wedding, I had a hundred and fifty dollars, so I decided to come up to New York, because one of my sisters lived here with her husband. I came through that tunnel into the city and some guy pulled up next to me at a traffic light—he'd seen my Alabama license plate—and he rolled down his window and asked me did I know Ben Chapman. Well, it so happened I did know Ben Chapman. Then the guy held up this fur and asked me if I wanted to buy it. I didn't have enough money for no fur, but this guy followed me for miles trying to sell it to me. I got scared he was going to shoot me, or something. The first time I was in New York was when I was playing for Alabama in 1933 and we came up here to play Fordham."

(2) Air-conditioning: "I was coaching at the University of Kentucky, it was in 1949 or 1950—had to've been, because I left Kentucky soon after—and I saw an ad in the paper for air conditioners. I had heard that a lot of rich people in Kentucky had air conditioners, but I didn't know anybody who had one. So I went in to Lexington to the Sears and Roebuck and asked about their air conditioners. They had one left, and I bought it and put it in our bedroom window. Ours was the first air-conditioning unit among the people we knew in Kentucky. Our friends Louis Haggin and Bull Hancock—both of them worth dozens of millions of dollars later on—and their children and our children and a lot of other people came up to our bedroom and sat on the bed and just had a hell of a time with that air conditioner. Then, after I left Kentucky and took the job at Texas A.&M., I bought two air conditioners out there for my office. I bought them from a classmate of mine, Jack Bennet, in Tyler, Texas. He sold them to me at cost. I had never seen air-conditioning in an automobile, but when I got a car I heard about these Carey air conditioners you could install in your car. So I got me one of them for my car, and, believe me, you really need it in Texas when you're recruiting players, driving hundreds and hundreds of miles in that heat. When I moved to Tuscaloosa to coach Alabama, I took the air conditioners from my office at A.&M. I don't think the folks out there appreciated that too much. When I bought a house in Tuscaloosa, I had the whole thing air-conditioned. Then I took the two air conditioners I had brought from Texas, and out of my own pocket I bought seven more, and I put them in the football offices at the university. I'll do without something to eat to have air-conditioning."

THAT DOG ISN'T FIFTEEN

"KEEP the TV in its place in the home. We don't *watch* the TV constantly—we leave it *on;* you know how you'll do. But you *have to live your life.*"

"That's been our feeling."

"Able to hold a conversation. You know."

"You can't just be rapt."

"No. But Jim's Mama—"

"*That's a new TV, Irene? Is the* hue just right? What happened to your *old* TV?"

"This is what I'm telling you. Jim's Mama—"

"With the walnut grain."

"*Had it four years. Never the first* sign of trouble. Until Jim's Mama—"

"Your hue is off, Irene. See, Orson Welles' white wine is off."

"Well . . ."

"Was it the old TV you said started *having the little funny smell?*"

"But that was later. See, Jim's Mama would come over, and she'd watch the TV, and—like when that man comes home, in the artificial-cream commercial? The grown son, *visiting his mother? He gets up so* *perky* in the morning, Jim's Mama would say. *He* acts so *sweet*—about his Mama fixing him a big old-fashioned breakfast just like he remembers but with artificial cream. All *we* do, Jim's Mama would say, when she makes *us* breakfast, is sip a little coffee and act sour."

"It's a little *fuzzy,* too, isn't it, Irene?"

"We'd say, Mama, that son on television—that's television, that's not life. We said, Mama, what they're trying to do is sell you something. That's all. And—"

"Trying to sell you that artificial cream."

"Uh-huh. We'd say, Mama, in real life that man has probably been up for *hours.*"

"Maybe— I think I'd try the brightness knob, too, Irene."

"And, but Jim's Mama, another thing she'd say was, there was never a night around here when anybody would announce, 'Tonight it's kinda special.' We'd say, Why, Mama, how about the other night when we had you and the Willetses over, wasn't that kinda special? No, she'd say. She'd say, Our friends didn't ever tell us, 'You're beautiful.' Now, Mama, we'd say, Life just isn't *like* that."

"And the TV had the smell then?"

"That was later. We'd say, Mama, they're just trying to sell you something. She'd say fine. Said she wanted to buy whatever it was. Said she liked buying things. Said that's what America was built on."

"It *is* hue, Irene. See her leg?"

"Yes, we'd say, Mama, but don't you want to have a little something left to leave behind? She'd say no, she wanted to give us a big old-fashioned breakfast like we remembered it and see us acting perky. Wanted to get up *and make us breakfast even with all* the arthritis in her feet, like the grandmother in the what is it—the arthritis commercial, you know?"

"Pain commercial."

"And when she did have us over *and cooked, she'd serve something and* we'd just barely bite into it—just get it hardly in our mouth good—and she'd say, You don't like it? We'd say, Mama, we haven't *tasted* it yet. She'd say, On TV they taste things *immediately.* And they *light up,* and say . . . We'd say, Mama, you don't give us *time.*"

"See now, Robert Young is *tanner* than that."

"Well, maybe he's—"

"At her house would she watch much TV?"

"No. Really, you know, I think that was the trouble. She didn't *have* her own TV. Maybe Robert Young is just getting old."

"No, Irene, at our house he's real tan."

"We'd say, Mama, if you watched it all the time you'd realize. But she'd say no, no, she never had a TV when Jim's Dad was alive. And she had her little motor scooter she'd scoot around on, and all her fish."

"I believe you said she had beautiful fish."

"She'd say people on TV look you right in the eye and smile. Said we were her closest family and we wouldn't look her right in the eye and smile. We said, '*Mama!*' She said we wouldn't even look her right in the eye and *frown.* We said, '*Mama!*'"

"No, see that rabbit. You *know* that rabbit is off."

"People on TV are s' bright-eyed, she'd say. Always s' helpful-looking, s' friendly. She'd say people on TV have a little chuckle that goes with things they say. A little 'huh' laugh before words, to show they're thinking about how you'll react. And . . . Well, we'd just look at her and look at each other and shake our heads. But then it started happening."

MAINS' HOTEL
4
EKU

"The little smell?"

"That, and—"

"Was it a bad smell?"

"No. No. It—"

"Did it smell like it was burning?"

"No, it wasn't a *mechanical* smell. . . . More like an aroma. Not an aroma. What's the word I mean?"

"Bouquet?"

"No."

"You know, Irene, too . . . your vertical hold. That black band on the *bottom? You know how it'll get?* When it just eddddges up. And eddddges up?"

"But we'd look over, and Jim's Mama would be on one side of the room, and the TV'd be turned that way. It'd— We'd look over, and the back of it would be to us. We didn't move it. Jim's Mama didn't move it. It'd even—it was almost like it was pulling away from us, just singling out Jim's Mama. On its *own.*"

"You didn't get up and move it?"

"No."

"Jim's Mama didn't get up and move it?"

"No. She'd just be sitting there. Chuckling at it."

"At—just whatever was on?"

"Jim's Mama didn't care. She wouldn't switch or tune it. She didn't even know how to work it. Jim's Mama couldn't turn a TV on or off, to save her. But it seemed like it gave her a better *picture,* too."

"Irene, see, there's more of that black at the bottom."

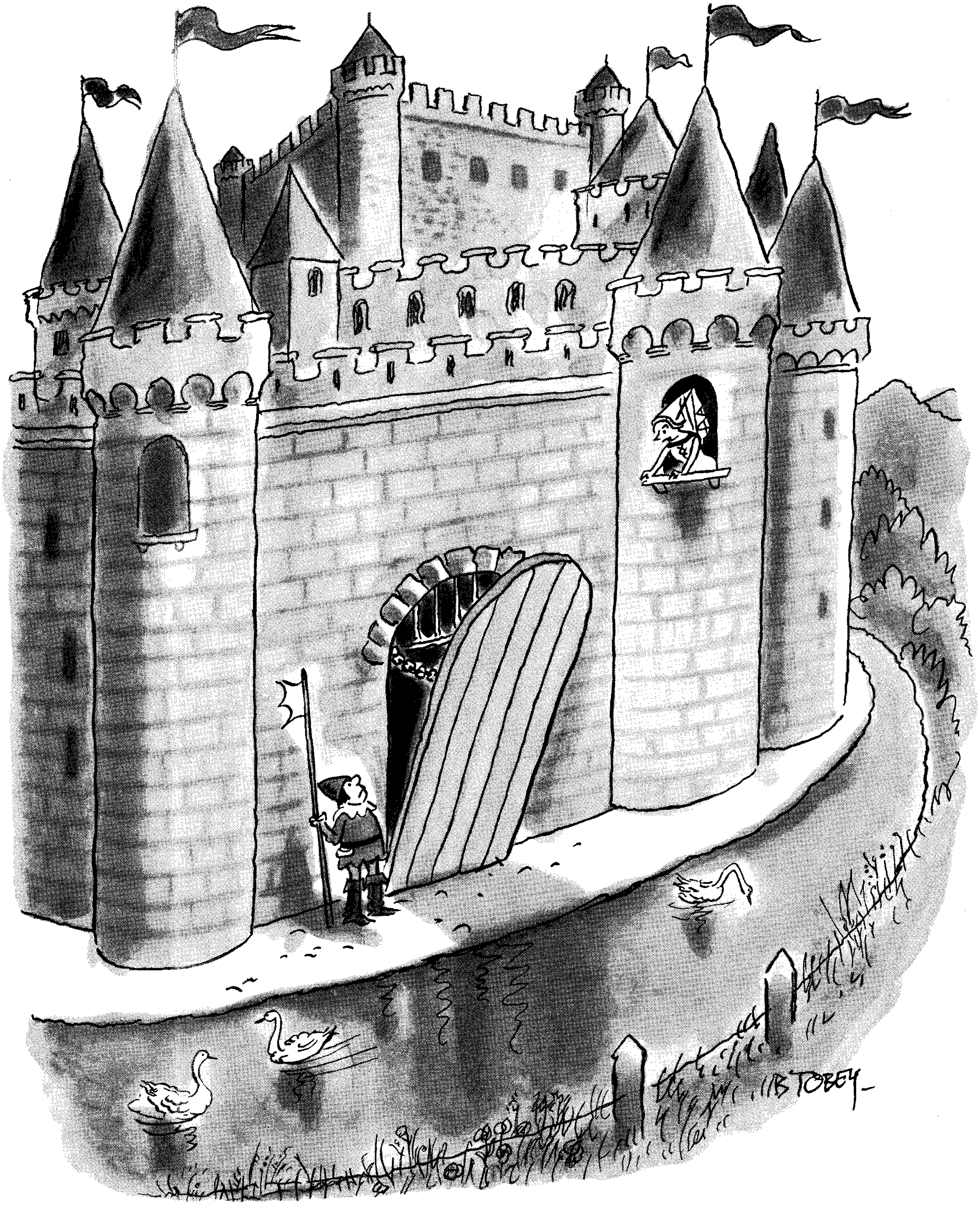
"Course, the children complained. You know Dawn and little Jim. They'll sit there glued to that TV and yell at it, '*That's stupid!*' Listen to a commercial about how some product's so wonderful for you and yell, '*Yeah, it probly poisons you!*' Lorne Greene'll come on with his fifteen-year-old dog, you know, and they'll yell, '*That dog isn't fifteen!*'"

"Children get so critical."

"But they do want to *watch.* '*The TV just likes Nannaw! We want another TV! We want a TV with Remotronic control!*' Said they couldn't concentrate on their homework without it."

"And . . . it was an *odor,* though?"

"Yes. And anyway, last . . . a week ago Friday night, Jim's Mama was sleeping over—she had babysat, you know, while we were at Jim's Elks installation—and when we got home she



"Have you seen the King? The Queen can't find him anywhere."

• •

and the kids were all in bed, and in the night we heard a clattery noise. But we didn't think about it, at the time. There *is* a lot of black down there."

"It's edging up, Irene. You can almost see the color again below it. And, Irene, the hue is still not—"

"We got up the next morning and Jim's Mama? Was *gone.* And the TV? Was gone."

"Gone?"

"No note. No trace. No explanation."

"Why, I-*rene.*"

"We haven't seen that TV. Or Jim's Mama. Since."

"Can you *imagine?*"

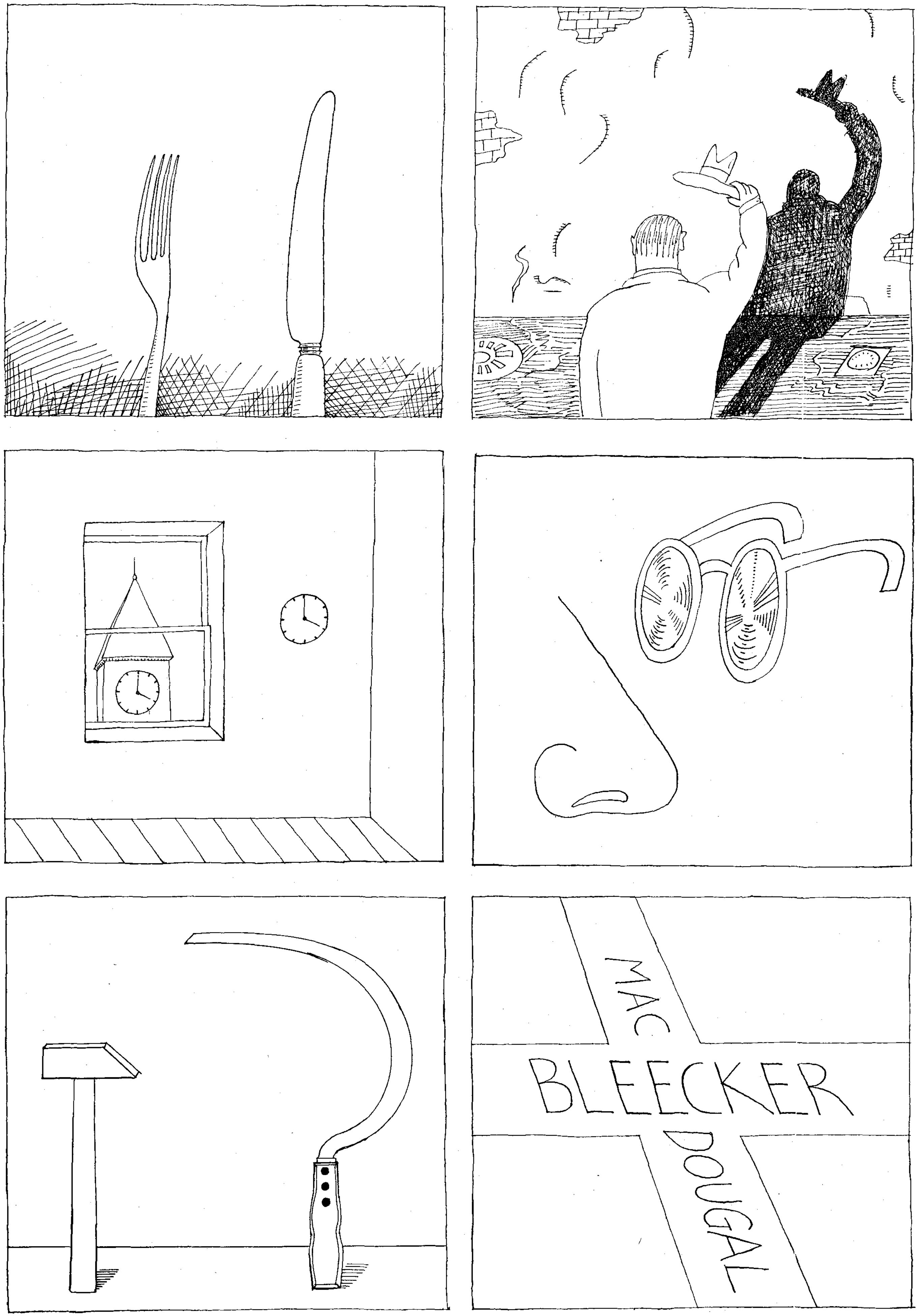
"Uh-huh. We don't . . . *Look!*"

"Irene! Is that—?"

"Look! *Jim!* Turn it up! *Jim, c'mere! Your Mama's on 'Real People'!*"

"And she's— Irene! *Isn't that your old TV?*" —Roy Blount, Jr.

OLD COUPLES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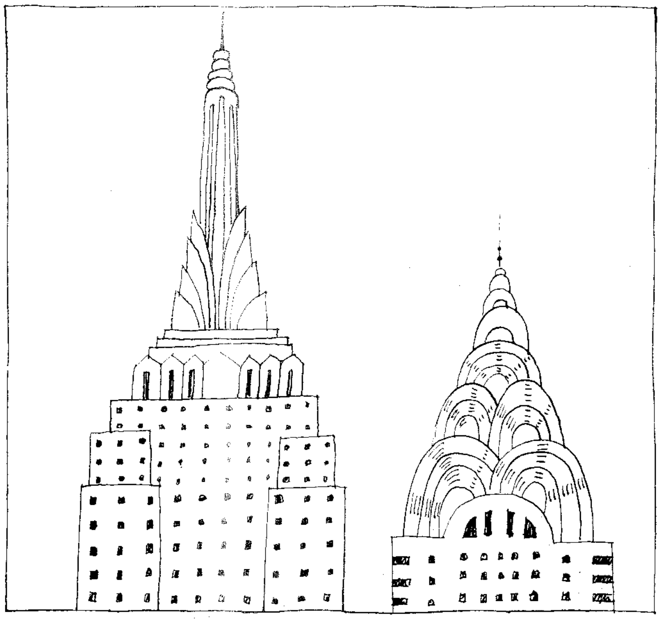

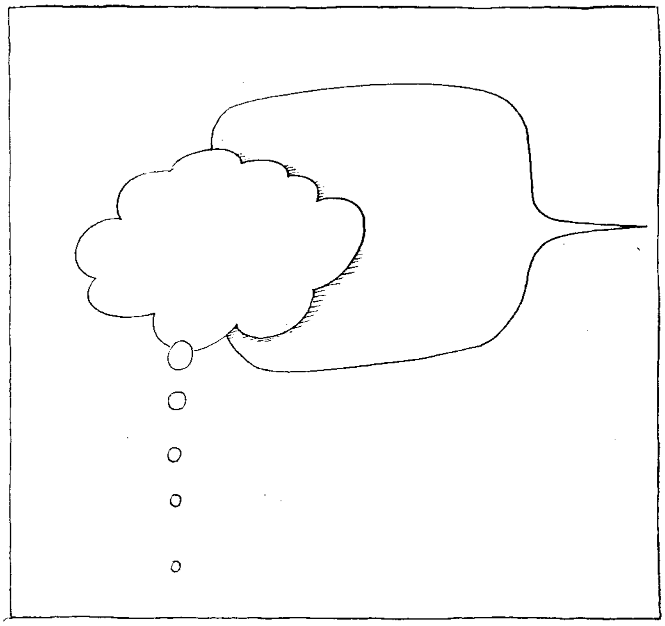

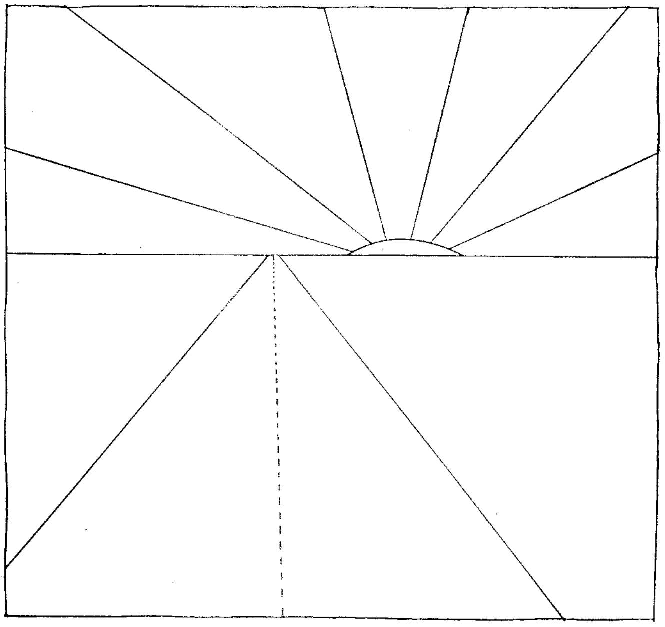

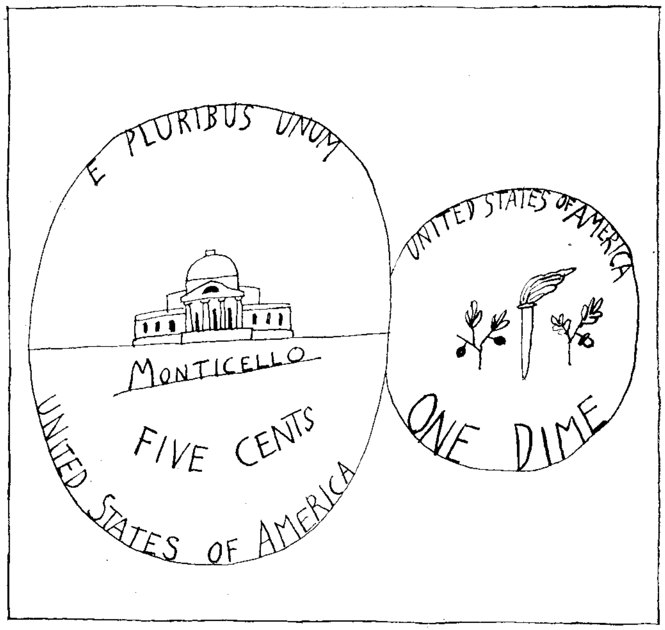
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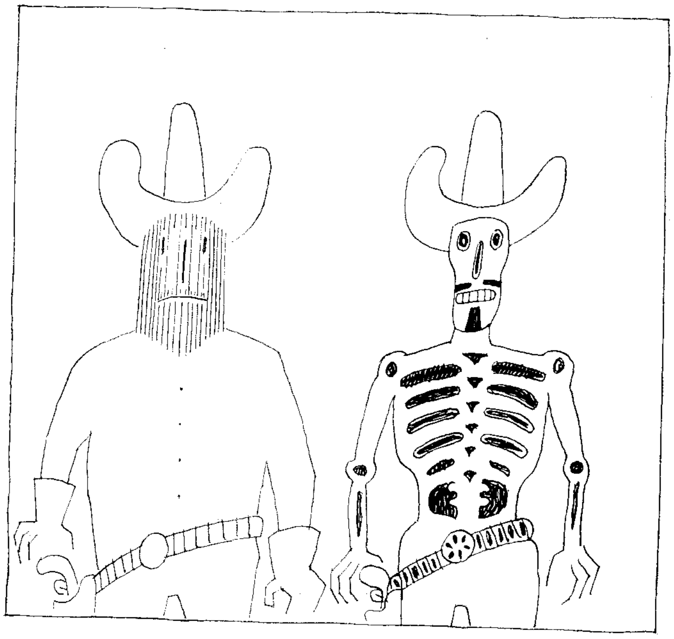
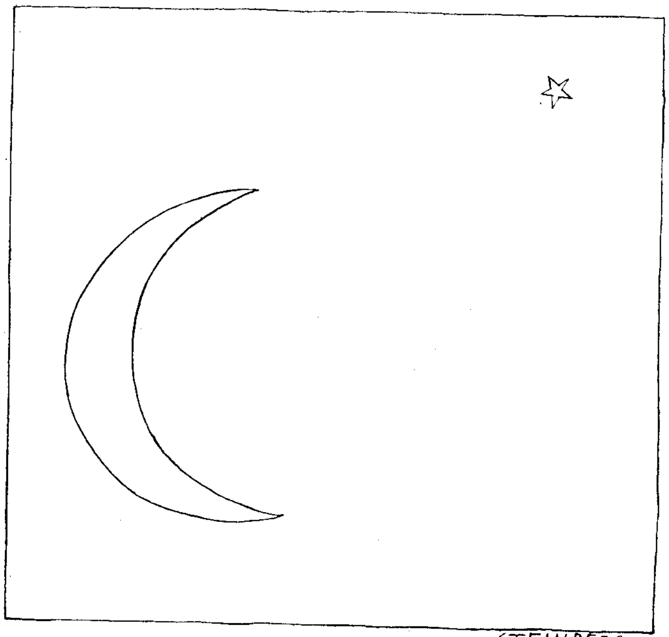




STEINBERG

SEVEN O'CLOCK OF A STRANGE MILLENNIUM AND ALL'S WELL

Douglass Bamburgh, aged seventy-one, was sitting in a pub in Northumberland with his mistress of long standing. She, too, was seventy-one: long since married to a man named Corbridge, but in Douglass's mind a girl forever christened Jessie Shaughnessy. They were watching Bamburgh's infant grandson crawling on a rug in front of the pub's electric fire. Jessie was a small, alert woman whose head made a sort of pecking movement when she was listening. She had been one of the first women surgeons in the country.

"You should never have packed it in," said Bamburgh.

"What 'it'?"

"Surgery."

"Darling, we've talked about this."

"At this age, we've talked about everything." He gave the heavy sigh of a seven-year-old.

"We decided together that I should pack it in. We wanted to see each other as much as possible. Anyway, a woman couldn't get very far in those days, and the cottage hospital wasn't up to much, was it? I should have been at a teaching hospital. I wasn't seeing enough of the meat."

"I've never been able to get over the way the medical profession speaks."

"As far as that goes, what's the difference between us?" She drank some of her beer, and he waited for the rest of the thought.

"Do finish," he said. "Between?"

"Between my saying 'meat' and your calling yourself 'a farming man' when you've taken a double first and are by no means a farmer at all, at all."

"Don't be daffy."

"Daffy?"

"And don't choke into your beer, Jessie. You must know the word. You do live here."

"Of course, but we're much too well heeled to talk like that, and much too old."

"I am a Northumbrian."

"You're like what they call the potential of North Sea oil, considering the money that's been pumped into your education."

"Are we having an argument?" said Bamburgh.

"No, I'm having an observation."

"I'll get us a sherry." But Bamburgh didn't move. "It's a misfortune to carry the same surname as a castle, like me."

His grandson, Mike, six and a half months old, was a Bamburgh too. But being the age he was, he bore no grudge.

"Darling, Bamburgh is simply what you're called," Jessie said to Douglass.

"*Named*. I must have been *named* at some stage in our family history. As I said, I don't relish carrying the same name as a castle. It's much too much of a carry-on having to spell it, and I don't like the association with turrets. I'm not some arrow hole." Douglass had the sort of face that seems to have swallowed itself, but that was because dentistry is poor in Northumberland. His mouth had caved in a little.

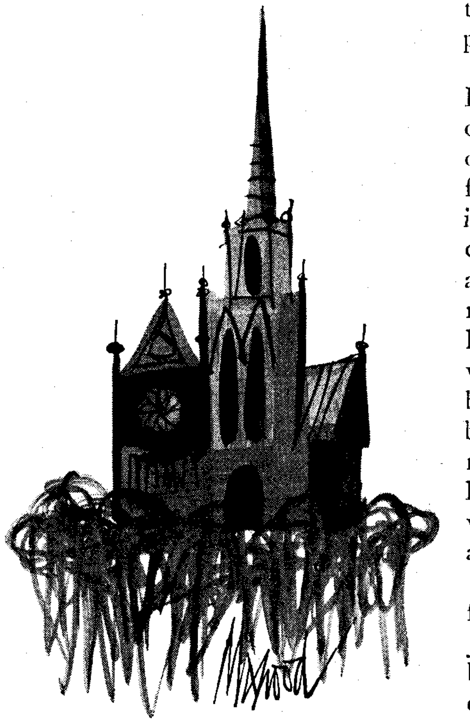
"Only a little," said Jessie to herself.

"What?"

"I was thinking about your face."

"Well, my face is my own, even if my name does primarily belong to a castle. Good grief, to be castellated." He ate a sausage. "Interesting, how that verb then sounded as if it had a double meaning."

"Sherry would be nice," said Jessie, holding the child up by his fingers, which closed around hers as if the baby were drowning. The impression was quieted as soon as she looked at the baby's face, which was eager and full of doings. He played with Jessie's jewelry and seemed to be about to speak, like an intelligent and watchful animal that appears merely to choose to be silent. Jessie said a few sentences to him. A cheery woman married with absorption to the aforesaid Corbridge, another farmer, rather insensible, she had also always had a fine time with Douglass.



"Two things," she said to Douglass when he came back with the sherries.

"Yes?" said Douglass. He had brought a lemonade for Mike, the baby, who seemed to have been given merriment by the company but was also, for the moment, taxed by staggering about with the support of Jessie's fingers.

"I was muttering away to myself. Saying that when a baby begins to walk, it must think itself to be in a strange millennium," said Jessie.

"Good Lord."

"What?"

"Well, 'millennium' is a long word."

"No longer than 'castellated.' "

"Perhaps we've both eaten the public library in our lifetime. Our joint lifetime." A car went by and the snow chains on it rattled. "Like the chinking of harness on Russian horses in winter, isn't it?"

"There was no need to say that. It was what I was thinking anyway."

"Everything I say so often is, these days. You said there were two things," said Douglass. "What was the other thing?"

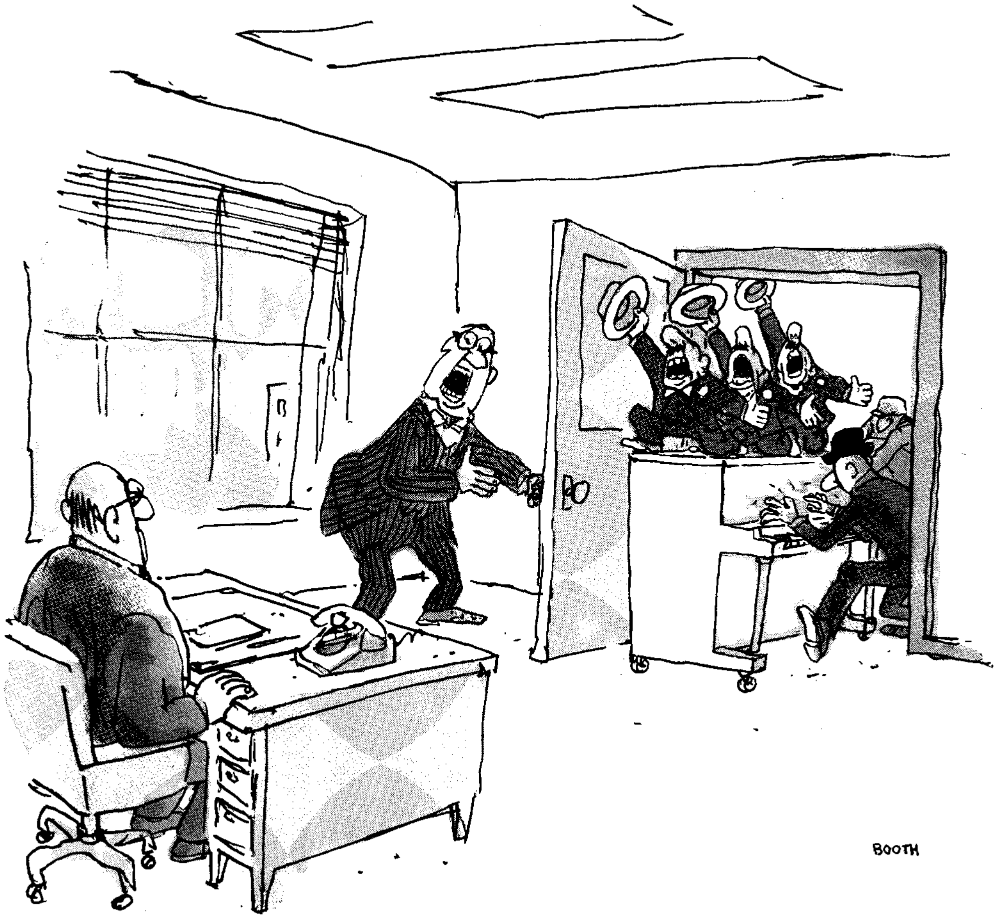
"You do worry about your face caving in."

Douglass kicked the electric fire, a fire of fake logs lit by electricity and giving off a minimum of warmth, saying "Turn round" to the mechanism that should have been moving behind red plastic to give an illusion of flames. "Come on, flicker."

"Does your toe hurt when you do that?" said Jessie. The baby seemed troubled and sat down on the rug opposite the unconvivial fire.

"And what's the matter with him?" Douglass said, bawling a little, as he did when he was worried. Somebody on his farm had told him the night before that Mr. Corbridge had been asking questions about him and Jessie, questions about the matters that had always seemed settled. Some derangement in the offing, to be quelled. The long arm of blight, he thought. And it would be a blight, he surprised himself by thinking, if the blessed Mr. Corbridge—politely, that "Mr."—were not to be with us. You don't shift ballast without rocking boats. Besides, we're fond of him, and what if he's afraid?

"You can't go on learning to walk for hours at a stretch, can you?" said Jessie of Mike. "And he may have been concerned about your toe, of course, though that's something we'll



"Demand is steadily shrinking. Output is down. America has no time to dillydally! What this country needs now is a song! An open-your-wallets-and-spend-a-little song! An open-your-wallets-and-spend-a-little song from the Hertzog Brothers!"

• •

never be sure of, like many another thing."

"I'm fine, thank you, beautiful girl."

Jessie looked down at her glass, or perhaps at the baby. Both, probably. "I'm not beautiful or a girl any longer, but good of you to go on saying so."

He kissed her with sweetness, cupping her face in his hands as though it were a glass raised in a toast and he about to drink from it, and then said, "As to me, darling, what *was* your second point again?"

"Your teeth."

"It isn't the teeth, it's the lack of teeth."

"I always said you should have been a philosopher."

"Meaning I'm too well read to farm."

"I daresay it all comes from thinking."

"Nothing to debar a farming man from thinking. Some of the best thoughts in England's history have come from Northumberland. Now, this bleeding dentist, you see."

"You say you're bleeding?"

"No, darling, your hearing's going. We'll traipse off to the ear, nose, and throat department in Hexham when we go to the library. God rot."

"I'm not keen on it when you swear."

"Blimey, when we chose to rough it so long ago. No Lady Margaret Hall here."

"Who?"

Douglass said the Oxford college's name again more slowly and she apologized. He picked up the baby and then put him down, because he was struggling.

"Picking him up would sometimes be an offense when he's learning to walk, and soon to talk," he said to Jessie. "Won't be long," he said to Mike with care, and then, to Jessie, "This tooth that came out, the one you haven't noticed—"

"I did, darling. That's why I asked—"

"—it's more than a tooth to me, because it involves my face. Well, yes, I suppose you realize that or you wouldn't have come into Newcastle with me."

"The tooth seemed all right last week. You didn't tell me anything more."

"You were with your husband until today."

"But we've always managed, haven't we? And, to get back to the tooth—"

"As I said, it came out. Over the weekend. The dentist in Newcastle was away for the weekend. I reached him. He told me to try putting it back with chewing gum until Monday. I said chewing gum would never pass my lips. He advised bubble gum, and when I said I'd never heard of it he said that as a dentist he was commending it. So I went into Newcastle to get some. Bubble gum."

Jessie picked up the baby. "On your own."

"Well, you can't stalk into a *pub* in remotest Northumberland and expect to get bubble gum. Sausages yes, bubble gum no. So I went into Newcastle, with the chains on my car, and found the stuff. It's off prescription. But it didn't work. I was having a piece of toast and the tooth came out again. Waste of petrol. The dentist, I telephoned him—"

"All that way in the snow to the telephone box—"

"—the dentist said it was because of the hostile environment of the mouth. Fancy having a part of your own anatomy fighting you. As if there weren't enough threats. Your husband, for instance. I love you very much."

"You talk as if I were already gone. Not gone. Not done."

Jessie took him back to her house, her husband being away in Leeds—away as he had been so often in their forty-five years of marriage, inciting disturbance, displaying complaisance—and they watched black-and-white television together on the sofa, with the baby comfortably asleep between them. The television reception was bad, because of the weather and the age of the set, but they happened on a welcome replay of an interview with a bearded young man sitting at the head of the queue at Wimbledon that past summer for the men's-singles final. The young man had been there, he said, for five days. He had food, a sleeping bag, and two placid, panting sheepdogs with him. As he fed ice cream and water to the dogs, he told the interviewer that he wasn't really much interested in tennis. "It's the queueing I like. It's the occasion."

Douglass and Jessie watched, with care. They had seen the program before. Douglass said, without turning around, "You might almost have ar-

MY MOTHER ON AN EVENING IN LATE SUMMER

I

When the moon appears,
and a few wind-stricken barns stand out
in the low-domed hills
and shine with a light
that is veiled and dust-filled
and that floats upon the fields,
my mother, with her hair pulled back in a bun,
her face in shadow, and the smoke
from her cigarette coiling close
to the faint yellow sheen of her dress,
stands near the house
and watches the seepage of late light
down through the sedges,
the last gray islands of cloud
taken from view, and the wind
ruffling the moon's ash-colored coat
on the black bay.

II

Soon the house, with its shades drawn closed, will send
small carpets of lampglow
into the haze and the bay
will begin its loud heaving
and the pines—frayed finials
climbing the hill—will seem to graze
the dim cinders of heaven.
And my mother will stare into the star lanes,
the endless tunnels of nothing,
and as she gazes,
under the hour's spell,
she will think how we yield each night
to the soundless storms of decay
that tear at the folding flesh,
and she will not know
why she is here
or what she is prisoner of
if not the conditions of love that brought her to this.

III

My mother will go indoors
and the fields, the bare stones
will drift in peace; small creatures—
the mouse and the swift—will sleep
at opposite ends of the house.
Only the cricket will be up,
repeating its one shrill note
to the rotten boards of the porch,
to the rusted screens, to the air, to the rimless dark,
to the sea that keeps to itself.
Why should my mother awake?
The earth is not yet a garden
about to be turned. The stars
are not yet bells that ring
at night for the lost.
It is much too late.

—MARK STRAND

• •

ranged it for me. I think *this* counts as an occasion, wouldn't you say?" He didn't customarily go so far. He kissed Jessie, and then went away into another room as if claustrophobic. He came back saying, "I know your husband's going to punish us, and the terrible thing is that he has exactitude on his side morally, though not emotionally. Probably. I wonder if he has any conception, any conception whatever, of what we mean to each other. I beg your pardon, Jessie. I seem to have put my sense of humor somewhere and I can't find it."

"You have it in saying you've lost it." She kissed him, and he carried away his grandchild.

A WEEK later, Jessie kept repeating a phrase to herself about being in the midst of life. It seemed not a bad place to be, on the whole, though the present actualities were hard. The snow was pelting down. The car chains were chinking. A young policeman, who had come in a car with snow chains that chinked with a blitheness at odds with authority, was in her drawing room to question her.

"And this farm poison," said the policeman. His rubber mackintosh was visibly a nuisance to him, but he was too raw, too official, too cold to take it off. Jessie sat him beside the range and gave him some stock.

"My friend, Mr. Bamburgh, must have thought my husband was going to put an end to us. To Douglass and me."

"Murder?"

"No, not in the sense of killing us."

"In what sense?"

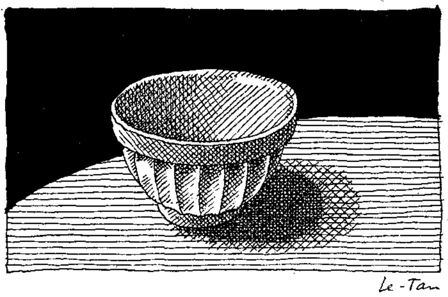
"Of putting his foot down, don't you see. Of stopping our seeing each other."

"A *crime passionnel*. But it was Mr. Bamburgh's farm poison."

"Officer, is the stock too hot?"

"Quite cool, Madam, but we don't imbibe on the job. You'd better tell me the story in your own words."

"Well, I haven't anybody else's words, have I? As I understand it, Mr. Bamburgh was fearful that my husband was going to put an end to our friendship. So he apparently, without my knowing it, injected a dose of farm poison into my husband's bottle of rum in the Flemish cupboard over there. So my husband must have drunk a little, being very tired—a most hard-working man, and I was out—and he got acute pains in his stomach, and when I came back I thought he was so unwell that it was best for me to drive him to hospital rather than wait for the ambulance to Newcastle."



"Twenty-three miles?"

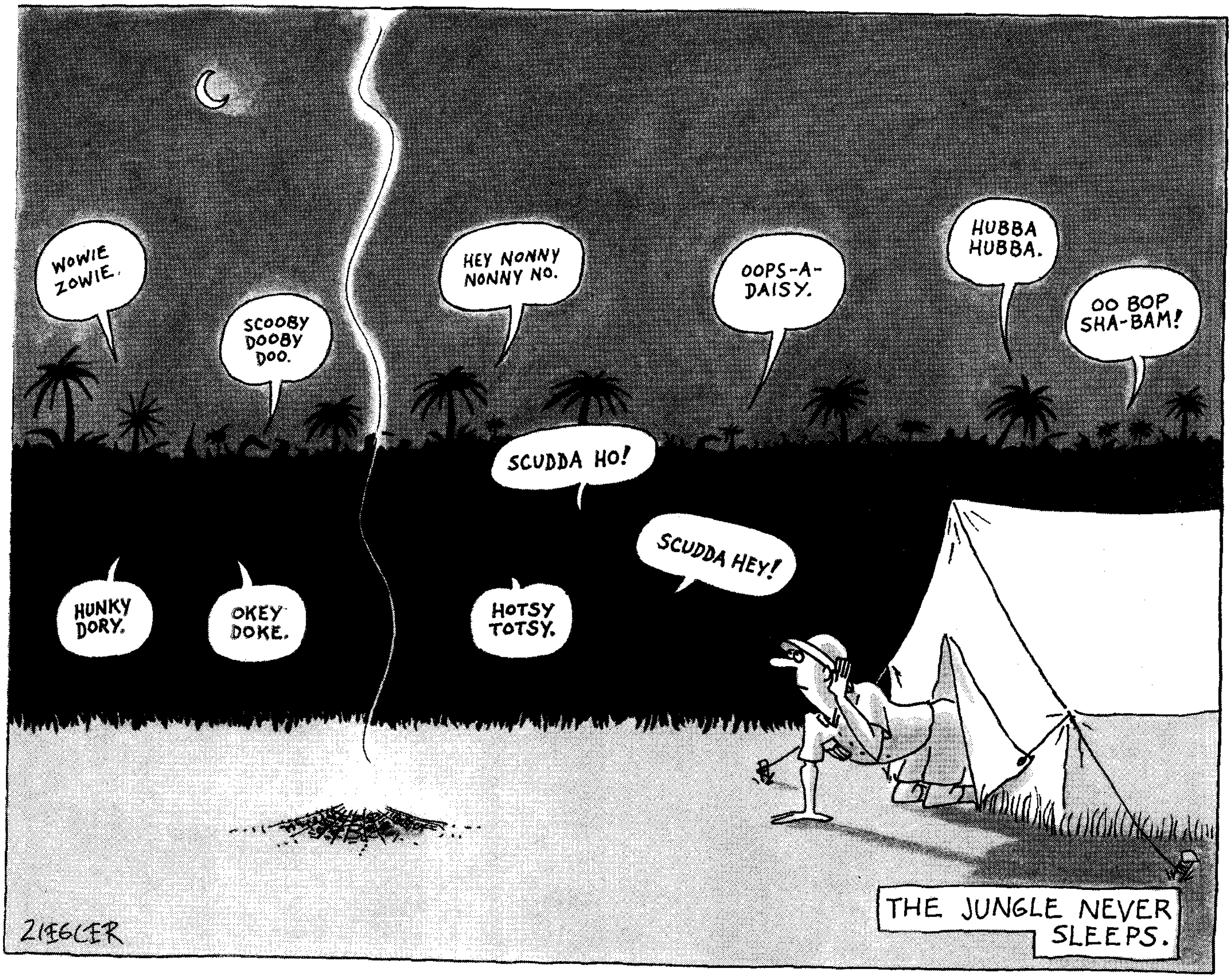
"Twenty-two by the back roads."

"And the hospital records show an attempt to murder you."

"No, no. When I got back from hospital, with my husband quite better, I did something I don't usually do. I'm not a drinker. But to relieve the loneliness—"

"You didn't telephone Mr. Bamburgh?"

"It would have been horribly inapt, don't you know. One is on one's own in such matters. But I'm afraid I had recourse to my husband's bottle of rum, and I too had quite a lot of misery for so falling into mischief. It was to relieve the tension, of course, but an infantile method. I had to lie down on the floor but got to a telephone to ring a most thoughtful neighbor to ask her to take me to hospital. She arranged with me to stay here to save the cat from being lonely. Now, you're not to be concerned about cruelty, because


WOWIE ZOWIE.
SCOOBY DOOBY DOO.
HEY NONNY NONNY NO.
OOPS-A-DAISY.
HUBBA HUBBA.
OO BOP SHA-BAM!
SCUDDA HO!
SCUDDA HEY!
HUNKY DORY.
OKEY DOKE.
HOTSY TOTSY.
THE JUNGLE NEVER SLEEPS.
ZIEGLER

• •

there has been mind on all sides. But when my friend got back from hospital she took a little of the rum, again to relieve the tension, and it seems that she also got horrible stomach pains and of course had to ask for an ambulance. And there was also the worry about the cat. Pelion on Ossa, you see."

"An intent to murder the neighbor, as well as your husband and yourself?"

"Oh no. No on all counts. Everyone survived. My husband and Mr. Bamburgh together got in a social-services woman to look after the cat. While we were away."

"The cat seems to have been major." The policeman rustled in his mackintosh. "According to your account of the crime or crimes."

"*Preëminent*, to an extent. Loneliness can't be ignored, can it? Isolation being another matter, because often chosen."

The policeman was cold enough to drink some of the stock, which strengthened his resolve. "And to go back to the crime or crimes."

"Well, Officer, everyone survived, as I said. But it is always possible, of course, that ills may have been dealt out."

"To the cat?"

"We got a bill for eight pounds thirty from the social-services woman for cat food and litter. My husband and Mr. Bamburgh split the cost. Both being fond of the cat, don't you see. And I stumped up two quid."

"Giving it to which party?"

"To my husband."

"This question of the ills you were speaking of, Mrs. Corbridge. The stomach incidents?"

"No."

"As I thought."

"I was thinking of damage."

"You mean homicide. Intention to do grievous bodily harm." The young officer's pencil dropped and he didn't do anything about it, but instead finished his stock.

"You've dropped your pencil," said Jessie, picking it up.

"Thank you."

"There was no bodily harm, Officer. We have long since reached an accommodation, theologically speaking."

"Would you like a tape recorder? We could give you a transcript. I don't take shorthand."

"Well, it's a dying art, isn't it? No, there's no call for a transcript. I know what I'm saying."

"Accommodation, you were carrying on about."

"Theological accommodation, Officer. I was thinking, have often thought, that there is always the possibility that theology may be wrong. I mean that injury may be done in the process of accommodation, which is then apparently comic and seems well understood by all the people involved. But as far as the ills we're speaking of go, they can't be accounted for by hospital folders, can they? In the chaos of records, we may have lost sight of mercy."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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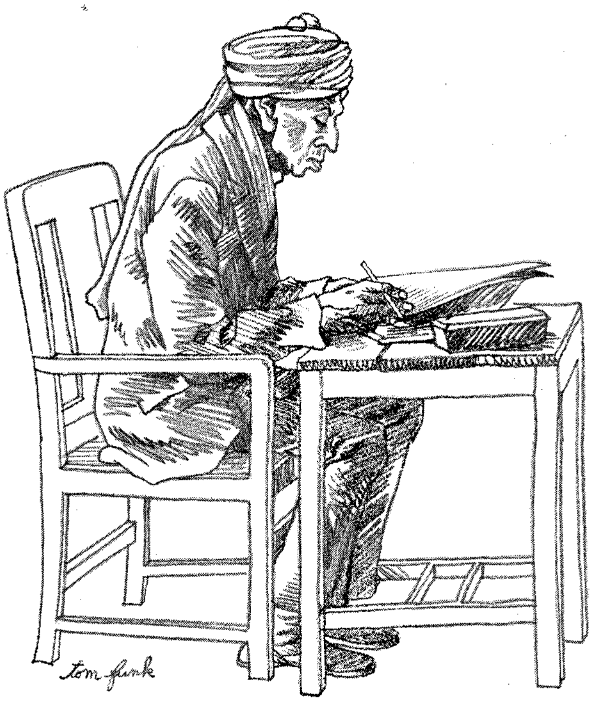
FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[From Newsday]

President Carter said the United States is not considering new military measures to free the hostages, but his press secretary, Jody Powell, explained that Carter meant that no military measures are being considered.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHACHAJI—II



Chachaji

FEBRUARY 27, 1978

MY father, Daddyji, wakes us all in our hostelry rooms at five-thirty in the morning. We dress quickly, breakfast, and are ready to drive into the holy city of Hardwar for the filming of pilgrims bathing in the Ganges. Daddyji himself, however, is a little slow, partly because he has to take several kinds of medicine for his heart condition. Bill, the producer of the film we're making about my poor relation Chachaji, decides to go ahead with the crew in the station wagon.

"We'll just take some random shots of Hardwar and of pilgrims bathing," Bill says to me. "I don't think we'll need you. You can take your time bringing your parents."

I try to get him to wait. He and the crew have not done any Indian shooting on their own, and not one of them speaks a word of Hindi. Moreover, Hardwar is the citadel of the orthodox, for whom all foreigners are Untouchables or outcasts and therefore undesirable intruders. But Bill won't be detained, and he and Araminta, his wife, go off with the crew—Ivan, the cameraman; Jane, Ivan's assistant; and Eoin, the sound man.

I rush Daddyji along, and then he, Mamaji—my mother—and I, with Chachaji and Sally, my assistant, drive as fast as we can to Hardwar.

We spot Bill and the crew standing on a bridge over a man-made channel near Har-Ki-Pauri, the great flights of white marble steps leading down to the Ganges. A man in a guard's khaki uniform is shouting at Ivan and gesticulating wildly. Suddenly, the man seizes hold of Ivan's camera, and before we can reach the bridge perhaps fifty religious men with holy stripes on their foreheads, all shouting and gesticulating, have surrounded Ivan, Bill, and Eoin. Jane and Araminta are standing off to one side.

"It's forbidden to take pictures of holy Mother Ganga!"

"It's sacrilege to bring a camera to this holy place!"

"Pilgrims come here, sick and lame. Their sorrow and grief are meant only for the eyes of Mother Ganga."

"Hand over the film!"

"The Untouchables have dishonored our people."

I fear for everyone's safety and worry about damage to the equipment, and I elbow my way into the crowd. I listen to everyone. I don't contradict anyone. I don't argue. I have been in angry Indian crowds before and know that one wrong word can turn even ordinarily peaceable citizens into a rampaging mob. Gradually, as I explain what we are doing, the people become somewhat mollified, and the realization that the foreigners are in the company of Indians helps. The man in the guard's uniform, however, refuses to let go of Ivan's camera, and insists on confiscating the film in it. Bill denies that Ivan has taken any pictures.

"Sahib tells a lie in the holy place," the guard says, getting angry. "I saw it with my own eyes—that he took pictures."

The crowd starts getting worked up again.

I try to tell the guard politely that we have permission from New Delhi to take pictures, but he is not impressed.

I signal to the crew that we should get away from the bridge, and we start walking toward the cars. The guard lets go of Ivan's camera, but he and the crowd follow us, and he continues to demand the exposed film.

I go on talking softly to the crowd, and gradually its members drop behind and disperse.

We wait in the cars for a while, and then walk up to some higher ground, from which Ivan hurriedly tries to line up a shot with a telescopic lens.

"It's no good," Bill says, looking through the viewfinder. "We need real closeups of the pilgrims."

"It'll mean more trouble. But I suppose we don't really have any choice," I say.

Even before I finish speaking, several men in khaki uniforms, followed by a much larger and more heterogeneous crowd than before, are upon us.

"Get these Untouchables out of here," a Brahman says to me angrily, pointing to the non-Indians in our group. "They are defiling our holy ground."

We try to leave, but can't escape the crowd. People are demanding that we go with them to the courthouse and surrender the exposed film. I am loath to get involved with the authorities and cause them to start a file on the case: to be caught in red tape here is to be a fly trapped in a spider's web—the more one turns and twists, the more firmly one is held. There is no way to shake off the crowd this time, however, so I accede to the demands.

I send my parents and Chachaji back to the cars for safety, and the rest of us allow ourselves to be marched down one lane and up another, until we reach a small stone barrackslike building. Bill and I go in, leaving the crew and the equipment with the crowd at the door. They peer in as we are brought before the magistrate, who sits just inside. The magistrate has religious stripes painted on his forehead and sacred threads tied around one wrist; from these, and from the degree of deference shown him, it is clear that he also has a high religious position in the community. In fact, that is probably why he was made the holy city's magistrate in the first place.

"The city fathers have vested the ultimate authority for granting permissions in me," he announces, in very Sanskritized, florid Hindi. "All permissions from Delhi are invalid in the holy city."

The crowd, listening at the door,

picks up and repeats the line: "All permissions from Delhi are invalid in the holy city."

I respectfully request the magistrate to give us his permission to take shots of the pilgrims bathing in the river.

"First, you apply in writing; then I will decide," he says. "But once you have applied, if I reject your application there is no appeal."

It sounds peremptory and final—almost like "Off with his head!" But I go on talking. Then, finding that I have got nowhere, I submit a formal written application in simple English, spelling out the permissions we already have from the government, giving the background of the film, and begging the magistrate's permission to shoot in Hardwar.

He looks at the paper, and it becomes evident that he can't read English. He goes into a little trance, mumbles something, and then asks me, "What is the point of your film?"

I tell him about Chachaji, my old relative, and his lifelong wish to come to Hardwar, and about my wish to film him in a quiet, poetic way for the educational network in America.

The magistrate says, "You have my permission to photograph your relative—"

"Permission, permission," someone at the door says, and the word is picked up and runs like a continuous whisper through the crowd.

"And I will give you an escort to stay with you. But do your filming quickly."

I tell him that we will be out of Hardwar before noon.

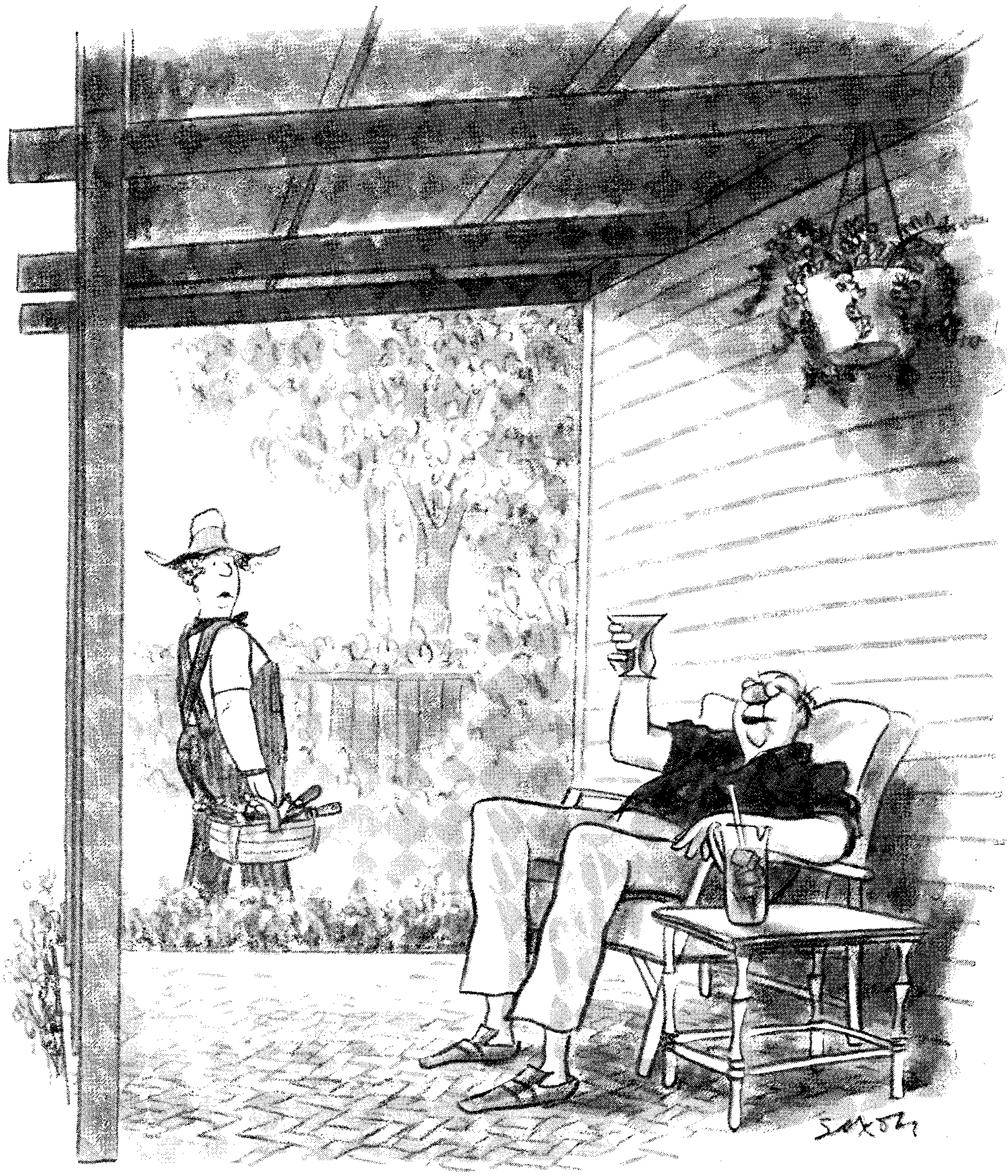
The escort is an old man, barefoot and toothless, with a fat stomach, and with a holy man's tuft of hair hanging down the back of his otherwise shaven head. He wears a large, tightly buttoned khaki coat, which rides up over his fat stomach to hang loosely on his shoulders as he moves, and makes him look a bit like a vulture. He has the unlikely title of constable. But in the holy city his powers are magical. The crowd at the door falls back to make way for him and soon vanishes into the ancient streets. Bill is delighted, and dubs our escort "the walking permission slip."

We gather Mamaji, Daddyji, and Chachaji from the cars and proceed to Har-Ki-Pauri.

Chachaji walks along by my side, complaining all the time in a low drone about a photogenically bright-colored towel that Bill has bought him for his ritual bath in the Ganges. "Cran Sahib's towel is not adequate for the holy dip. It is too thin. It's not adequate for drying me."

Har-Ki-Pauri is thick with pilgrims, and the constable has to clear a path for us. Near the bottom of the marble steps, Ivan, camera in hand, perches himself precariously on top of a railing, with a clear view of the river. Eoin, who is not recording, because the sounds are too general and confused, stands with the rest of us on a nearby landing. The camera starts rolling, and I call out to Chachaji that he may now go down to bathe. We have not told him what to do or rehearsed him for this scene, because Bill has said he wants it "*au naturel.*"

Chachaji shuffles down the marble steps, with the constable, in his ill-fitting coat, by his side. He stops on a landing a few steps above the water and, glancing hesitantly at the constable, modestly begins undressing. Before removing his trousers, he wraps around himself a pair of thin, worn, red-and-white checked bathing drawers he has brought along. Suddenly, he doesn't know what to do with his



"To the goodly pleasures of the mind."

trousers. He starts to leave them on the step where he has put his other clothes and his towel, but then he changes his mind and shouts up to me, "Someone will steal them!"

"Brother, Mother Ganga will watch over your trousers," a Brahman busybody assures him. "Why do you worry? You could leave ten million rupees here and no one would touch them, because this is the bosom of Mother Ganga. Brother, you will find human beings who behave like animals everywhere else but not in the lap of Mother Ganga." The Brahman tries to take Chachaji's trousers from him.

"I'm glad to see that you are behaving like a gentleman," Chachaji says to him, refusing to let go of his trousers.

"Tell Chacha to get a move on!" Bill says. "We're burning up film."

I shout to Chachaji that his trousers will be safe, that everyone in the team will watch them devotedly, and that he should go ahead and take his bath.

Chachaji reluctantly puts down his trousers, and walks toward the water, his worn red-and-white checked drawers flapping around his thin body. He shivers a little. It's a cold morning, and the water, which comes down from the snowy mountains, is icy.

The river is a jumble of bobbing heads and quivering arms and legs. Hundreds of men, women, and children are bathing or pushing to get deeper into the river in order to immerse themselves from head to toe in its holy water. For a moment, we lose sight of Chachaji in the melee. When we spot him again, he is standing waist-deep in the river, taking water in his cupped hands and pouring it over his head. The current is strong. Chachaji totters, and falls into the water. He flails about and regains his balance, only to fall again.

"Oh, my God! He's drowning!" Bill cries out. "It's fabulous!"

The constable, who is standing fully clothed at the water's edge, rushes in after Chachaji.

"Ivan, are you getting all this?" Bill calls.

Ivan waves that he is, and continues shooting as Chachaji, shivering violently, is helped out of the water, sits down on the steps, and starts drying himself with his new towel.

"That was great!" Bill says. "Really great! Now can we get your mother bathing?"

"No, thank you," Mamaji says firmly. She quickly heads for a section of the river where only women bathe and no men are allowed.

Daddyji shouts after her not to stay in the water too long and get chilled.

"What about your father?" Bill asks.

"Not a chance," I say. Daddyji, unlike Chachaji and Mamaji, is not at all religious. Anyway, as a heart patient, he couldn't take the risk of bathing in such cold water.

"Jesus, to think we almost came here without old Chacha," Bill says. "We're lucky we brought him along or we wouldn't have had a bathing sequence at all. Can you imagine showing the Ganges without a bathing sequence?"

"You can thank Sally, Bill," I say. It was Sally who had insisted that Chachaji should come along after Bill decided to stop filming him and concentrate on other members of my family.

"Thanks, Sally," Bill says. "You're a real gentleman."

Chachaji, dressed again and clutch-

THE FIRE POND

We stock the fire pond with rainbows.
I bring home loaves of day-old bread
or else a piece of lung the butcher saved
and Grandfather showers handfuls across the pond
shouting, "There's one! Big as a railroad tie!"
I shout back, "That's longer than my arm!"

The day the Allegheny floods,
the rattlers move toward Salamanca and hang
from the elderberries. The trout are spilled
like oil spots down the highway. In June
we stock the pond again. July, Grandfather
sights the smoke rising near the barn.

When the volunteers from Hinsdale rally,
he drags the pump hose to the pond and lowers it
like an anchor. The rainbows surface to be fed.
My cousin straps Indian fire pumps on the men and
Grandfather almost saves the corncrib, but when
the sweat steams beneath his rubber coat he falls

and can't get up. Mother sets the horses loose.
To keep the house from catching, one hose
pounds the walls all night. The water pours
down the window, where I watch the embers float,
slow as pennies in a wishing well, from the barn
to the stables, the milk house, and both the silos.

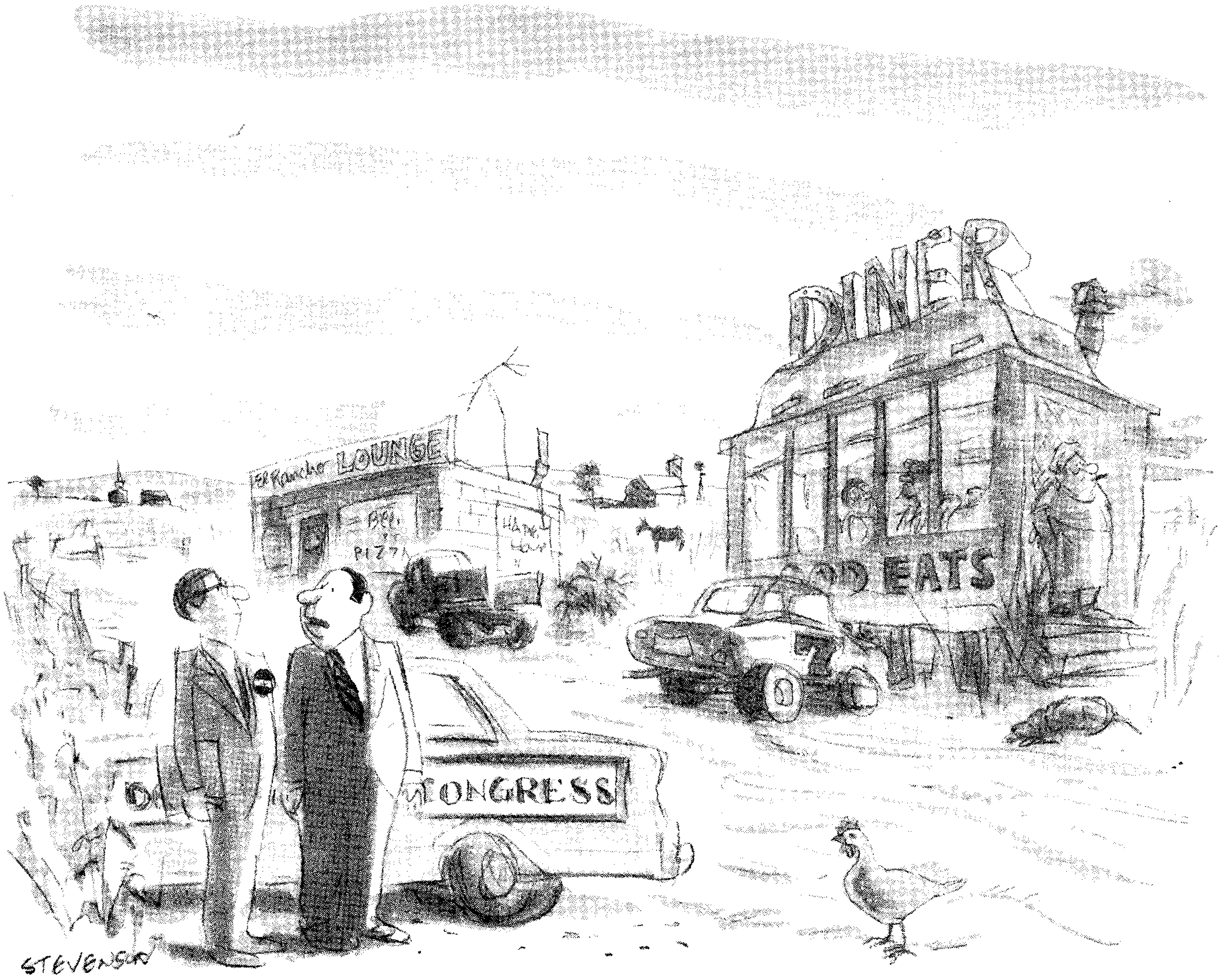
"The pond's not deep enough," Grandfather
tells me, as if he'd just remembered how
deep they'd dug it. I forget it's night.
The seven thousand bales blaze till morning,
when the barn frames the sunrise. It's quiet
then, before the firemen coil their hoses

half filled with sludge and the crowds drive
home to Portville, Ischua, and Knapp Creek.
Friends in Olean and farther south
than Hinsdale smell the smoke at sunup,
the fish at dusk. Grandfather and I
comb the acres after supper. Because nothing stands

but the house and the woods, we watch
the ground as if something were left there
and we had come to look. Across the field
the basin shimmers like a highway in the summer
heat, a still mirage of water, except the silt
ripples where the tails are flaring beneath.

—Michael J. Rosen

• •



"Are you positive I have to hit these particular hustings?"

• •

ing his wet towel, joins us. He looks very happy, for him.

"Well done, Chacha," Bill says.

We climb back up Har-Ki-Pauri.

At the top of the steps, we come upon a blind beggar who is just setting his tin cup down in front of him. He sings:

The boat is so old, and the shore
  is so far away.
Push away my sins, Lord Krishna.
My faith is my only support.
The truth is mine, the lie is mine,
  Lord Krishna.
We pilgrims have come to you, not
  with offerings of flowers but
  only with offerings of our tears.

"He would be a great mood-setter for Chacha's holy dip," Bill says to Ivan. Ivan has already started to shoot.

The sound of a coin dropped in the blind man's cup by a passerby lights up his previously expressionless face.

Chachaji is agitating for us to go and record the date of his ritual bath in the book of his *panda*. (A *panda* is a genealogist and a guide at a holy place.)

"What's so special about this book?" Bill asks. "Is the old boy hung up on files because he's a clerk?"

I explain to Bill that for hundreds of years the *pandas* have been entering in their books, among other things, the dates of pilgrims' ritual baths and the dates of the immersion of the ashes of the dead.

"God, we'd better humor the old boy, then," Bill says.

We find Chachaji's *panda*, a meek, obliging man, and film the genealogist, his subject, and his book—a long sheaf of very old paper, tied with hemp.

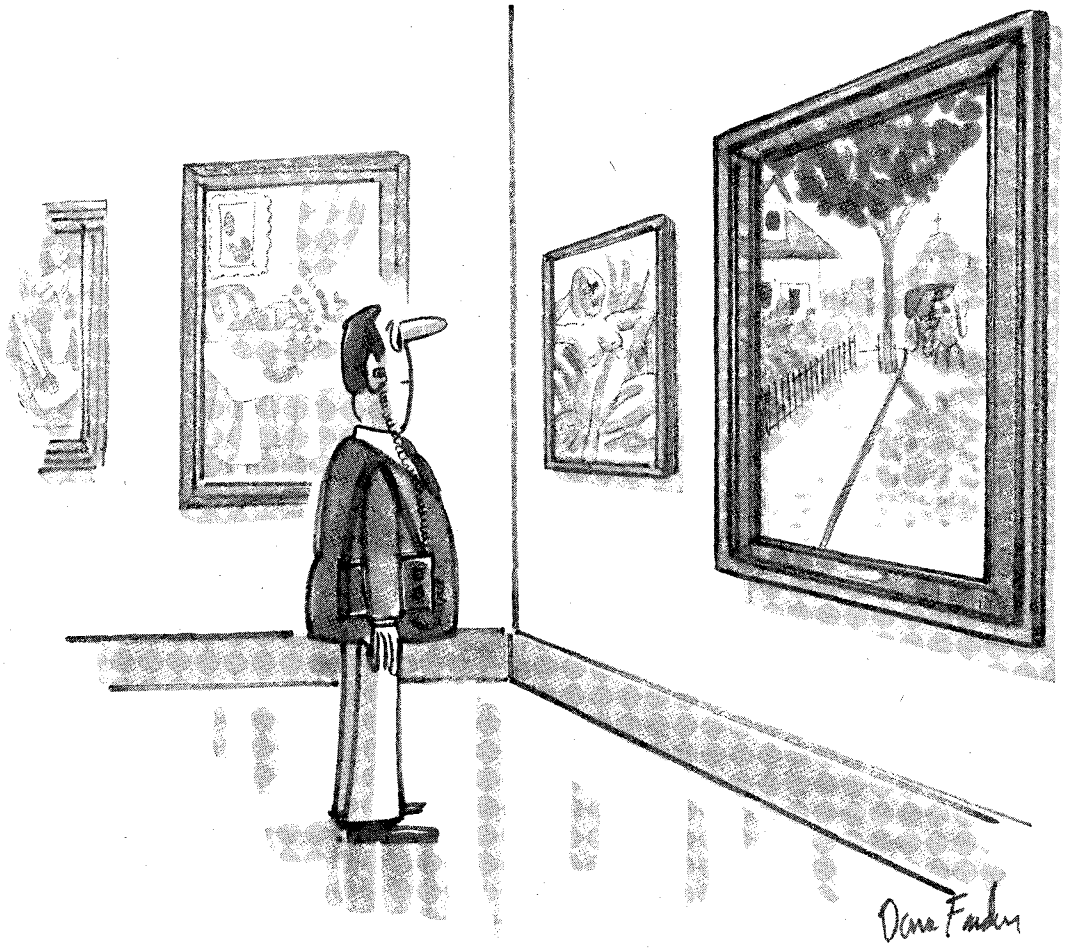
BACK in Delhi, I tell Bill about a discovery I have made. In the course of desultory conversation in the car, Chachaji mentioned to me that he has two nephews living in a village called Amanpur, in the Punjab region, a few hours away from Delhi by train and bus, and that he visits them every two or three years—whenever he can spare seventeen rupees, for the cheapest railway ticket and the bus fare. I was elated to find that Chachaji had a village connection. It would help me persuade Bill to stay with the Chacha story, since we would now have an opportunity to film people much poorer than Chachaji himself.

"Fabulous!" Bill cries. "I'd like to see old Chacha, in his pink turban, hobbling around a destitute village. When do we go? Tomorrow?"

"We can't possibly go tomorrow," I say. "First, we have to see about getting Chachaji two or three days off. Chopra is not going to be happy about giving him another leave on top of the Hardwar day." Chopra and his son run a drab shop called the Pharmacy of Prosperity, where Chachaji works as a clerk and messenger.

"You can handle that," he says. "You know how to function in India."

"I'm not so sure I know how to function with Chopra," I say. "He's



"The price of one million five is the highest price ever paid for a Blanchard, and represents a three-hundred-per-cent increase in value from its 1970 price of three hundred seventy-five thousand dollars. Prior to 1970, it was owned by the Countess Barasev, who paid one hundred twenty thousand dollars for it in 1952, purchasing it from De Witt Orstlund, who paid sixty-five thousand dollars for it in 1940."

not the sort of man I'd seek out for a favor—particularly after the unpleasant time he gave us the other day."

"You can do it," Bill says, in headmasterish encouragement. "I have faith in you. So we'll go to the village the day after tomorrow. I will give the crew tomorrow off and buy them a really good dinner, and then work them like dogs in the village."

FEBRUARY 28TH

"YOU and I have to do a little business with Som, in the External Affairs Ministry," I say to Bill. I tell him that there are many problems besides Chachaji's leave to be settled before we go to the village. A half-dozen foreigners cannot arrive in an Indian village without creating some social or political disturbance. We don't want to risk another episode like the one in Hardwar, so we must get an introduction to the local authorities. If we don't, the authorities will let us take pictures only of tube wells and tractors—symbols of progress, like what my American brother-in-law, Art, wanted us to film. There is also the matter of accommodations. Without the protection of a Western-type hotel or guest house, members of our group—especially since they lack the immunities of a native—could come down with dysentery or jaundice in a village, for the people there have no lavatories and use fields. We need to know how close a doctor schooled in Western medicine is to the village, in case of an emergency.

"Oh, God!" Bill says.

At the External Affairs Ministry, in between talking to a dozen other petitioners, Som promises to do "all the needful." Yes, his personal assistant will telephone Karnal—the biggest town near Chachaji's village—and get us into the National Dairy Research Institute Guest House, which, it seems, is the only hostelry with modern Western-type accommodations. Yes, he will send telegrams to state and district authorities. Yes, yes, yes.

I drop Bill at the Imperial Hotel swimming pool, and Yoginder Singh, the driver, takes me on, in the Ambassador, to the post office, where I send telegrams to some unofficial contacts I have in Karnal. Hedging bets here is second nature to me. Then I drive to the Pharmacy of Prosperity to try to arrange for Chachaji's leave.

When I enter the Pharmacy of Prosperity, Chopra is typing, and he doesn't so much as look up. He has always had a suspicious, angry air, but today he seems positively malevolent.

I apologize for interrupting him, and then I put the case for Chacha's leave in the most personal terms. I tell him that I've been living abroad for nearly thirty years; that in that time I've seen very little of my relatives; that our film is intended as a homage to Chachaji—to the tenacity and dignity of one Indian.

"Who is stopping you from taking Bahali Ram?" he snaps. "I say take him not for a few days but for ten days or a month. I say take him with you to America."

"What I really want is assurances from you that Chachaji will be able to come back to his job with you after two or three days' leave," I say.

"What businessman can give you such assurances these days?" Chopra says. "Haven't I already told you that he makes so many mistakes in his accounting that he's a liability to my business? He hinders its functioning." Pleased with himself, Chopra returns to his typing.

"I don't want Chachaji to lose his job just because he misses a little time."

"Maharaj," he says ironically, "I've already told you he can miss as many days as he likes. There is no job. I am only keeping him as a charity case."

Chopra abruptly summons Chachaji, who has been sitting outside the screen door poring over his ledger and listening to our conversation. "Ask him yourself right now if he wants to go to the village. If he says yes, you take

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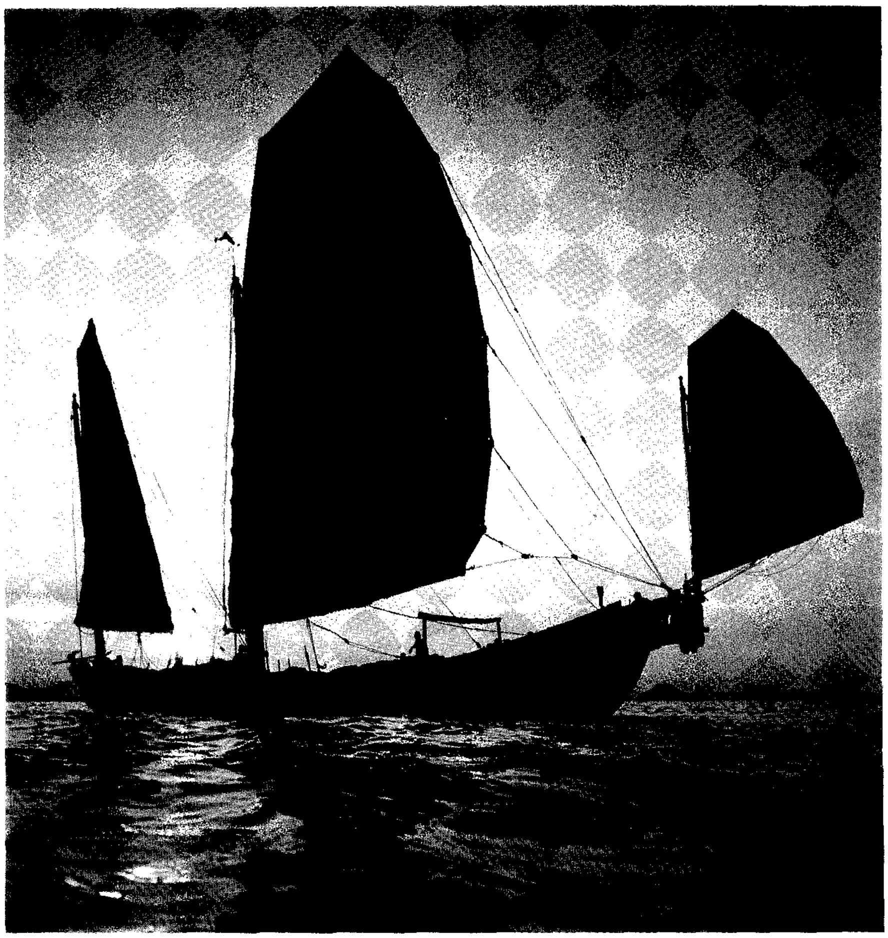
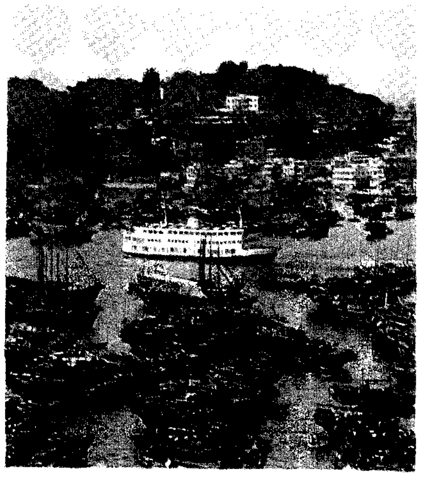


The Chinese junk has scarcely changed in design for a thousand years.

香港

HONGKONG



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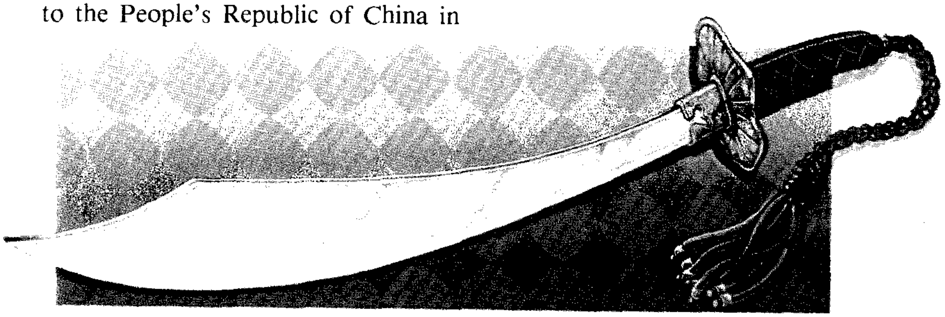

A relic of pirate skullduggery

Cinzano and soda.

Tinglier after tennis.
Breezier on a boat.
Livelier at a lawn party.
Peppier 'round the pool.
Snappier after softball.
Grander after golf.
Bouncier at a barbecue.
Brighter after biking.
Friskier after fishing.
Bubblier at a brunch.

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SWEET VERMOUTH
CINZANO
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HILARIOUS
NEW
COMEDIAN
1 MI.
W. Miller

him.” Then he shouts at Chachaji, as if he were deaf, “Bahali Ram, you want to go to your village?”

“No, Chopra Sahib. I don’t want to go anywhere. I just want to serve you and get your blessings.”

“Am I stopping you from going to your village, Bahali Ram?”

“No, Chopra Sahib, you are not stopping me.”

Chopra turns to me and shrugs. “What can I do?” he says. “He doesn’t want to go to his village.” He resumes typing.

I persist, for our whole film project may be in jeopardy.

“I’ve told you I’m only keeping him to give an old man a little something to do,” Chopra says. “Isn’t that true, Bahali Ram? Didn’t you already make two mistakes this morning, in the debit column?”

“Chopra Sahib, everybody makes mistakes,” Chachaji says meekly.

“Everybody doesn’t make mistakes every day,” Chopra says.

“Chopra Sahib, you have spoken the truth,” Chachaji says effusively. “I’m just getting old. My memory is going, my hand shakes. Chopra Sahib, you are absolutely right.”

Exasperated, and somewhat mystified by Chopra’s conduct, I go out to the Ambassador. On the one hand, Chopra makes out that Chachaji is useless, and, on the other, he implies that he can’t spare him even for a short time. In theory, he could dismiss Chachaji at will, yet in practice he is very careful not to threaten, or even to seem to threaten, Chachaji with dismissal.

Yoginder Singh, who has been standing behind the gate talking conspiratorially to the bottle washer, comes running to the Ambassador. “Sahib, Chopra Sahib is a businessman,” he says. “He has something you want, so you must give him something he wants. He’s seen two cars pull up in front of his shop. He’s seen the expensive camera. He’s seen everything. He has eyes.”

“I’ve already told you—no considerations, no bribes.”

“Let me just go and tell him, Ved Sahib, that you belong to a very good Punjabi family, that there is nothing fishy about Sahib’s film, that you are prepared to serve him in any honorable way.”

I yield.

Yoginder Singh is gone for almost half an hour, and comes back clicking his tongue.

“Chopra Sahib doesn’t listen to reason,” he says. “It can be, Ved Sahib, that he is holding out for a big consideration, or it can be that Chopra Sahib is honest and wants nothing.”

Back at the Imperial Hotel’s outdoor café, the whole team, along with Araminta, is sitting family style eating lunch. Everyone is in the sun, and can’t seem to get enough of it. The Indian lunchers all around them, however, constantly move their tables and chairs to stay in the shade.

I begin to tell about my ordeal with Chopra.

“What does Chopra pay him?” Bill asks. “Five rupees a day? What’s that—sixty cents? That’s nothing. Cran Productions can put him on a little pension.”

“But, Bill, that’s not the point,” I say. “He must have his routine and the dignity of working.”

“What the hell, he’s eighty-three years old,” Bill says.

Changing the subject, I ask Araminta how she is getting on with her article for the Toronto *Financial Post.*

“I’d like to spend some time interviewing your American brother-in-law, Art, about Indian immigrants,” she says.

“Yes, sure,” I say. “Ring him up.”

(This is the last we hear about Araminta’s article. From here on, she goes everywhere with us, as if she were a part of the team.)

I decide to talk to my brother-in-law Mahesh, who is the director of Indian Airlines, about the whole matter of Chachaji’s leave. He has held several jobs in the public sector, and therefore might have come in contact with Chopra; the chemical business, like everything else here, is subject to hundreds of government regulations, requiring licenses. I go over to Mahesh’s house and catch him just as he is finishing his lunch.

“I think I’ve heard of this fellow Chopra,” Mahesh says. “He used to apply for all kinds of licenses to the State Trading Corporation when I was one of its directors. I didn’t know until this minute that he was Chachaji’s employer. I think he makes up his own powders and concoctions, puts them in old bottles with well-known brand labels on them, and sells them at a nice profit. For all I know, they may be as good as the brands he pretends they are, but it’s still not cricket. He probably employs Chachaji because Chachaji doesn’t know what’s going on. If I were to give the word, my friends in the State Trading Corporation would launch an investigation, and Chopra would come here begging for mercy and the pleasure of employing Chachaji.”

The last thing I want is to make trouble for Chachaji’s employer, and Mahesh says that he feels the same way. We decide to try reason and persuasion again. This time, my sister Nimi will come with me to the Pharmacy of Prosperity and talk to Chopra. If necessary, as a last resort, Yoginder Singh will drop a hint to the bottle washer that Nimi is the wife of the director of Indian Airlines, who has "long arms and a long reach." I am against that idea, but Mahesh insists that without applying some kind of pressure we may not be able to go on filming Chachaji at all. So I agree. In spite of myself, I am getting bogged down in the Indian morass: who you are; whom you know; what you know about whom; what hidden power you can mobilize. This seems to be the only recourse for anyone who wants to get things done here.

Chopra is no more forthcoming with Nimi there than he was with me alone.

"You tell me exactly what work Chachaji does for you," Nimi says to him, in her best well-bred-Punjabi manner, "and while he is away I'll either come and do his work for you myself or, if you think I'm not right for the job, I will arrange for my husband's accountant to come and do the work. I will arrange for a driver and car, and the driver will run for you all the errands that Chachaji runs for you."

"I am a businessman," Chopra says. "Bahali Ram is my employee. I have trained him to do certain tasks. How can you expect me to take the time to train your husband's accountant to do those tasks? Could your husband get along with an accountant I sent him? Can any business or office function like that?"

Young Chopra, who is busy in a corner with some bottles, looks through the screen door at the back and sees Yoginder Singh talking to the bottle washer. He goes out and joins them. Yoginder Singh makes sure that the elder Chopra notices them. Young Chopra then signals to his father, who gets up and goes out, and the two disappear behind the house.

"I think Yoginder Singh has dropped the hint about Mahesh's long reach," Nimi says.

Father and son soon return, and the son asks us abruptly whether we would like some coffee. I suddenly realize that in all my conversations with them they have never once offered me coffee or tea—a breach of Indian hospitality so glaring that only my long absence abroad could have made me overlook it.

"Daddy, what is the problem?" young Chopra says over coffee. "I myself will do Bahali Ram's work. I will run the errands. Let the poor man go to his village and enjoy himself for a couple of days."

"He must be here on Saturday to collect those forms from the income-tax office," Chopra says, making a show of firmness. He adds, almost pleadingly, "It's the last day for collecting those forms, and only Bahali Ram knows where to go and what to do."

Nimi and I assure him that, come what may, Chachaji will be there on Saturday. We hurriedly finish our coffee and leave.

Back at the hotel, Bill demands, "What time do we set out tomorrow? Is Chopra squared away?"

"Yes. We can go as early in the morning as you like."

"Fabulous," Bill says.

I start telling him some of the details of the encounter with Chopra, but he shows little interest. To him—at least, at that moment—Chachaji might have been an Indian plug or cable that had been obtained after some silly trouble and did not merit any further attention.

"Let's all go and have a bang-up Indian meal at Gaylord's tonight," he says, and while he is saying it Jane appears, dressed in an attractive khaki suit and espadrilles and doused with lots of perfume—all ready for an evening out.

"This is turning out to be a super day," Bill says.

MARCH 1ST

WE leave for Amanpur at seven-thirty, taking Yoginder Singh and the Ambassador as well as the station wagon, driven by Amarjit Singh. Bill rides in the Ambassador with Chachaji, Sally, and me. We are travelling due north, and the landscape becomes rural much more rapidly than it did on the way to Hardwar, off to the east.

"It looks as if we were really going to a village," Bill says enthusiastically.

We arrive in Karnal in about two and a half hours. It is a dairy center, with more than its share of Indian flies. Its most important landmark seems to be the large complex of newish buildings that make up the National Dairy Research Institute.

The accommodations clerk at the Dairy Research Institute Guest House, where Som had supposedly booked us, tells me, "No message, no telex, no telegrams have been received at this office. Just at present, there is a three-day dairymen's conference here, and every available room is booked."

I ask to see the head of the institute itself, and I am presented to a pleasant-looking man named Sunderam, who is an agriculturalist from South India. He listens sympathetically to the story of our predicament, and then asks the accommodations clerk how many rooms are still unoccupied.

"Four, sir," he says. "But they're reserved."

"Government regulations allow me to release reserved rooms to emergency guests if the rooms have not been occupied by nine-thirty in the morning," Sunderam says to me. "It's now ten o'clock. You can have the four rooms."

YOGINDER SINGH drives very fast toward the village, even though the road is slippery as a result of several days' rain, which is continuing. When Bill suggests that we slow down, Yoginder Singh says, "Bill Sahib, don't worry. I've never had an accident." Then he urges Chachaji to be sure to tell him well in advance when to turn off for the village. But Chachaji doesn't seem to know the turning, and Yoginder Singh keeps on at him: "Is this it, Chacha? Is this where we turn?"

Suddenly, Chachaji calls out, "Turn!"

Yoginder Singh jams on the brakes and tries to make a right turn. As he does so, we hear a crash behind us. We stop and get out of the car.

"Chacha, are you riding in a car or on a mule?" Yoginder Singh shouts. "You can't turn a car like a mule!"

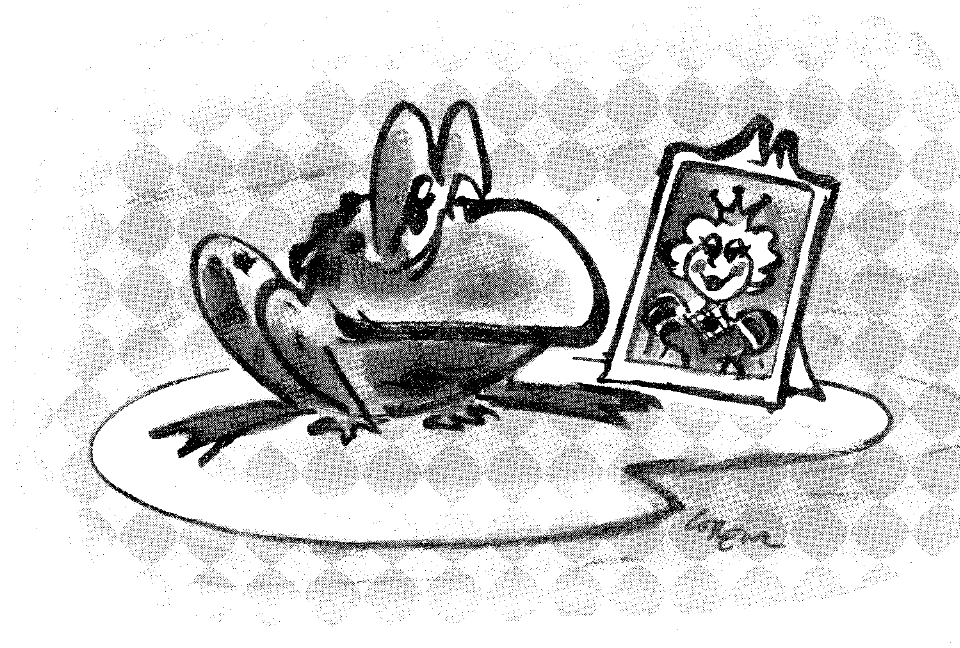
We discover that as the station wagon tried to follow Yoginder Singh into the turn, it was hit from behind by an Indian-made Fiat. Amarjit Singh is retrieving his turban from the muddy road and yelling at the driver of the Fiat, "You hit my turban right off my head!"

The Fiat driver, a mild-mannered fellow, guiltily mutters, "I couldn't help it. The rains have ruined my brake drums."

Araminta tells Bill to take the Fiat's license number. Then Ivan notices that there are two passengers trapped in the back seat of the Fiat. He runs to help them, yanking at the doors first on one side, then on the other. But both doors are stuck, so he empties the boot of several bags of flour and potatoes, which had rolled forward with such force that the back of the rear seat had come loose and pinned the passengers under it.

Chachaji shuffles off in the rain and disappears behind a tree, without waiting to know the fate of the passengers.

Ivan pulls the two passengers out, through the boot. They are numbed



but not hurt. The station wagon has only a dent in the right rear bumper. The Fiat, however, is pretty nearly wrecked. We are finally able to leave its driver and passengers in the care of some policemen who happen along in a lorry, and we continue our journey down the road that Chachaji had told us to turn into.

The road becomes a muddy lane.

"Chacha, where is the village?" Yoginder Singh shouts.

"Brother, just keep driving," Chachaji says. Then he suddenly cries, "Here! Turn! No stop!"

Yoginder Singh swerves the car abruptly to the right and then back, just in time to save us from landing in a marsh.

On our left, down a muddy slope, is the village of Amanpur. Our cars have been sighted, and curious villagers run up the slope to stare at us.

We all get out and pick our way through the mud down to the village, Chachaji leading, and Yoginder Singh and Amarjit Singh following at a slight distance, trying to fend off the growing crowd of villagers. It is drizzling slightly, and the earth smells of manure and wet cattle.

Ivan takes some hasty miscellaneous shots.

A polite man, with the self-confidence of someone who knows how to talk to city people, joins us. He is Om Prakash, a village landlord. I tell him about the film, and he immediately takes a proprietary interest in it and insists on being our guide.

We skirt a cow pasture and a small schoolhouse; cross a footbridge over a water-filled ditch in which a few cows are lackadaisically drinking; make our way through a group of water buffalo chomping on refuse; and, after passing idle bullock carts, piles of manure, little storage houses filled with cakes of dried dung, mud huts, wandering chickens, brick houses, and more mud huts, arrive at the homes of Chachaji's nephews—two small, unfinished brick houses standing side by side at the bottom of a muddy track. Many of the village children have raced ahead to tell of Chachaji's coming, and women and more children come running toward us. The women surround Chachaji and touch his feet, then immediately pull back and cover their faces with their veils, as if they had suddenly become aware of our presence.

I learn that both of Chachaji's nephews are away on business, that two of the women are their wives, and that a third, a very old woman, is Chachaji's long-widowed sister-in-law. The women invite us into one of the houses to have tea.

We step up onto a dried-mud veranda, which serves as both storage place and kitchen. At one end of the veranda, some chickens are scratching among piles of wood and cakes of dung; at the other, a fire of wood and dung is smoking from under a makeshift brick oven. The women lead us into a room off the veranda. (The house has three rooms in all.) It has one small window, and its walls are lined with outdated, luridly colored calendars picturing girls, goddesses, and landscapes, and with shelves displaying rows of brass trays, bowls, cups, and saucers. The utensils and pottery are arranged with military precision, and appear dusty and unused. Sticking incongruously out of each of the teacups is a light bulb, looking like a fragile bubble. The bulbs, I conclude, were probably bought in a fit of enthusiasm for the day when the house would have electric light.

The women have some of us sit on the charpoy, which is covered with a blue-and-white plaid cotton spread, and the rest of us on wooden chairs, with white woven plastic seats, that they have hastily carried in from the veranda. Then they busy themselves heating milk, mixing it with tea leaves in a brass urn, and spooning the tea into tall brass tumblers. They ceremoniously present each of us with two boiled eggs, taken straight out of a steaming pot. The eggs are so fresh—they were probably laid this morning—that none of us, except Chachaji, can peel them. The women laugh at our struggles, take the eggs from us, and quickly peel them with their fingernails. We sprinkle salt and chili powder over the peeled eggs and eat them appreciatively.

The room is too dark for filming, and Ivan asks the women, in pantomime, if there are any electrical outlets. The women say that they think they have seen one in the house of the other nephew, next door, and we all go there to check. Sure enough, it has an electrical outlet, but without wires.

"I think they have to plaster it before putting lightning into it," Chachaji's elderly sister-in-law tells me.

"We'll film in this house, because the natural light is better," Bill says. "But first let's restage the arrival scene and shoot that."

Bill tells me to tell the women and children what to do, and to ask Om Prakash and a cousin of his—another landlord, who has joined us—to play the part of Chachaji's nephews.

I tell Bill that Chachaji's nephews are contractors who recruit landless peasants for landlords, and are therefore of much lower social status than Om Prakash and his cousin.

"I tell you, on film they will all look like rustics," Bill says.

Eoin mutters something about keeping documentaries pure and truthful. "Documentaries should show only events that really happen and show them only as they are happening," he says, harping on a favorite theme. "You can always tell a bad documentary—the camera is in the room before a person enters instead of coming into the room with that person."

"That's just bad staging," Bill says. "In my opinion, whatever looks good, or can be made to look good, is fine in a documentary."

"Ha!" Ivan snorts. "That's straight

out of the shortest book in the world—'The Journalist's Book of Ethics.' "

Bill laughs.

Yoginder Singh is in his element—waving and shooing away the crowd of gaping villagers, who have probably never seen any kind of camera before, let alone a large motion-picture camera.

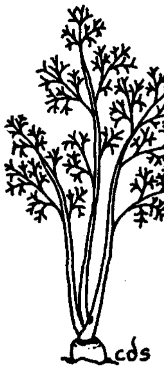
Bill calls for Jane to hold up the clapperboard, and we start filming. For the second time, Chachaji walks in the rain toward the houses of his nephews. The women and children emerge from the houses, giggling and enthusiastic in their feigned greeting.

Then Chachaji enters the house with the better natural light and sits down on the charpoy while the women and Om Prakash and his cousin gather around him in a circle on the floor and gaze up at him, as Bill has directed them.

Chachaji spontaneously recites some elegant Urdu couplets, and laughs and talks indulgently with his poorer relations, much as his better-off relations laugh and talk with him. He looks very happy in the role of sophisticated city dweller bringing enlightenment to country cousins.

The women on the floor inquire after sons of theirs who have gone to Delhi to seek their fortune and have reached marriageable age.

"It looks great," Bill says. "We see old Chacha in a mood here that we've never seen him in in the city. He's really somebody here."



The rain lets up, and Bill suggests that we leave Chachaji with his family and go off in different directions in order to elude the crowd. Ivan and Bill slip away to take some random mute shots of the village. Eoin and Jane start on a sightseeing tour. Araminta sets out on what she calls "a country walk." Sally and I return to the cars.

A huge crowd is standing staring at the cars as if they were flying saucers.

Ivan and Bill soon join us.

"Random shots are impossible," Ivan says. "Wherever I go, people follow me. And I can't make myself understood. We need the benefit of your Punjabi."

The rain has stopped, and Bill, Ivan, Sally, and I head back to the village, with the inevitable crowd tagging along. A young man who tells us, in English, that his name is English Singh attaches himself to us.

"Are you called English Singh because you can speak English?" I ask.

"No. I learned to speak English because I was called English Singh," he says.

"Are you a student?" I ask.

"I'm the only villager who has ever gone to college, and I went to college because I can speak English."

"But how did you learn your English?" I persist, trying to solve the conundrum.

"My name is English Singh."

Ivan slips away while English Singh sets about showing us the few village shops: the greengrocer's, whose total merchandise is one small basket of tired old carrots on the floor; the *pan* and cigarette shop, which has no goods at all but in which six old, rather disreputable-looking men are sitting around a table playing cards; the cobbler's shop, which does have a few clogs but no customers; the outlet for Bata shoes—ostensibly a mark of prosperity in an Indian village—which is thronged with people who seem to be only admiring the shoes, not buying them.

Ivan rejoins us. He is more cheerful, because he has managed to get a few shots of villagers' faces. "I could spend a month here just taking pictures," he says.

It's the first time I've heard him sound enthusiastic about the film. Maybe the tide is turning in its favor, I think with some relief.

We return to the cars, which are now encircled by children who have been let out of school. They just stand there staring at the vehicles.

"I can't get over how passive Indian children are—not just here but in Delhi, too," Jane says to me. "When we were shooting in Egypt, the children would catch hold of our equipment, climb all over us and the cars, hang on to my handbag. They were so active and curious. They were always asking questions, not just about what we were doing but about where we had come from—about everything. And they were so helpful! They were always offering to carry camera magazines."

"You're right about the passivity," I say. "But children here are hungry. That's why they're so passive."

"I can't bear to think about it."

Chachaji comes walking up and asks me quietly, "Can I spend the night with you in the guest house? Here, every time I have to go to the bathroom I have to go outside. The room you got me in Hardwar was a memorable place."

Bill overhears the last phrase, which Chachaji says in English, and cries, "What did I tell you? How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"

Chachaji is embarrassed that Bill might have understood his request, and he quickly says, "Never mind. Let it be. I will remain in the humble village."

"No, no. We'll take you back with us to the guest house," I say.

Meanwhile, Bill has decided that he wants another shot of Chachaji walking down to the village as if he were just arriving. But Bill doesn't want the children in the shot, so he tells them that Ivan will take their picture if they run over to the marsh and keep very still. They do as he says, and Ivan pretends to take their picture. Bill tells them to keep still for another picture, with Chachaji.

Ivan quickly turns the camera on Chachaji, and Bill shouts, "Chacha, walk toward the village and don't stop till I tell you to."

At one point, Chachaji's path is blocked by a large mud hut, and, to Bill's horror, Chachaji disappears behind it instead of going around the front, where the camera could follow him. It's beginning to rain again, and the light is fading. I dispatch the most alert-looking boy to tell Chachaji to pick up the path on the other side of the hut. Ivan quickly adjusts his camera to film the continuation of the walk. Bill is relieved—but only momentarily, because when Chachaji comes into view the boy is tailing him and staring back at the camera the whole time. Because the shot looks so good, Ivan continues shooting, in the vain hope that the boy will get bored and look away. But he never does.

"That bloody kid!" Bill exclaims. "That would have been such a lovely shot."

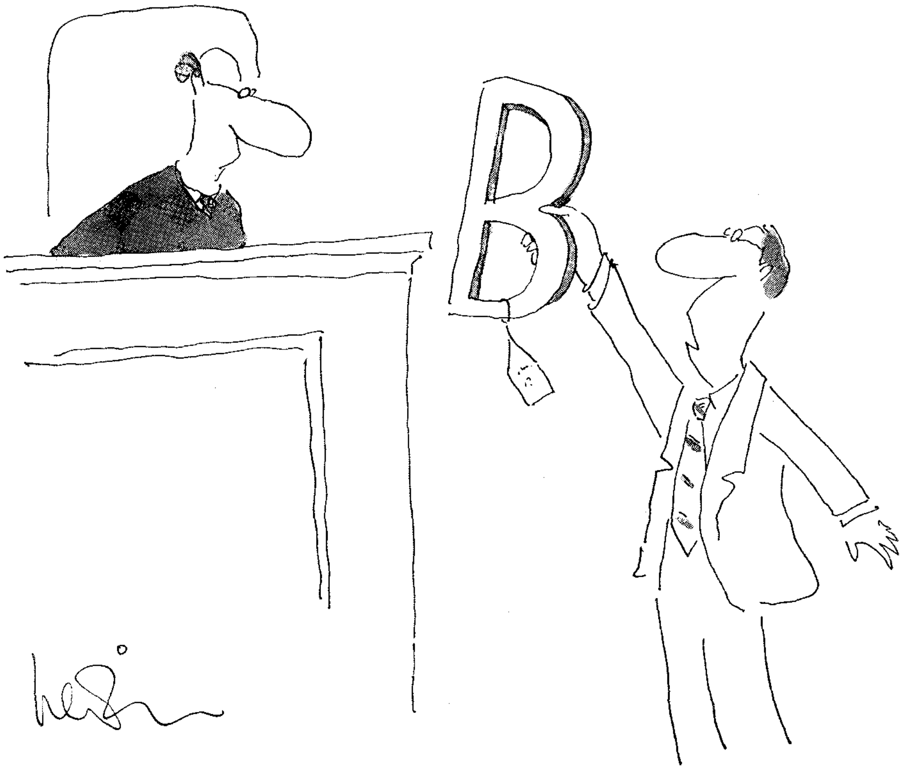
As we stand discussing whether to do another take of the walk, no one notices that Chachaji, obeying Bill's instructions to the letter, has gone on walking and disappeared into the village.

"The fool won't stop until he's right inside his nephew's house," Bill says. "He probably thinks we're still taking his photograph."

Bill runs down to the cow pasture to see if he can call Chachaji back, but it's too late. He shouts to me to send someone to fetch Chachaji. I shout back that we have tired Chachaji out and should give him a little rest.

"The old boy can jolly well walk another fifty yards!" Bill shouts.

Before I can argue the point with



"Your Honor, Exhibit A."

• •

him, he sends English Singh off to fetch Chachaji. There is a sudden heavy downpour. The crew members run to the cars with the equipment. Bill starts running for the cars, too, but slips and falls in the mud. He picks himself up and comes limping toward us.

"I think I've broken my ankle," he says, panting in pain. "Yoginder Singh, take me back to Karnal at once."

Everyone is very solicitous. Then Sally remembers that Chachaji wanted to go back with us, and asks whether we shouldn't wait a few minutes for him.

"My ankle!" Bill cries. "Yoginder Singh, Karnal!"

We speed away, and Amarjit Singh and the crew follow us automatically in the second car, as if in a convoy—leaving Chachaji to puzzle out why we sent for him in the rain and then left without saying anything to him.

Back at the guest house, where everybody looks at Bill's ankle, it is found to be ominously swollen.

"It's probably just a nasty sprain," Araminta says. "If you keep it raised, it will be all better by morning."

Yoginder Singh looks at Bill's ankle closely and pronounces, "As Guru Nanak is my witness, there is no fracture. I am a wrestler, and I know about this kind of injury. Just let me heat up some oil and massage it into Bill Sahib's ankle, and he will be running around like a village chicken tomorrow."

Bill shows interest in Yoginder Singh's home remedy, but only for a moment.

I have little difficulty in persuading Bill to see a doctor once I emphasize that the shooting schedule will be disrupted if he is laid up. Araminta thinks that I am fussing too much, but I have my way, and Sally and I take Bill to a doctor who is attached to the institute and lives in the compound.

"I do not think the Englishman's ankle is broken," the doctor says after examining Bill in his drawing room. "But since he's an Englishman, I think it should be X-rayed." He gives us prescriptions for some ointment for the swelling and some pain-killing tablets, and sends us to an X-ray shop in the bazaar.

Yoginder Singh mutters all the way to the bazaar, "A little hot oil, and in minutes I will have Bill Sahib's ankle fixed."

"That's right, and I'll never walk again," Bill mutters.

The X-ray shop turns out to be an open stall, with an open drain in front of it. "I will take a nice photograph of your ankle, which you will be proud to keep," the X-ray man says.

He develops the X-ray in less than ten minutes and holds it up, dripping, for Bill to see. He and Bill study it intently.

"No fracture," the X-ray man announces triumphantly.

"If my ankle had been broken, I'd have boiled Chacha in your hot oil, Yoginder Singh," Bill says. "It was all his fault."

MARCH 2ND

WE arrive in the village about nine o'clock. Even before the cars stop, we are surrounded by a crowd of staring villagers. We start out by doing another take of Chachaji walking down to the village. (He spent the night in the house of one of his nephews.) The entire walk has to be refilmed, because it's now a clear morning, and the light is quite different from the hazy, overcast light of late yesterday afternoon.

Bill, whose ankle is no longer bothering him, again positions Chachaji and tells him to start walking. Halfway down the path, four or five mangy dogs are going after one another.

"Bill, look!" Sally says. "Chachaji will walk straight into that dogfight."

"That would be really exciting," Bill says. "Maybe they will make the old boy wave his arms about imperiously, and that would certainly be a nice change from his usual stoic plodalong."

Sure enough, as Chachaji approaches the dogs he does wave his arms about imperiously. The dogs ignore him.

"Great walk, Chacha!" Bill calls out. "Now come back." Bill has spotted, coming slowly up the road toward us, a sort of trap, drawn by a shrunken, emaciated horse.

"It's perfect," Bill says. "Let's have Chacha arrive in that contraption."

Chachaji protests. "Cran Sahib knows that I take the bus as far as the dirt road and then I come on my legs," he says.

"But it will make a beautiful photograph, Chacha," Bill says. Turning to me, he adds, "That horse is Chachaesque par excellence. They bear an uncanny resemblance to each other."

Eoin again mutters something about staging events in a documentary.

I ask Chachaji if in real life he could ever expect to get a lift in such a trap. He reluctantly admits that it is not impossible. I hire the driver of the trap for the shot, giving Chachaji the money for the driver and coaching him in what Bill wants him to do.

Ivan starts shooting, and the trap, with Chachaji in it, clatters along the road toward the camera for about two hundred yards and stops at an appointed place, between two stones. The driver jumps down, and Chachaji climbs out of the trap. Chachaji gives the driver the money. As the driver turns his trap around and goes on his way, Chachaji starts his walk down to the village yet again.

"Excellent!" Bill cries. "This is my favorite shot so far, barring none. Chacha, you're a hero! Stop! Come back!"

Chachaji complains to me, "It is not a suitable carriage. Cran Sahib should have chosen a better-looking horse for the photograph. The horse is not right for a gentleman."

Everyone laughs.

"Let it be," Chachaji says, joining in the laughter a bit sheepishly.

It is a day of soft, bright light, and Ivan is impatient to get some general shots of the village. We walk around taking shots of villagers and village scenes.

"I've had it with the village," Bill suddenly says. "While the light is good, let's go to Karnal and do a shot of Chacha arriving on a train, and then let's get back to Delhi."

I tell Bill that I admire him for being so economical in his use of film stock—he hardly ever takes a shot without having a sequence in mind or an idea about how he will end up using it. But I also tell him that I feel he has rushed through the village sequences and relied on standard situations.

"Don't worry," he says. "I'll do quick cuts back and forth from general village scenes to Chacha. The cuts will give the impression that we've kept the camera on Chacha the whole time he's been in the village."

As we are getting into the cars, all of Chachaji's country cousins—including his two nephews, who have just returned home—suddenly materialize, as if the news of our imminent departure had been broadcast by a village crier. Chachaji says farewell to them all, we thank everyone, and the cars roar away.

In the Ambassador, I get my first real chance to talk to Chachaji since we first came to the village.

"How did you like being in the village?" I ask him.

"I have enjoyed my visit very well," he says. "I personally thank Cran Sahib for it."

"Would you like to live there?" Bill asks.

"No. Village life is very boring."

Everybody in the car laughs.

Our stays in the village were so short and we were so busy getting the material Bill wanted that there was no time to find out what Chachaji did when he wasn't being filmed. I ask him about it now.

"I went to see my swami," he says. "Swamiji always remembers me. He always asks after me. Swamiji is so old, and yet he never forgets."

"How old is he?" I ask.

"Swamiji is a ninety-year-old gentleman. We spent a nice time saying mantras together in the temple."

To Bill, I say, "It's too bad we missed filming Chachaji and his swami. We didn't even know about the village temple."

"Damn," Bill says.

"What else did you do?" I ask Chachaji.

"I walked through the village, and all the shopkeepers remembered me and greeted me with respect."

"That would probably have made a good scene, too," I say to Bill.

"Damn," Bill says again.

"Shall we go back?" I ask.

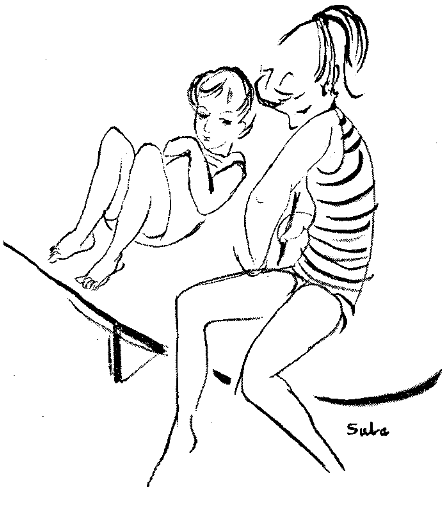
"I'd like to," Bill says. "But the crew have been crying hunger. Jane must have mentioned lunch six times. And it is three o'clock. Lugging a camera, camera magazines, a tripod, and a tape recorder is as draining as cutting hay, you know." No one wanted to eat lunch in the village, for fear of getting sick.

"What about taking an extra day for the village?" I ask.

"I agree with Chacha—it's a boring place," Bill says. "I want to get on to some new material. Let's have a quick lunch and do the arrival shot on the train and get on the road to Delhi before dark." It is dangerous to drive here after dark, for India has few of the services associated with driving in the West.

"Perhaps it's just as well we didn't get the old swami on film," Bill says now, trying to rationalize the lost opportunity. "We already have too many ritualistic sequences."

As we approach the guest house, the bearer and the cook can be seen standing outside looking anxiously up the road. "The Sahibs were expected for lunch two hours ago—did you have an accident?" the bearer asks. Punctuality is here thought to be one of the main characteristics of someone with a white skin, and the bearer and the cook can't imagine that white sahibs and memsahibs would be late without a very good reason.



We sit down in the dining room, everyone except Sally eager for a good Indian meal. No one is in the least prepared for what the bearer and the cook serve us—pork chops, mashed potatoes, and peas, all covered with thick brown gravy.

"Rhubarb! Rhubarb!" Bill cries in disappointment.

"'Shame! Shame!' is what he means," Araminta says.

A pall settles over the table. We eat quickly, pack our bags, tip the bearer and the cook, and race to the station to film the five-fifteen train from Delhi.

"In the film, we'll show a shot of the train arriving, right?" Bill says. "We'll show a shot of Chacha coming out of the station, right? Then we can cut to Chacha in the trap and Chacha walking down into the village. That will be the whole journey sequence."

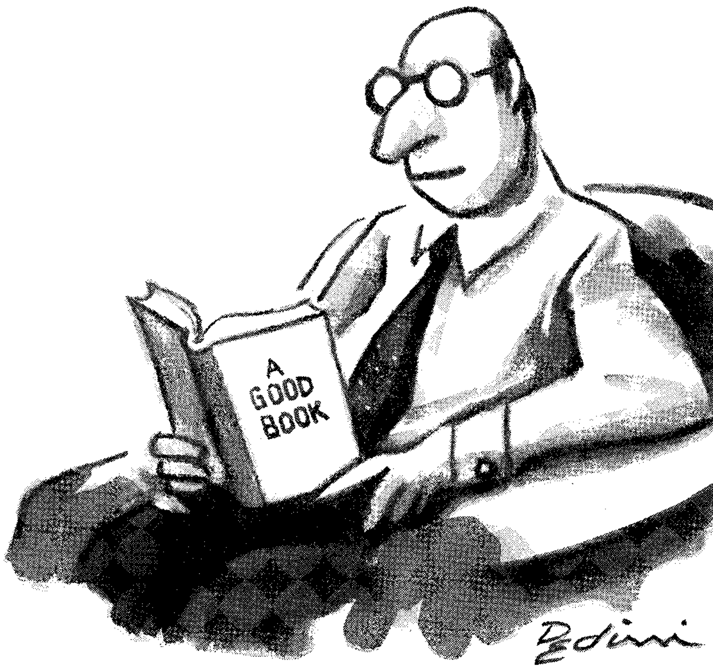
"But we won't have seen him actually on a train," I say.

"That's true. Well, then, after we film Chacha coming out of the station we'll all get on the train and Ivan can do some tracking shots. Yoginder Singh and Amarjit Singh can pick us up at the next station."

As soon as we arrive at the station, we put into effect a plan that Bill and I have worked out to distract the inevitable crowd. Bill, Chachaji, and I go inside the station while all the others sit casually in the cars, which are immediately surrounded by the curious. After a minute or so, Bill saunters out of the station alone, drawing a crowd with him toward the cars. While Bill holds the crowd's attention, Ivan darts out and sets up his camera near the entrance to the station. I then tell Chachaji to walk out of the station and past a couple of leprous beggars, past two or three broken-down pushcarts, and up to a few tongas—horse-drawn carriages—that stand a hundred yards away from the gate. We need the tongas to help create the illusion that Chachaji hires the trap in Karnal.

For once, everything goes smoothly, and Ivan is able to film Chachaji emerging from the station and arriving at the tongas.

All of us enter the station. The stationmaster doesn't insist on the punctilio of official permissions for filming the train. In fact, he allows us to



wait with him in his office, away from the crowd of oglers. It's five o'clock and the train from Delhi is due at five-fifteen, but he has not yet received the signal telling him which of the tracks—there are two—the train will arrive on. Bill and Ivan, however, have singled out a site on a bridge with a good view of both tracks.

"As soon as Ivan has taken a shot of the train coming in, he'll race down and get on the train," Bill says.

I tell Bill that the more of us there are on the train, the more likely we are to get mobbed, and that in the confines of a train compartment it may be impossible to do shooting at all.

"Then just you and Sally should get on the train with Ivan," Bill says. "You can interpret for him, and Sally can put up the board. The rest of us will rush up to the next station in the cars."

Bill puts the idea to Ivan, but Ivan rejects it out of hand. He refuses to do any shooting without Jane, probably because he feels protective toward her as his assistant and doesn't want any of her duties to be usurped. Bill, sensing union-type problems, quickly yields, and turns to Eoin. Predictably, Eoin insists that, as a good sound man, he must record how the train sounds from inside the compartment at exactly the moment Chachaji is being filmed in it. Bill then decides that if everybody else is going to be on the train, he should also be there, to direct.

"Araminta and Sally can go in the cars," Bill says. "That will at least be two fewer people."

"Nothing doing," Araminta says, loudly and emphatically. "I've never been on an Indian train, and I'm certainly not going to be left behind. Sally can go with the cars."

Bill immediately goes to the ticket window and comes back with seven first-class tickets to Bahani, the next station—tickets for all of us except Sally, who stands in a corner looking resentful.

"What about a ticket for Sally?" I ask Bill.

Bill looks sheepish. "She can be in charge of the cars."

"But she feels displaced," I persist.

"It's a goddam insurrection." Bill walks away in exasperation.

I reflect that there is no demonstrable need for Ivan to take Jane, or, indeed, any camera assistant; that Eoin could tape the inside sounds of a train some other time; that Araminta could find plenty of other opportunities to ride Indian trains; that there is no necessity for Bill to direct a simple train sequence; but that by now we are a makeshift family, with its own minor rivalries, not to mention a certain amount of protectiveness among the men toward the various women. Only Chachaji, who as a rule can't follow our conversation in English, and who apparently still does not understand the nature of our enterprise, seems to be outside the dynamics of this little family. He seldom asserts his preferences—in fact, doesn't seem to have many, as if he felt that having preferences was a right of the well-to-do.

I go and buy a ticket for Sally. The stationmaster rushes over to me and says, "Hurry, hurry! I've just got the signal. The train is coming on Track 2. It will stop here for only a couple of minutes."

Ivan races up onto the bridge, and the rest of us rush onto the platform. The train is just coming in. It is, however, on Track 1, not Track 2.

"Goddam Indians! They can't even get their train signals straight," Bill says, waving furiously up to Ivan to turn the camera onto Track 1. Then he notices that Ivan is already shooting the train. "I've never known a more agile cameraman. I'll give him A-plus every time."

When the train stops, Bill wants to find the first-class compartment, but there is such a rush of passengers lugging steel trunks and bedrolls, baskets and bundles, that we all scramble into the first compartment we come to that has empty seats, Ivan dashing in from behind just as the train pulls out.

Chachaji sits next to the window, and Ivan on the aisle seat next to him, so that he can film Chachaji looking out the window at the passing countryside. As soon as people notice Ivan's camera, they push and crowd into our compartment. Most of them are men, and they soon become unruly. They taunt Jane, Sally, and Araminta—foreign women are fair game—calling out things like "She's a lovely!" and "Catch her, catch her, and take her home." Whenever I translate an instruction to Chachaji, they chant after me, "Chacha, Chacha, Chacha . . . Camera, camera, camera." They press against us, trying to touch the women and the camera. Bill, Eoin, and I stand in the aisle to form a sort of shield, but we have difficulty holding the crowd back. To keep the camera out of the crowd's reach, Ivan and Chachaji switch seats.

Ivan now leans out of the window and tries to film the passing countryside. Some boys in the compartment ahead hang out of its window shouting, "Camera-wallah, look this way!"

"I wish they'd fall off the train!" Bill says. "How can he shoot with them in the way?"

Ivan doesn't respond to the shouts, and eventually the boys tire and draw back into their compartment. At last, Ivan is able to take a few shots of the countryside.

The countryside is flat and green. The grass looks unusually lush. It glistens from the recent rains.

The train slows down, as if it were about to stop at a station, but nothing can be seen ahead except a few goats grazing.

"Is this Bahani?" I ask the people around us.

"Bahani! Bahani!" they start chanting. "Hurry! Hurry! Jump! Train only stops five seconds!"

It is difficult to get to the door, for people, trunks, bedrolls, baskets, and bundles are everywhere. Bill is the first to scramble over the obstacles and jump out. Chachaji, used to making his way through crowds, is next. The train starts to move, and Sally and I have to jump off hurriedly. Araminta is right behind us. Suddenly, we hear Jane scream, and then Sally spots her lying on the ground flat on her face.

"Someone on the train pinched me and pushed me off!" Jane cries, picking herself up. "They're all disgusting."

Eoin and Ivan jump off the train as it gathers speed. No one is hurt, but everyone is a little shaken.

We are not sure where we are. For all we know, we've been tricked into getting off in the middle of nowhere. Then, to our relief, Yoginder Singh and Amarjit Singh come running toward us. They lead us a couple of hundred yards up the line, past the goats and some goatherds' huts, and across the tracks to the two cars.

Bill decides to ride in the station wagon, for once, with Araminta and the crew, wanting either to register disapproval of Sally or to settle the others down. Chachaji, Sally, and I get into the Ambassador.

Before either car can be started, the sky darkens—so swiftly that later the local people cannot remember a precedent for it, even during the monsoons. Within seconds, it's night, and big drops of rain pelt the ground. Yoginder Singh switches on our headlights, revealing a silhouette of Ivan stretched out in the back of the station wagon filming the storm.

"Ved Sahib, we should get going," Yoginder Singh says. "This is the kind of storm that no one should take chances with."

"We'll have to wait until Ivan Sahib finishes filming," I say.

"I know this country, Sahib. This is dangerous. I have known the roofs of Ambassadors to cave in."

There is a series of rapid-fire explosions in the sky, followed by a deep, sustained rumbling. We can make out Eoin's arm holding the microphone out of the window. Within moments, hailstones, some of them two inches across, are pounding the roof of the car.

Yoginder Singh blesses himself and shouts to me over the unnatural clatter, "Sahib, I don't think this roof can last! But now there is no question of driving, either!"

We fall silent.

After a while, Yoginder Singh says, "No one would have had time to bring the cattle into the houses. All the cattle outside will be dead. Even people will die."

Sally looks toward me, as if she had full confidence that I wouldn't have got her into the middle of the storm without knowing how to protect her. In a way, I have a similar confidence in Yoginder Singh. Chachaji sits passive and unconcerned.

"If we stay here, Sahib, we'll die," Yoginder Singh says.

I roll down the window and shout to Bill that we must get going and look for shelter.

Yoginder Singh starts inching forward, and as Amarjit Singh waits for us to pass, we can just make out that a bottle is being passed around in the station wagon. Nothing can be seen ahead or on either side of the road, and the beating of the hailstones on the thin metal roof of the car is deafening. Sally and Chachaji are very quiet.

After ten minutes, we come to the main road and a little shack—a sort of coffee shop *cum* petrol station—but it is closed. Someone, however, has left a light burning, so we decide to wait near it. The station wagon draws up alongside.

We sit for about fifteen minutes, during which the fury of the hailstorm doesn't abate. Then Bill rolls his window down and shouts through the lashing hail, "I think the storm is letting up! How about going on to Delhi?"

"You're joking!" I shout back. "We'll be drowned in the floods!"

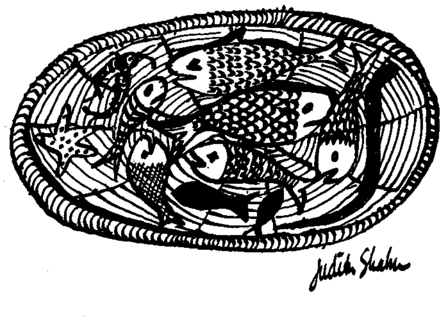
But Bill has already rolled his window up, and the station wagon is pulling out.

Yoginder Singh rolls his window down and grabs the door handle of the station wagon, yelling to Amarjit Singh to stop. (The station wagon has the left-hand drive of an American car, and the Ambassador has the right-hand drive of an Indian car.)

Amarjit Singh yells back, "The sahibs have drunk a lot of whiskey and are telling me to drive to Delhi!"

I tell Amarjit Singh to ignore that order, and for a few minutes we sit without moving, in uneasy silence.

Then the storm does seem to let up slightly, and Yoginder Singh says he thinks that it would be safer to try to reach the guest house than to wait the storm out any longer on the road.



Slowly, with Yoginder Singh blowing the horn all the way, we find our way back to Karnal and the guest house. Its electricity has been knocked out, and it looks forlorn, but we are glad to see the bearer and the cook, who make us feel welcome.

The violent, relentless clatter of hailstones on the roof and the windows of the guest house has the force of some primitive assault, but we feel protected by the candlelit drawing room. The room is built on a grand colonial scale, and the candles, slender and small, light up an armchair here, a table there, a figure here, a figure there. Ivan peers out of the window into the storm. His bearded silhouette against the pane could be the bust of a Biblical Jew or a hunter in a Persian frieze.

Bill revives the Hardwar joke about who will share a room with whom—there seem to be only a couple of rooms available in the guest house for the night—and the conversation becomes a little giddy.

"Chacha, you can sleep with Cran Sahib and Cran Mem-Sahib," Bill says, puffing at his pipe.

Chachaji registers no emotion. He simply says, "That would not be convenient."

Bill becomes flushed with laughter.

"Cran Sahib has the shining-red face of a gentleman," Chachaji observes.

Then everyone laughs.

"But who is going to share a room with Eoin?" Bill asks. "His snoring is reputed to keep camels awake."

"Snoring is one of my greatest pleasures," Eoin says, without any self-consciousness.

"I've often shared a room with Eoin," Ivan says. "And I can say one thing: whatever I lost in sleep at night was made up for by the good cheer of his company during the day."

A bearer comes in and says that a third room is available, and the subject of sharing rooms is dropped for the moment. Chachaji soon falls asleep in a corner, with a Buddhalike expression, and is forgotten.

"I wonder what really happens in a storm like this to people who live in mud huts," Jane says.

"If they can't find shelter under a tin roof or in a brick house, they can be killed by the hailstones," I say. "Fortunately, such severe storms are rare."

Bill now grows excited. He seizes on

the storm as a chance for a great journalistic coup. "We must go back to the village tomorrow and film the effects of the storm," he says. "Maybe we will be able to show some dead cattle, some destroyed houses. The storm is the best thing that's happened to our film. It may be a whole film in itself." He is at his journalistic best, seeing new significance in Ivan's earlier rain shots and random village shots as he plots new storm shots. "Look, we have shots of sun over the village, gray sky over the village, wind in the village, clouds over the village, specks of rain in the village, darkness over the village—and now we have, from Bahani, big storm clouds, lightning in the night, and a hailstorm in what could all be the village. We also have shots of bullock carts trotting along in water and of people running into their houses. We'll be able to give the impression that they are running for shelter from the storm. If we go back and do some more shooting, we'll be able to show what devastation the storm brought to the village."

"Maybe the storm passed the village by completely," I say.

"God, what an awful thought!" Bill says.

"I don't know how people have managed to survive here at all," Ivan says. "I think what they really need is a full-scale Communist revolution."

"Ivan, have you read any Solzhenitsyn?" Bill asks mischievously.

"He is a reactionary turncoat," Ivan says. "Sometimes awful things have to be done to bring about a better society."

"Hitler also said that," Bill says. "How do you feel about Hitler?"

Ivan becomes agitated almost to the point of speechlessness. Most of the time, he is the passionate provocateur, turning an opponent's remarks on their head in the proverbial Marxist manner. We call him "the moving target," because it is impossible to fix a sight on him.

Bill, who has an infallible eye for people's weak points, goes after Ivan's Marxism. "Stalin was as bad as Hitler," he says. "Purges in Russia can no more be justified than extermination camps in Germany."

Ivan tries to fight him off. "Drawing such comparisons is the last refuge of a capitalist imperialist."

The remark would be funny if it weren't for the bitter tone, since Bill often acts like an old-fashioned British Army major. Even when there is no call to lead anyone anywhere, he takes the role of a leader at the head of his

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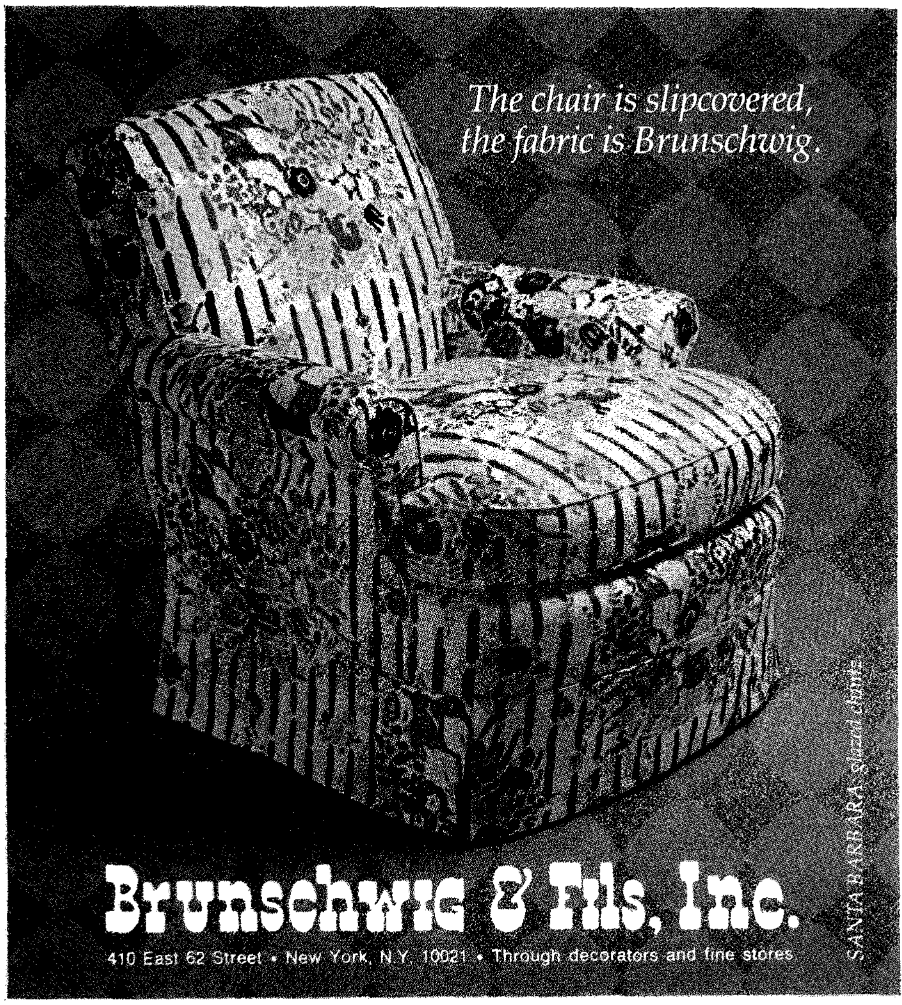
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troops. "Suppose the Germans had not attacked the Soviet Union and had won the Second World War," he says now. "In that case, would the Germans have been right in thinking that Hitler's atrocities were justified because they had led to such great gains?"

For once, Bill has turned Ivan's argument on its head. Ivan tries to regain his balance. "The oldest trick in the book is to confuse revolutionary purge with genocide."

The remark sounds flat, and Jane, whom Ivan always protects, as if her position as his assistant were a testing ground for his Marxist beliefs, tries to help him out by defending Trotsky at the expense of Stalin, but she succeeds only in muddying the waters.

Bill presses his attack, almost going beyond the bounds of good taste. "Ivan, your political views are emotional," he says, with a laugh. "They must come from your Communist mother."

Ivan stammers.

Eoin abruptly changes the subject—clearly trying to ease the tension. "I fought something of a world war with bedbugs in Kabul, and they really fought dirty," he says.

Chachaji wakes up. "Cran Sahib, what time is it?" he asks. "Can I have tea and buttered toast?"

"Tea and buttered toast for Chacha and more whiskey for the rest of us!" Bill cries.

There is no more whiskey to be had. The bearer, however, produces some Indian beer. Ivan insists that the bearer, the cook, and the drivers all sit down with us and drink beer. Yoginder Singh takes great delight in joining the circle. He draws up a big armchair and puts his feet on the table. The other servants retreat behind the window curtains with their glasses of beer, having taken the precaution of locking the drawing-room doors, so that other guests will not surprise them and think they are taking liberties.

When we finally decide to go to bed, Chachaji refuses our offers to share any of the three available rooms. (We later learn that he went off with the drivers, and the three of them slept in the servants' quarters, on a single bed, under one blanket—beds and bedclothes being as scarce as rooms that night.)

MARCH 3RD

EVERYONE except, perhaps, Chachaji has slept well. Bill seems as eager to be off to the village as if he were a cub reporter, but Ivan, Eoin, and Jane linger over their coffee even more than usual, apparently reluctant to face the possible devastation of the village.

Bill hustles them along. "I can't wait to go and see what toll the storm has taken in the village. Maybe the whole village was wiped out. Maybe Chacha's relatives have been ruined. The destruction of the village will help me to underline the point that the villagers' lives are precarious—that Chacha's life is precarious. Maybe the storm's devastation is such that we can build the whole film around it."

It's clear that a vision of major disaster is dancing in Bill's head, but the others seem pained and skeptical.

Chachaji, catching the drift of Bill's remarks, is worried. "The talk of Cran Sahib may bring bad luck," he says.

As soon as we reach Amanpur and get out of the cars, Om Prakash and a small crowd of villagers come running up to greet us.

"What happened last night?" Bill asks. "Anyone die?"

"No one died," Om Prakash says.

"God has spared us," the crowd murmurs.

It seems that the hailstones in the village were much smaller than those that fell on Bahani and Karnal. Moreover, the crops, being still young, were mostly too close to the ground to be flattened by hail. Then, too, the storm came up slowly here, giving the villagers time to take precautions, such as moving their cattle inside their huts.

"But we hear that some people and many cows and bullocks were pelted to death in the villages a few miles down the road," Om Prakash says.

"Damn," Bill says. "Just our luck to have a village that escaped the storm." But he is quick to rally. "Of course, it doesn't change the fact that these villagers lead a really precarious existence."

Bill fires off a series of questions about the storm. Various people answer, sometimes speaking at once.

"What would have happened if the storm had destroyed all your crops?" he asks.

"We would have had to borrow from one another and somehow pull through."

"How often do you get a really bad storm around here?"

"Every two or three years. But this is the second storm this year—something that has never happened before in our memory."

"When you get a really bad storm, does that mean you have nothing to sell that year?"

"No. We plant twice a year, so even

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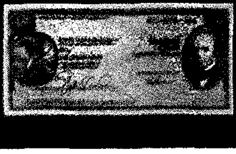

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if one crop is ruined, we can still look forward to the second to save us."

Bill is seeking desperate, cataclysmic revelations, but the villagers reply calmly and matter-of-factly. Bill turns on me in frustration. "Are you translating correctly? You aren't editing their answers, are you?"

I tell him that I am not leaving anything out, and explain that here in the Punjab the effects of a storm are not as devastating as they are in other parts of India, because the Punjab is a more prosperous region to begin with and its people are more resilient. I go on to reassure him that the kind of storm sequence he had in mind was, however, true to the spirit, if not to the letter, of what can and does happen to an Indian village.

We all walk down to the village, which looks much as it did yesterday—poor and quiet. Ivan takes some shots of vultures circling over wet trees; of a bullock cart—overflowing with hay—mired in a field, with some vacant-looking hay cutters struggling together to push it loose; of another bullock cart splashing through an overflowing stream and getting stuck in it; of flattened crops; of some villagers trudging through knee-deep water. These are actually shots that we could have taken after any ordinary rain, but Bill says, "I can cut them together with all the other shots we have, and make a really horrific storm sequence."

For me, the boon of the storm is that it has given us a second chance at the village, and we can now take the shots we missed of Chachaji with the shopkeepers and with the swami. As it happens, we are able to film a very effective sequence with the shopkeepers, who, as soon as they spot Chachaji, spontaneously leave their shops and greet him, as if he were a man of substance.

"Did you have this wretched tie on yesterday?" Bill suddenly asks Chachaji, having noticed that Chachaji is wearing an old plain-blue nylon necktie.

Chachaji cannot remember, and neither can anyone else.

"We can't show him in the village sometimes with a tie and sometimes without a tie," Bill says. "It's going to present me with one hell of a continuity problem." Then he says, with a laugh, "Sally, from now on, keep on the lookout for any changes in Chacha's haberdashery."

In search of the swami, we go to the village temple, which is a simple structure set on a knoll by a little lake. Bill positions Chachaji a few yards away from the temple. Yoginder Singh and Amarjit Singh hold back the shopkeepers, children, and other people who are following us. We begin filming. Chachaji walks into the open courtyard in front of the temple. To our delight, just at that moment—as if on cue—an ancient, toothless man with a long white beard comes out of the temple. He is the swami. Like Chachaji, he is wearing a turban, but his turban is ivory—less striking than Chachaji's. The two men greet each other in the Indian manner—bringing the palms of their hands together and bowing slightly.

Ivan keeps the camera rolling to see what will happen next, but both men seem suddenly confused and stare into the camera. Ivan cuts.

Chachaji and the swami sit down on the bare ground by a tree. In the strong daylight, they both look very old and very weatherbeaten—rather like a pair of ancient mariners. Bill is disappointed, almost sullen; he had hoped that the two old men would offer a strong visual contrast, whereas in fact they look very much alike, except that Chachaji doesn't have a beard. Then Bill cheers up, for the swami, in a spontaneous gesture, unwinds a layer or two of his turban and throws it around his neck like a scarf, in the manner of some holy men.

Next, without any prompting, the swami begins singing a complicated Sanskrit prayer. It is one of the few Sanskrit prayers that Chachaji doesn't know, so all he can do is to mumble after the swami. Suddenly, the swami pauses, as if he had lost the thread, and Chachaji boldly takes the lead and starts singing his own prayer. It is now the swami's turn to mumble after Chachaji. Chachaji is radiant. He knows almost two hundred prayers by heart, and now he has an opportunity to shine before the swami he reveres.

"It's an immortal scene," Bill says with glee.

Bill wants to go on shooting Chachaji with the swami, but Jane tells him we are on the last roll of film. Bill brought only ten rolls from Delhi, thinking that the village could not possibly yield much more than twice the Hardwar material, which had used up four rolls.

Eoin has plenty of tapes—compared to the bulky rolls of film, the tapes take up practically no space—and he records Chachaji and the swami singing hymns together: first the swami leading and Chachaji following, then the other way around.

When the singing is over, Chachaji comes up to me and asks in a whisper, "Could I have a note or two to give to the swamiji?"

I give him a ten-rupee note. Chachaji walks up to the swami with the note in his hand and ceremoniously presents it to him. The swami accepts the money and blesses him. There is something very touching about this scene—a poor old man who looks as if he could scarcely meet his own needs giving money to another poor old man.

Bill watches rather sadly. "That was a really nice spontaneous gesture," Bill says. "Really moving. I wish I'd brought just one more roll. But I have to husband what's left in the camera, in case we can get some shots of storm devastation on the way back to Delhi."

When we return to the cars, practically the entire village comes to say goodbye—the women relatives who laughed at our fumbling with the fresh eggs; the shopkeepers; the hay cutters; the schoolchildren. All the villagers appear sorry to see us go, but Chachaji's old sister-in-law seems really grieved, as if she feared that she might not live to see Chachaji again.

English Singh consoles her. "But I am here," he says. "I can speak English."

As we drive away, Bill—back in the Ambassador with us—says, "The peace and quiet of the swami scene will make a marvellous end to the village sequence, especially if we make a sharp cut from there to the noise and horribleness of Delhi." He becomes so engrossed in how he will edit the film that he pays little attention to the countryside we are passing through.

Suddenly, Sally cries out, "Look at that!" She shudders.

Yoginder Singh brakes the car, and we all get out. Some distance off the road, in a patch of mire, dozens of vultures are fighting over the half-buried carcass of a cow. We creep along the road so as not to startle them, but the precaution is unnecessary; they are bold and shameless, and it seems that they will allow nothing to interfere with their ghoulish business. Some of the vultures sit on a high stone wall near the carcass, their fat, ungainly bodies almost inert. Now and again, a whole gang of them swoops down on the half-eaten carcass, and they vie over choice bits of meat. Others circle around wailing and screaming, making an eerie cacophony in the quiet of the road. A wild-looking dog, his head and muzzle dripping with the cow's blood, gnaws intently at one end of the carcass.

"This is great!" Bill says. "It can be used as a dramatic illustration of the real devastation of the storm."

"The cow could have died several days ago, before the storm," I say.

"It certainly looks that way," Sally says.

"On film, it'll look freshly dead," Bill says.

From the roadside, Ivan takes a long shot, but he complains that because the vultures are so thickly clustered it won't be clear exactly what they are doing.

Bill takes a stone and throws it at the horde. The stone falls in their midst, but they scarcely twitch. "God! They are really single-minded," he says. "I don't think one of them will leave until they have finished the last bit of meat."

"I think I'd better go over to the other side and take a closeup of the carcass," Ivan says.

I warn Ivan that the dog could be rabid, but he is so caught up in getting a good shot that his own safety seems to be his last concern. With Eoin and Jane following, Ivan creeps away toward the other side of the carcass. However, he is not able to take a single shot of the vultures. The moment they catch sight of the camera, they fly away. Perhaps the shine of its gunlike metal frightened them.

MARCH 4TH

BACK in Delhi, I hold out to Bill, at the breakfast table, a morning newspaper with a prominent story about the hailstorm. He is busy putting marmalade on his toast, and Araminta takes the paper.

"One person was killed and nine were injured in the storm," Araminta reads out in her strong, stagy English voice. "Hundreds of cattle perished and crops in about twenty villages were damaged. . . . Most villages hit by the hailstorm had been affected by floods last year. . . . The ruins of the hutments and roofs blown off by the storm and large holes caused in the roofs of houses made of corrugated sheets are indications of the severity of the hailstorm, which, according to the octogenarian Mr. Usman Khan of Kherla (near Nuh), was the worst ever in living memory. . . . All along the three km. route between Nuh and Muradhas village this reporter saw carcasses of animals and birds killed in the squall. Barely a few trees were left with some leaves and stalks intact. The lush green fields of golden wheat and yellow sarson are in ruins."

"It's our damn bad luck that Amanpur wasn't hit this way," Bill says. "But, frankly, I don't know if our going to the village at all was worth the effort."

This remark surprises me, although by now I should know better than to be surprised by anything Bill says. He has a way of getting very excited while we are planning sequences or taking shots—throwing himself into the work with energy and enthusiasm, and going to almost any lengths to get a good shot. If at the time those sequences and shots go well, he will exult, and ask everyone to join in his exultation, like a child. But later on he will talk about the same sequences and shots as if they were just wasted time and effort. I reflect that these changes of mood may stem from a capricious nature, or from a fear that if he doesn't continually prod us to work harder and keep searching for better material we will slack off, or from the natural anxiety of someone who bears ultimate responsibility for a creative effort over which he actually has little control.

Chachaji is unavailable this morning, because he has to go to the tax office to obtain the forms for Chopra that are available only on this particular Saturday. So we decide to look up Chachaji's runaway wife, Tara Chachi. I learned from Madan and his wife during one of Chachaji's visits to them that Tara Chachi lives, with her former lodger, Avtar Singh, in the compound of a center for teaching the indigenous system of Unani medicine, in a pleasant residential area called Karol Bagh. They occupy one of the dwellings that make up the servants' quarters—rows and rows of mustard-colored plaster-faced structures, two or three stories high.

In the front yard of Tara Chachi's house are some bushes and a clothesline, on which worn articles of women's underwear are flapping mournfully in the breeze. An elderly Sikh and a sour-looking woman are sitting on a jute-string cot on the veranda. I presume that the woman must be Tara Chachi, although she bears no resemblance to the saucy young woman of my childhood.

I approach the veranda with Bill and Sally, and speak to the Sikh, saying what Madan's wife had told me to say: that I live in Manhattan, which is near Bayside, Queens, where one of Avtar Singh's (or Chachaji's) daughters is now settled. The Sikh immediately takes Bill, Sally, and me into the house with him. The woman, who is never introduced, stays where she is.

Inside, a number of children, young men, and young women are lounging around on cots and chairs, and there is very little space to move about. Sally and I manage to sit down at the foot of a cot, and Bill slumps into a chair and closes his eyes. He opens them for a moment, as a way of displaying his annoyance at not knowing who is who in the room. The Sikh makes no attempt to introduce anyone.

I elicit from the Sikh the fact that he is indeed Avtar Singh.

"Aha! The lodger!" Bill exclaims. "Is that woman outside Chacha's wife?"

I put the question to Avtar Singh.

"She is Bahali Ram's ex-wife," the Sikh says. "But what's the use of stirring up old coals?"

I ask Avtar Singh what he does for a livelihood.

"I don't work," he says. "Every time I have worked, it has come to no good."

"How do you manage to make ends meet, then?" I ask.

"Before Partition, I had a lot of land. Now I live on the interest on loans I make. I also own two scooter-rickshaws, which I rent out."

When I translate this, Bill sits up. "It would be just like Chacha to have an old layabout run away with his wife."

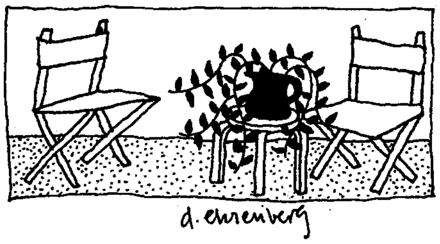
"There's very little light here for shooting," Ivan says, poking his head around the door. "Besides, what is there to shoot here, anyway?"

Bill gets up briskly and says, "Right. Let's get the old layabout and the wife to do something."

I ask Avtar Singh how Tara Chachi spends her day.

"She is not well—she has just had a heart attack," he says.

"Then let's set up the old layabout in the front yard, scolding a scooter-wallah for not paying his daily ren on time," Bill says. "Chacha's run away wife can stay put on the bed i front, then slowly shuffle off an stretch out just inside, on this bed. think she's up to that much, isn't she It'll just about make a sequence tha we can flash to when you say in you commentary, 'Poor old Chacha onc had a wife, but the wife ran away wit a layabout.' "



"I'll write my own commentary thank you," I tell Bill.

He laughs.

MARCH 5TH

"LET'S get your father's daily wal around Humayun's tomb o film," Bill says at breakfast. "He i the most photogenic member of you family, and his walk around the Moghu tomb will really give us some contras to old Chacha's shuffle through th dirty bazaars."

Although it is ten o'clock—thre hours later than the normal time fo Daddyji's walk—we pick him up at th house and drive him to Humayun' tomb, a series of formal walled gardens with arches and terraces, dominated by the mausoleum of the Moghul emperor and dotted with smalle tombs. We find the gardens overru by foreign tourists.

"The last thing we want to show i Germans, Swedes, and Danes moghuling it up in India," Bill says.

Eventually, we come upon an inne garden that is practically deserted. I has a small tomb of its own, whic looks impressive enough.

"Let's have Daddyji walk down th path, up the steps, and under this archway," Bill says, and we start filming.

Daddyji, who is a little bit of a ham, jauntily places his walking stick acros his shoulders as he reaches the steps.

Bill is delighted. "That's lovely—it' so raj. He's got something of Olivie in him."

MARCH 6TH

BILL comes to my room around ten, with notebook and pencil in hand and Araminta in tow. "I've given the crew the day off, so that we can have a brainstorming session," he says. "Frankly, I've never been so unhappy in my life. I don't know if it is a product of my nerves, or what, but our situation, as I see it, is really grim. Our film is repetitive. There's no progression. It goes round and round in circles. It has no conflict, no dramatic tension, no story line. I think we'll be lucky if we can come up with twenty minutes of usable film—which is about the natural length to a film on Chacha. Nothing is sadder than to have a film whose natural length is twenty or thirty minutes stretched out. That's the surest way to run a film into the ground. And remember, I have a fifty-seven-minute hole in the air to fill—no more, no less. A thirty- or forty- or fifty-minute film is just as useless as no film at all."

I reflect that ever since we began shooting, Bill has been complaining that we don't have enough usable material. As he gets more new material, the old material recedes in his memory, and he ruthlessly disparages it, with the result that the length he projects for sequences—and hence for the film—keeps shrinking. One day, Chachaji's bus sequence is good for thirty-five seconds; the next day, for only eighteen seconds; the day after that, for ten seconds; and finally it's worthless—unusable.

I know from my own experience that anxiety is an inescapable part of working on long projects, and I continually try to reassure him. But now I ask him, "How can you tell how long a film you will have until you screen the rushes?"

"Because I've had eight years of television experience," he says. "That's how."

Araminta says, "I think one question you haven't faced, Ved—and it's a question that goes to the heart of the problem with the film—is, Why Chacha? You have a personal interest in him, but no one else has. Even the crew think a film on Chacha is boring. The millions of people who will see Bill's film don't know you and have no reason to care about you or Chacha. I just don't think there is a story to be told. But it's for you and Bill to sort out. I'm leaving." She gets up and goes out.

"Let's clear the decks," Bill says. "I really don't think there's any more meat on Chacha's bones. As I said, we just might have enough material for a short—say, twenty minutes. Then we have to make another short, on a different subject, to run back to back with it. What I would like best is to forget about Chacha and make a whole new fifty-seven-minute film. We still have enough time and stock to start over."

I am horrified. "The idea of a whole new film at this stage is preposterous," I tell him. "I think that our best hope is to stay with the Chacha story and explore it to its limits."

"But I have to think about those millions of viewers," Bill says.

"Worrying about millions of viewers is a mistake," I say. "Since you can never really know what they want, trying to please them is a good way to paralyze yourself. We should think of ourselves as the ideal viewers and make a film that pleases us. If we succeed in pleasing ourselves, the chances are we will please others."

"It sounds good, but it's unrealistic," Bill says. "Besides, it's not just a matter of pleasing the viewers but of telling them as much as we possibly can about India in fifty-seven minutes. Our film may be the only thing many American viewers will ever see on the country."

"I was born and brought up in India. I've been writing about India for years. Yet I feel I have hardly scratched the surface. And here you are wanting to convey India in less than an hour. It's a dream."

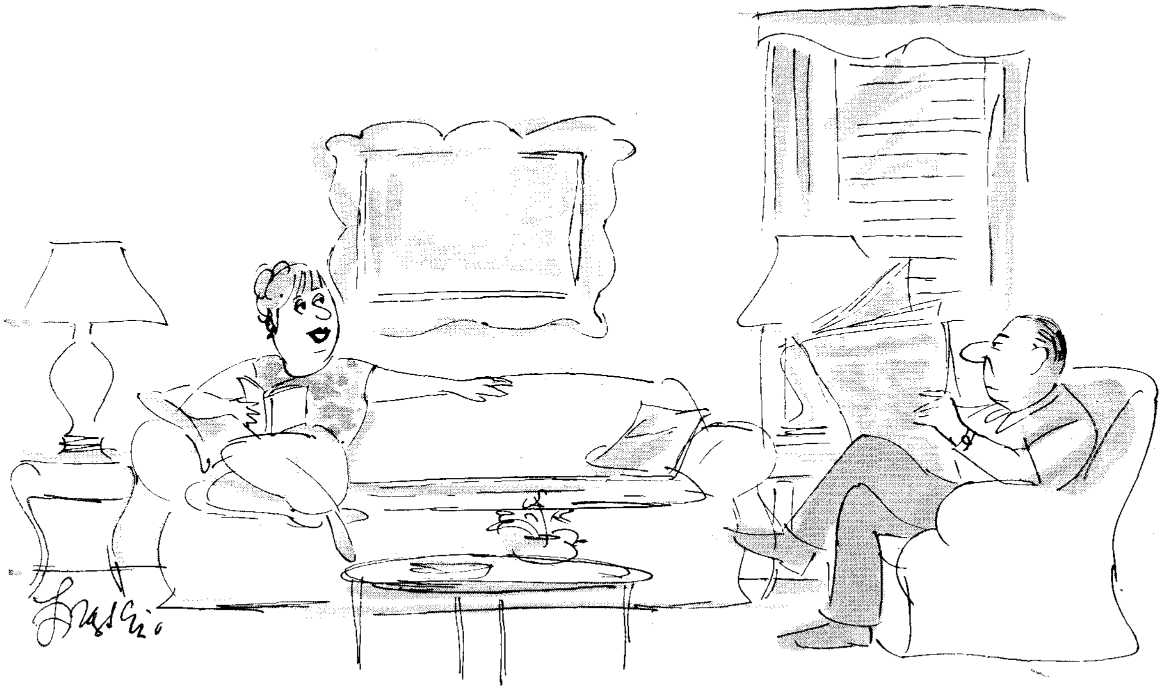
We talk in this vein for some time and get nowhere. Then I ask Bill, "Can you sum up the core of your objection to the Chacha film?"

"He's simply too fortunate a man in India," Bill says. "He has a roof over his head. He has plumbing. He has a job. He has a family to look after him. Nothing about him suggests the abyss. We have to find a way of conveying the full power and scope of Indian poverty—of that abyss."

"People in the West know about Indian poverty, but they run away from it, because they feel they can do nothing about it—it remains an abstraction to them. One reason for choosing Chachaji in the first place was that people in the West could identify with his problems in a way they couldn't with the problems of the really destitute. I wanted to get inside the problem of poverty—to involve people in it. I wanted to show how the poor survive—how one man survives."

"It's just not working."

As a last gambit, I suggest demonstrating how fortunate Chachaji is by intercutting his day with shots of people much less fortunate. "First, we could show Chachaji in his room, waking up. Then we could show people waking up in the streets. We could show Chachaji washing at a sink and then cut to people washing in an open drain. We could show Chachaji walking, vigorously waving his arms and pushing his way through a crowd, and then cut to sick, deformed people being pushed aside by the crowd. We could show Chachaji in a family setting and then cut to slum hostelries where row upon row of homeless men sleep on stone floors. I should say that I myself am lukewarm about the idea, because



"Honey, blow me a kiss."

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it's bound to diffuse Chachaji's story and to seem crude, but perhaps it will give you greater scope."

"That's what I've been waiting to hear for three bloody weeks!" Bill cries, his whole demeanor changing. "It will give the film that extra dimension that it cries out for. If I have that kind of material, then I can make the Chacha story work for fifty-seven minutes—show him teetering on the brink of the abyss. Where can we get shots of the abyss quickly?"

"We can get them right here in Delhi."

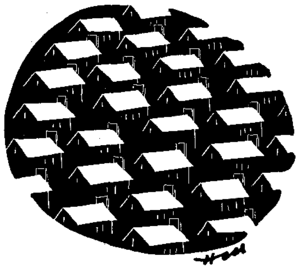
"But Delhi is so boring," Bill says. "And, remember, if the device is to work we need really shocking, horrific shots."

"If you want pictures of the worst poverty you can imagine, then I suppose we could go to Bombay or Calcutta. There you can walk out of a hotel in the best section of the city and see people sleeping, defecating, washing, living, and dying in the streets. The trouble is that in those cities we would be getting shots not of Punjabis but of Maharashtrians or Bengalis."

"Hell, no Westerner can tell a Punjabi from a Bengali. I don't care who they are, as long as we get the abyss. Wouldn't Calcutta be the best place for it?"

"There comes a point in degradation where distinctions between poor and poorer are meaningless. But certainly there's nothing in the world comparable to the poverty visible in Calcutta."

"Visually, Calcutta will be great," Bill says, running away with the idea.



"This intercutting business has to be handled very delicately, if we use it at all," I say, trying to restrain him. "Otherwise, it will turn a simple story—a window on India—into a melodramatic extravaganza."

"I'm not worried about that. Could we, for instance, find a village that is much poorer than Chacha's and do a one-for-one correlation of his story with the abyss?"

"Sure, there are villages much poorer than Chachaji's. But if the device is used mechanically—"

"Hell, I wouldn't use the device mechanically. I just need the shots."

I realize that the integrity of the film will now depend more than ever on Bill's judgment in the editing room. If it turns out that we get enough material for a full-length film on Chachaji, Bill may refrain from using the horrific images of poverty; but if it turns out that he does have to use those images, I can only trust that he will exercise a certain amount of restraint. What I privately hope is that two or three days' filming in Calcutta will calm Bill's nerves and then we can resume work on Chachaji.

To my surprise, Bill says, "Let's go to Calcutta tomorrow." He sounds happier than he has sounded in days.

"The day after tomorrow," I say. "I'll need a day to make the necessary arrangements. Also, I should warn you that filming in Calcutta will present us with some very special problems. The authorities there are so sensitive about the image of their city that they will let us film only things that show Calcutta in a good light. The people themselves are so sensitive about their poverty, and so volatile, that we may need a police escort to film there at all. And, even with a police escort, we could have a riot on our hands if we are not careful. Calcutta is notorious for its mob violence."

"It sounds exciting," Bill says. "I've filmed in war zones, and I think I can handle Calcutta."

"Another thing. I won't be of very much use to you in Calcutta, because I don't speak any Bengali, and the Bengalis are so chauvinistic about their language and culture that most of them don't bother to learn any other language. I will be just as much a foreigner there as you and everyone else in the team. I wonder what would have happened to us in Hardwar if I had not been able to speak to the crowd in Hindi."

"There are always ways to wing it," he says. "We can charm the authorities, or, if worst comes to worst, we can film from the car."

March 7th

"THIS hole is damn near perfect," Bill says. "It's really powerfully squalid."

We are crammed into Chachaji's favorite teashop, where he often refreshes himself between errands. It is a close little one-room affair whose walls and ceiling are dripping with grease, and its proprietor is a fat, pugnacious, loud man with a handlebar mustache. Yoginder Singh and Amarjit Singh somehow manage to hold back the inevitable crowd that materializes at the entrance.

Jane claps the board, and the proprietor starts playing up to the camera.

"I will serve the star sahib myself!" he shouts to the cook, who is working at a clay oven in the back of the room.

The people crowding around the entrance laugh.

"He is spoiling the shot," Bill tells me. "Tell him not to make any special fuss over Chacha."

But there is no controlling the histrionic proprietor. He presses patties and tea on Chachaji, and continually bellows and gesticulates.

Bill signals to Ivan to cut.

"This place is not fit for a photograph," Chachaji says, in his usual quiet manner. "The proprietor is not a gentleman. He is a trouble-producer."

Everyone laughs, but we leave quickly.

ONE of the errands that Chachaji regularly does for the chemist is to take some samples of chemicals to a government laboratory and get them tested and certified. We have filmed the chemist giving him the samples, but we have not filmed Chachaji delivering them, so today we go with Chachaji to the laboratory, which is in a bleak factory area of severe-looking buildings, demolition sites, piles of rubble, and empty lots, and, oddly, is housed in a soap-and-chemical factory. We film him first making his way past emaciated men stirring large vats of soap at the front of the building, and then delivering a sample to a laboratory assistant—who turns out to be one of the few people who treat Chachaji with a certain amount of natural courtesy. Then, with Chachaji, we go to the Intercontinental Hotel for lunch.

Chachaji has never walked into a big Western-style hotel before, and the Intercontinental has Western amenities of all kinds—central air-conditioning, elevators, Western-type shops, hairdressers, a swimming pool.

"What do you think of this place?" I ask him.

"It's quite all right," he says.

I am taken aback until I remember that he scarcely notices what conditions he lives in, what conditions he works in, where he is sent, or how he gets there. It is as though in order to survive and function he couldn't afford to notice very much or to react much to anything—as though he had had to anesthetize himself to practically everything.

But then he beckons to me and exclaims, "Five rupees for a cup of tea!" Money is the one thing to which he is not anesthetized. "I'd have trouble swallowing it. It costs less than a rupee in my favorite tea-shop. What can be so special about this tea?"

"What's he saying?" Bill asks. "Tell the old sod to enjoy himself while he can. He's only a superstar while we are here."

"That bicycle-drawn rickshaw I saw out there didn't suggest anything intercontinental to me," Ivan remarks.

"Does Chacha ever ride in a bicycle-rickshaw?" Bill asks, immediately getting serious.

"Sure," I say. "He doesn't take buses except to go long distances."

"It would be lovely to see him in one of those contraptions," Bill says. "It would be terrific to show him barrelling through the most congested bazaar in a wobbly old bicycle-rickshaw. Do those things ever turn over?"

"They can have very bad accidents," I say.

"What's one of the most congested, colorful bazaars?" Bill asks.

"Chandni Chowk," I tell him, adding, "It is near the state bank, where we have already shown him doing an errand."

Bill insists that we drive to Chandni Chowk the moment we finish lunch.

On the way to Chandni Chowk, we pass by the Secretariat, one of the most imposing government buildings in New Delhi, which dates from British times. Bill stops the cars and calls for a shot of "Chacha as a human ant crawling in the shadow of the high and mighty."

"What will Bill think of next?" Ivan says as he finishes the shot. "You watch! He'll have Chacha climbing up the Secretariat wall."

In the Chandni Chowk area, Bill selects the most decrepit-looking bicycle-rickshaw he can find—with the most pathetic-looking coolie—and asks Chachaji to get in.

Chachaji balks. Left to himself, he would choose the sturdiest-looking bicycle-rickshaw. Bill practically lifts him into the bicycle-rickshaw and then loads it with a couple of sacks of flour he borrows from a roadside vender, to make the contraption look even more dangerously unstable than it actually is. He directs the coolie to follow the station wagon, and we set off, with the Ambassador, this once, in the rear.

It is about five o'clock in the afternoon, and Chandni Chowk—the busiest thoroughfare in Old Delhi, always crowded and disorderly—is now jammed with pedestrians, cows, tongas, cars, bicycles, motorcycles, scooters, scooter-rickshaws, coolie-rickshaws, bicycle-rickshaws, handcarts. There is a general din of klaxons, hooters, bicycle bells, cowbells, hawkers' cries, coolies' imprecations. Everyone seems to be trapped in the chaotic thoroughfare, and seems to be trying to run down everyone else in order to get out of it.

From the back of the station wagon, Ivan films Chachaji's bicycle-rickshaw weaving its way through the melee of vehicles, pedestrians, and animals. But then the traffic gets so thick that we can't move. Ivan gets into the bicycle-rickshaw with Chachaji to do some tracking shots.

"Sahib, my legs won't pull the weight," the coolie cries. "Sahib, the rickshaw will overturn."

Bill hands the coolie a ten-rupee note.

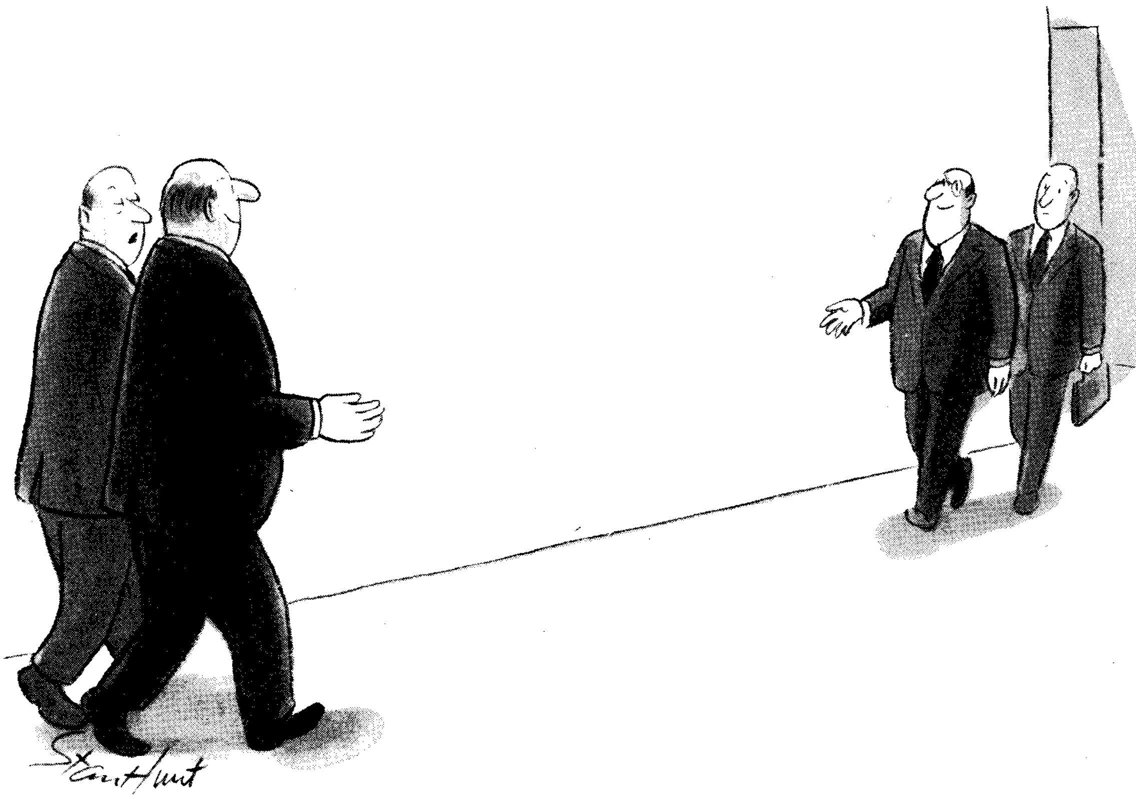
"Cran Sahib, I beg to get out!" Chachaji cries, waving his arms and trying to scramble out.

"Just hang in there a few more minutes," Bill says. "You make a terrific photograph."

"Let it be," Chachaji says, shrinking into the corner of the rickshaw carriage, frightened and resigned.

Together, Ivan and Chachaji disappear in the crowd.

"We'll show him in this rickshaw during the bank and tax-office sequences," Bill says to me as we wait in the car. "He'll look so intimidated by it all that people's sympathy will be immediately engaged."



"*Watch out for his fastball.*"

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MARCH 8TH

WE catch the 7 A.M. airbus to Calcutta and check into the Grand Hotel, which was once regarded as the modern wonder of Asia but is now something of an embarrassment amid the poverty of Calcutta. Even before we settle in, Bill comes to me and asks, "Where is the abyss?"

"It's all around you," I say. "You saw it, coming from the airport."

"But I mean the *real* abyss. Something that'll jump off the screen and grab you. I want pictures that may be on the screen no more than twenty or thirty seconds but will shout 'Indian poverty!' "

I feel sure that if we were prepared to spend a week making the rounds of state offices we could obtain permission from the local authorities to take the kind of shots Bill wants, and even get a police escort. But since we can afford only three days in Calcutta, I decide that we should try to shoot without permission. I warn Bill and all the others that it's very risky, and make them promise that the minute I decide it's dangerous we'll stop, even if we are in the middle of shooting.

I finally find a couple of more or less reliable-looking taxi-drivers with a smattering of English or Hindi who have more or less reliable-looking cars, and hire them to take us around for a couple of days. We set off for Howrah, which lies across the Hooghly River from Calcutta proper, and which is one of the poorest townships in the metropolis.

On the way, we stop at the Howrah Bridge, under which live people who are little more than skin and bones.

In Howrah itself, we find deformed beggars crawling around the railway station.

"I have better shots of poverty in the village," Bill says.

Next, I take the team to the city's cremation ground, where the air is thick with flying ash. The cremation ground is a walled-in stretch of desolate river-bank open to the sky and given over to rows of burning pyres and small crowds of gaunt mourners. Shrieking vultures hover overhead. They swoop down and glide menacingly past the pyres. A solitary palm tree waves in the hot, ash-laden air.

"This is what I've been looking for," Bill tells me. Then he says, gloomily, "But it's worth only a few seconds of film."

An attendant, however, informs us that all filming at the "holy place" is strictly forbidden.

"What about sneaking a shot?" Bill asks.

"We'll have a religious riot on our hands and be lucky to get away unhurt," I say.

Bill is angry. "I wish I had never seen this place," he says. "To be here and not to be able to film—that beats everything."

I pacify him by saying that perhaps we can apply to higher-ups for permission to film in the cremation ground after we've got all the other shots we want.

I take the team to a colony of Untouchables living in a muddy little back lane near another bridge. As we walk down the lane, a cow is being slaughtered and gutted. The able-bodied, women, children, the old—all are employed in washing, drying, and treating hides, using a few primitive machines, which whir and clack in the dead air. The whole place has the stench of people and animals living close together, and of rot and death.

"Jesus! If people knew what went into making those Indian sandals they buy in Harvard Square, I wonder if they would go near them," Bill says.

"At least, they give people work," Araminta says.

Bill tells Ivan and Eoin to get the equipment out of the cars, but just then a couple of wild-looking dogs start toward us. I warn everyone that the dogs may be rabid, and we run back to the cars.

"It's too dark for shooting now anyway," Bill says. "We'll have to come back in daylight."

March 9th

"What have you come across here in your previous visits that you remember as being really horrible?" Bill asks.

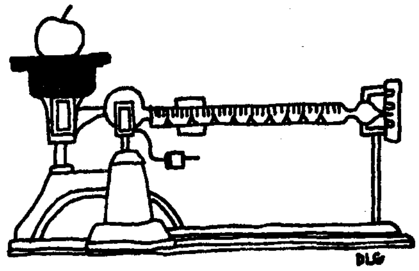
I tell him about Dhapa dump, where all the refuse and filth of Calcutta proper are deposited, and where a whole tribe of people lives by scavenging.

"Let's have a crack at that first," Bill says. "We can go back to the Untouchable colony later."

Before we have driven even a couple of hundred yards—almost in the back yard of the hotel—we come upon a familiar morning sight in Calcutta: people defecating in the street, and city sweepers, bent over short-handled shovels, sweeping up the ordure and piling it on a city lorry bound for the dump.

As we get out to take a shot of the sweepers and the lorry, to introduce the dump sequence, the driver says to me nervously, "This is not a good place for filming, Sahib. A while ago, a crowd beat up an American television man and set his car on fire on this very spot."

I say that we should all get back into the taxis, and tell Ivan to shoot from the safety of his taxi. He calls back to me, "I have insurance. If anything happens to me here and I can't work, I can go back to London, sit home with my wife, and collect a hundred pounds a week. Bill has the same insurance."



All the same, we scramble into the taxis, and Ivan shoots quickly from his window; we drive off before we have attracted much attention.

"That was useless," Bill says. "What we need for a really horrific shot is a closeup of the shovels." He keeps his eyes fixed intently on the people in the streets, as if he might be able to will a shot into existence. "Stop!" he cries suddenly, almost leaping out of the moving car. Ahead, twenty or thirty emaciated men are crowded around an extraordinary scaffolding supporting a primitive assembly of ropes and pulleys and a huge weight, like the head of a mallet, which the men are using to drive a piling into the bank of a stream—probably for a footbridge. First one lot of men, then another, with almost clockwork regularity, throw themselves at the ropes, pull and heave, in a struggle to get the weight up high over their heads, and fall back as it comes crashing down and strikes the piling. The physical exertion is so relentless and the men are so feeble that to keep their spirits up and keep the rhythm of their work going they chant fragments of a work song between the dead sounds of the weight striking the piling. The scaffolding, the movements of heads and arms, the ropes, the weight make a tableau reminiscent of ancient slavery. The scene bespeaks limitless cheap labor, limitless drudgery, limitless time—something that could be seen only in an appallingly poor city, where men and women would mortgage their souls to get a day's work and a piece of bread at the end of it.

"This is what Calcutta is about," Bill says.

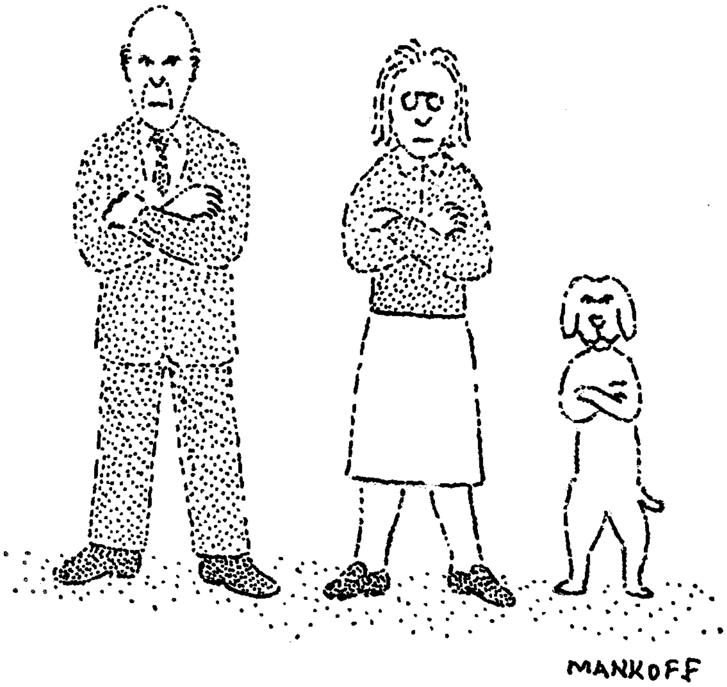
"I don't know where you'll use it," I say.

"That doesn't matter. I want it."

I talk to the drivers, and conclude that since we are away from the main thoroughfares it is safe to film. We all get out, and Ivan takes closeups of heads bent in concentration, of arms pulling and straining at the ropes, of ropes coiling limply into heaps on the ground, of ropes flying as the men let go. Eoin records the gasping and chanting of the men, and the goading cries of a foreman to get them to sing louder and work harder. Their work song sounds increasingly like the prayers of condemned prisoners.

We drive on.

The air at Dhapa is gritty and alive



A No-Nonsense Guy with His No-Nonsense Wife and Their No-Nonsense Dog

with flying insects. Our hands and faces and clothes are almost at once covered with grit. Overhead, vultures fight, shrieking as if the dump were another cremation ground. The dump seems eerily deserted. City lorries sporadically pull up and unload the collected filth of Calcutta streets—mostly excrement. In the distance, an old bulldozer is levelling hills of filth

We all get out of the cars. My driver immediately begins complaining, "Sahib, this is a place of sickness and disease. If I get sick here today, how will I earn my daily wage? Who will look after my wife and children? We should not stay here."

I tell him that we will stay only a few minutes. I am afraid of catching some disease myself, but I am nevertheless excited.

Bill is galvanized into activity. He gets Ivan to take a shot of the bulldozer through the gritty haze, and then closeups of a lorry arriving with two sweepers in the back trying to loosen the filth with a shovel and a pick, and of another lorry backing up and disgorging its load of rubbish and ordure.

Suddenly, a dozen small, thin, monkeylike creatures with vacant faces, who could be survivors of some prehistoric age, appear from nowhere and throw themselves on top of the latest load, scavenging through it for bits of rag and scrap metal.

"What a stroke of luck!" Bill says, coming up to me. "Ivan was panning down the back of that lorry, and then, when it was fully tilted, there were all those people. He also managed to get a shot, through a tunnel of legs, of all those hands scrabbling around in the squalid heap of rubbish."

Bill and Ivan rush off up a hill for more shots, and Eoin goes in another direction to record whatever he can. The rest of us stand around coughing and trying to brush off the insects that settle on us. There is a slight breeze, which, without trees or anything else to break it, makes the place seem even emptier than before. Bill, Ivan, and Eoin are so absorbed in their work that they seem completely oblivious of personal discomfort or danger, although Bill does occasionally glance down at us for a signal of any impending trouble.

"Now we are getting somewhere," Bill says as we drive off. "That was really great. The dump is, if anything, an even stronger image than the pile-driving. It is the ultimate rock bottom."

He talks excitedly about building up a sewage sequence with the lorry shot near our hotel and the dump shots, and adds, "You'll have to help me get closeups of people waking up in the street, of people defecating in the gutter, and of the sweepers collecting the filth and loading it onto a lorry. Otherwise, the sequence won't be complete."

"I think we have already pushed our luck far enough," I say. "Taking the closeup street shots you want would start a riot. We would be jeopardizing the lives of the drivers and the team. We probably couldn't do it even if we had a police escort."

Bill talks bravely of having shot in Ireland during some of the worst fighting. Then he shouts "Stop!" and we halt abruptly.

At the side of the road, a couple of men are standing deep in a stream washing shirts. They send up spray as they beat the shirts repeatedly against a rock, their heads and shoulders moving up and down rhythmically, almost mechanically. They suggest the same kind of infinite toil that the pile drivers did, and we take a couple of shots of them.

"What about going back and getting some shots of the Untouchables making leather?" Bill says when we are in the car again.

I don't like the idea of going back to the colony with the stray dogs for another shot of grotesque poverty. Moreover, I can't see how such shots, however good in themselves, can ever be used in a film about Chachaji. We left New York with the idea of doing a slow, delicate film about one old relative of mine, and here we are in Calcutta, many hundreds of miles away from the old relative, filming an Indian horror show.

"However carefully we use this Calcutta material, it will look sensational and melodramatic in the Chacha film," I say.

"I don't agree," Bill says. "The most beautiful films have grotesque things in them. In fact, I will go further and say that all the best things always have the worst things in them. That's what makes them the best."

"But surely writers and directors don't set out—consciously—to put the grotesque or worst things in their creations in order to make them the best," I say.

"I don't know about the grotesque, but they certainly put in the worst things," says Araminta, who is travelling in our car. "There are big hunks of many of Shakespeare's plays that are just terrible."

"But the point is, did Shakespeare consciously put them in his plays because he knew they were terrible or did he put them there because he thought they were good—and you think they are terrible?" I say.

"Of course he knew they were terrible," she says. "Take the comic bits in 'The Tempest.' They're excruciating. I'm sure Shakespeare knew they were terrible and put them in just to pander to the taste of the Elizabethan audience. No doubt they were very amusing to the Elizabethans, but we just want him to get on with the play."

"Araminta is right," Bill says. "You must always keep in mind the audience—what their tastes are. Anyway, I have a fifty-seven-minute hole in the air to fill and I've got to cover my back."

So we end up in the Untouchable

colony. Bill is especially delighted when, during one shot of the leather-workers, a train passes in the background, underscoring the squalor of the place. I am especially delighted when we leave the colony and its dogs without coming to any harm.

MARCH 10TH

AT breakfast, Bill turns to me and says casually, as if he were commenting on the weather, "Damn that Fanning. He woke me up last night, and I couldn't go back to sleep."

"What did he say?" we all cry. "Did he like the rushes?" Ever since we sent off the first shipment of film—one of several shipments—we have all been nervously waiting for some reaction to the rushes.

"I couldn't quite hear," Bill says. "There was a lot of shouting back and forth. It was a terrible connection."

"But, Bill," Araminta says, "he told you that the rushes looked smashing—that Chacha was strong enough, perhaps, to carry the whole film."

"He also said that one of the two rolls of the family dinner was completely scratched," Bill says. "And that the closeups on that roll were certainly not usable. And he said that some of the footage on the other roll of the family dinner was out of focus but that we might be able to use some of it. I can't believe that we were out of focus. And that scratch must have been a gift of GBH's laboratory."

"What else did Fanning say?" I ask, suspecting that Bill is overplaying the bad news, just as he underplayed the good news.

"Oh, he said that all the pictures look very pretty," Bill says. "That Chacha looked stoic. But, as I said, the connection was terrible."

Despite persistent questioning, Bill refuses to say more.

MARCH 11TH

"WHAT'S on the agenda for the rest of the day?" Eoin asks when we finish doing some early-morning shooting of people waking up, defecating, and washing in the street. While these shots are not the closeups that Bill wanted—Ivan has had to film hurriedly from the car—he thinks they will do for "the sewage sequence."

"Now that I have at least one complete abyss sequence, you chaps can take the day off," Bill says. "Our flight to Delhi is at 7 P.M."

Everyone rushes off to get into swimsuits. I shout after them not to go into the hotel pool, because no water in Calcutta is safe.

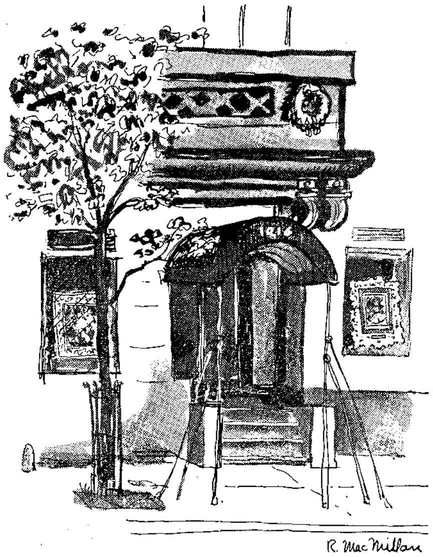
"I would really be in seventh heaven if I could just get a sequence of the cremation ground," Bill says. "With the Hardwar shots of the Ganges, the cremation ground would be a marvellous ending to the film. That way, we could really wrap up the old boy's life—leave the viewer with an image of life and death almost superimposed on one another."

I think that ending with the cremation ground might be a little ghoulish. But Bill and I do have one thing in common—whenever we are told that we can't have something, we tend to want it more than ever and stubbornly go after it. I therefore throw myself into the task of getting the necessary permissions. I call on several ministers, commissioners, and religious leaders, and we finally do get the permissions. Bill rounds up the crew, but by this time we have only three hours left before our flight to Delhi, and the light is going fast. We decide to check out of the hotel and stop at the cremation ground on the way to the airport.

At the cremation ground, a small crowd of mourners is carrying the body of a very old man toward a pyre. A child tells me that the body is that of an old uncle who has died of a long, painful illness. I ask the mourners if we may film them. The members of the family are so grief-stricken that at first they don't understand my question, but as soon as they do they say that we may. They go ahead with their ritual as if none of us were there.

Ivan gets his camera in position and starts shooting just as the members of the family are lifting the corpse onto the pyre. He continues to film as they pile logs and sticks around the body and set a torch to the wood. The pyre burns very fast.

The last shot that Ivan takes is of the mourners standing around the pyre in the smoke, with the solitary palm tree in the background swaying slightly in the breeze. The crackling of the fire, the rustling of the palm tree, the keening of the mourners, and the shrieking of the vultures overhead mingle to give the scene of death a quality of life.



MARCH 12TH

OVER breakfast in Delhi, I suggest to Bill that we spend more time on Chachaji.

"Sure," Bill says. "Now that I have Calcutta, I'll do anything on old Chacha."

We drive to Chachaji's house. It is Sunday, and Chachaji is standing on his veranda looking forlorn.

Bill sits in the Ambassador and gazes at him for a few moments. "God, it does my heart good to see the old boy again. Who would have thought I'd miss him?"

"What are we going to shoot today?" Ivan says, walking up to our car and looking in the window at Bill. "Chacha surveying his kingdom from the veranda?"

Just then, Chachaji—tentative, as always—comes shuffling up to our cars.

"You've come," he says cryptically. "You've eaten the airs of Calcutta, Cran Sahib?"

Bill laughs.

A stranger comes out of the house and stands on the veranda staring at us. I ask Chachaji who he is.

Chachaji has difficulty speaking. "The Arya Samaj has hired a new man to sweep and such," he says haltingly. "There is no strength in my hands and feet now for these duties. He moved in yesterday. He's a much-deserving Brahman. But it is not good for me. He is going to use all the facilities—the kitchen, the lavatory."

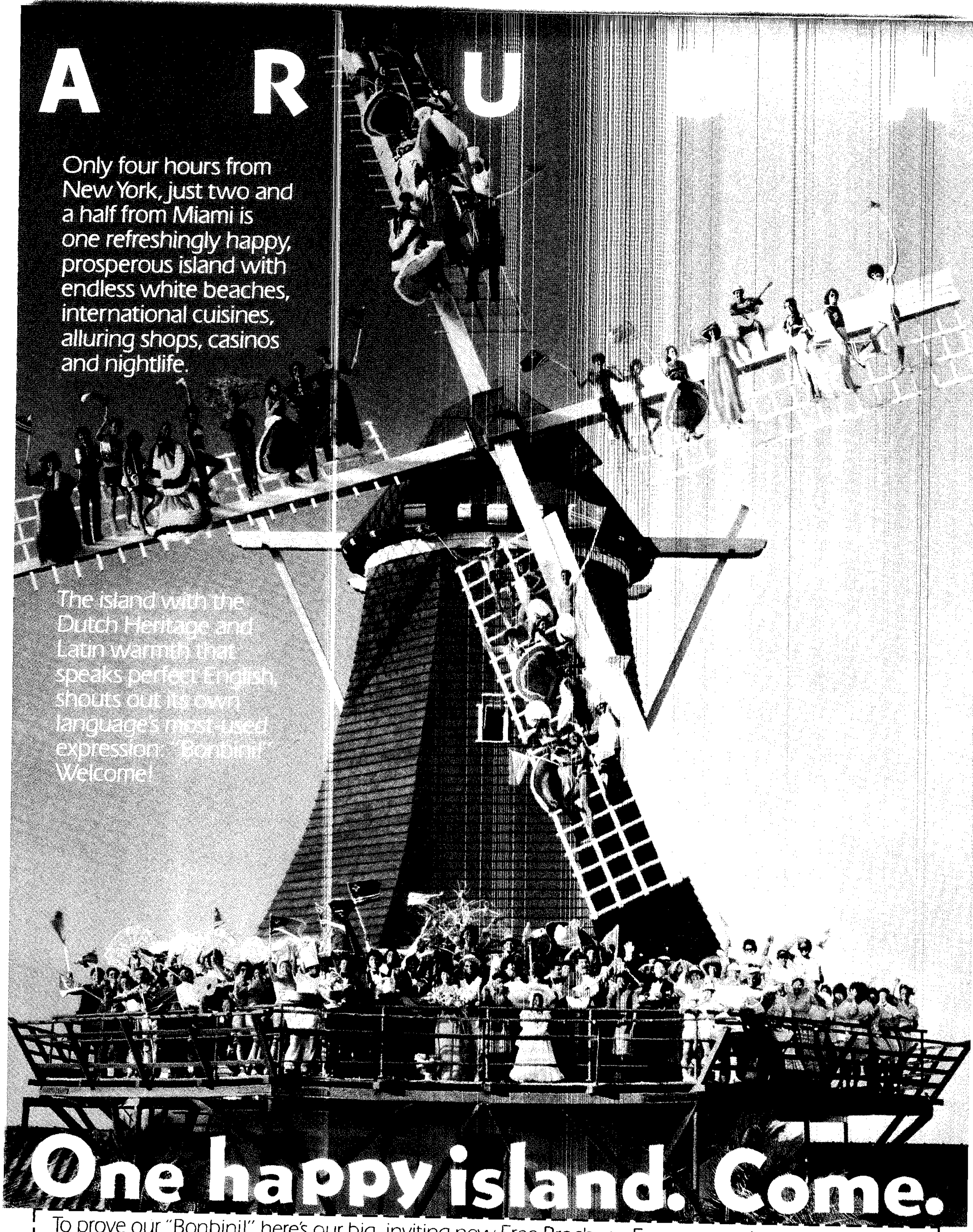
"So Chacha's lost his job," Bill says. "There is some meat on the Chacha bones after all. He would drop into the abyss if it weren't for your family. We finally have a story line." Bill tells the crew to get out the equipment and prepare to film Chachaji's replacement.

The members of the congregation are arriving. Daddyji, in suit and tie, appears with the president of the local branch of the Arya Samaj, a self-righteous, cantankerous old man. They are arguing.

Bill signals to Jane to put up the board quickly, and filming starts.

The president is talking loudly and unpleasantly. "You ask Bahali Ram. He can't do the work. He's too old."

Daddyji pleads with the president to keep Chachaji in his job. The president



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starts shouting that Bahali Ram is useless. Daddyji turns to Chachaji to get confirmation that he can do the job.

"There is no strength in my hands and feet," Chachaji says. "Sweeping is now for younger men." He clearly means it, and Daddyji looks astonished.

Daddyji changes his tack and asks the president for assurances that Chachaji will not be turned out of his room.

"I am here today," the president says. "I may not be here tomorrow. How can I give you such assurances?"

Bill cuts the shot. "The president is great," he says. "He looks really villainous. And we finally have a shot showing how Daddyji is Chacha's protector. And, to top it all off, it's spontaneous!"

On the veranda, members of the congregation are now watching a young yogi, whom they refer to as God's Celibate, strike yoga postures. The yogi has recently won a great deal of notoriety in the neighborhood because he stopped a fast-moving car by lassoing its bumper. Two deep gashes are visible on his right arm where the rope of the lasso cut into him. His feat is generally regarded here as evidence of the strength that comes from celibacy. Now the yogi contorts himself into a ball, tucking in his arms, legs, and head in such a way that he appears to have no bones—to be only a mound of flesh. In a series of odd maneuvers, he folds and whips himself into the shape of a scorpion. Chachaji watches the contortions with a completely blank expression, standing on the veranda near the door of his room. The members of the congregation, however, are mesmerized, and coo to one another about the virtues of the celibate life and the yoga postures—though they themselves are old and married and have children.

Bill gives the yogi fifty rupees to "do his act" for the camera.

"It's one of the best mornings we've had," Bill says to me after we have finished filming. "And when I woke up this morning I had no agenda at all. It's amazing what you can sometimes get on film by sheer chance."

I remind Bill that it was the story of Chachaji's cadging razor blades from Daddyji that piqued Fanning's interest and brought us all here in the first place, and that, oddly, we haven't yet filmed that particular scene.

"Let's shoot the immortal blade scene right away," Bill says, contentedly drawing on his pipe. "It may be the crowning moment of our entire shooting. I just saw Chacha walk into your parents' house, so we will have all the facilities for a shaving sequence."

It's past ten o'clock, and Daddyji is in the bedroom. I tell him that we would like to film a shaving sequence with him and Chachaji in it. Although he has already shaved, he obligingly puts a big bath towel over his necktie and sits down in an armchair to shave a second time.

Mamaji sets down in front of Daddyji a little table covered with a white cloth, on which are set out a Gillette safety razor, a badger shaving brush, a dish of soap, a hand mirror, and a plastic jug of hot water. Bill adds to these a couple of bottles of Imperial after-shave lotion that he has spied in an open cupboard. The lotion was a present, and Daddyji hardly ever uses it. Bill drags first Daddyji in his chair and then the table into the light by the back window, where Ivan is setting up the camera. The light falls in such a way that on film it will seem as if Daddyji were in a palatial room.

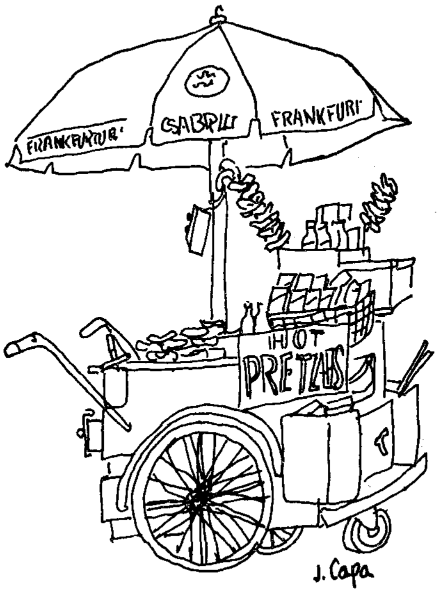
"Won't this very fancy shot exaggerate Daddyji's social station?" I ask Bill.

"Of course," he says. "Contrast between your father and Chacha is just what we want."

The shooting begins with Chachaji sitting on the bed and watching Daddyji lather his face.

Daddyji, his voice muffled by the towel bunched up under his chin, asks Chachaji how he is getting along in his job at the chemical-supply shop.

Chachaji answers in a vague, polite way. This morning routine has been enacted between Chachaji and my father for something like half a century. Chachaji, usually laconic in his requests (probably so that he can back away with dignity at the first sign of resistance), suddenly turns talkative and delivers himself of one of his longest speeches in English—first asking for an old razor blade, and then, when he is given one, thanking Daddyji effusively. He seems to be learning how to please Bill, and, indeed, Bill is delighted with his speech.



Daddyji also hams it up a bit for the camera, giving Chachaji a second razor blade, which is new, and warning him not to cut himself with it. Chachaji's whiskers are so soft and his razor blades so dull, as a rule, that the new blade could indeed be a hazard.

"You are very kind to me," Chachaji says. "You have shown great sympathetic consideration toward me. I am very thankful to you that you have given to me two blades."

"Well done, Chacha—you spoke like a true gentleman!" Bill cries when the shooting stops.

"Cran Sahib is a true gentleman himself," Chachaji says.

We have Chachaji at our disposal for the rest of the day, and I suggest to Bill that we do a shot of him walking along an ordinary street as a contrast to his walking in the bazaar.

"Great," Bill says. "Let's do a tracking shot on a road somewhere, with the sky in the background. It will suggest a puny, insignificant man against the universe."

We drive to Mathura Road, the main road in the neighborhood—which, since it is Sunday, is almost deserted—and Ivan takes tracking shots from the station wagon as Chachaji walks along. Bill and I follow Chachaji at a discreet distance on foot.

Suddenly, Chachaji stops.

"Continue, continue, Chacha!" Bill cries.

But Chachaji won't budge. "I see her. There, at the window, Chopra Sahib's one and only wife. If Chopra Sahib comes to know that I am photographing myself in front of his house, he will certainly dismiss me."

We immediately stop filming and drive Chachaji back to his house.

Bill says that he has been struck by the way Chachaji slowly and carefully bolts and locks his door. "It's symbolic of how Chacha guards what little he has. I want the bolting and locking on film." After Calcutta, Bill is taking an interest in Chachaji's minutest actions.

"The next thing you'll want me to shoot is Chacha paring his fingernails," Ivan says as he takes the shot.

"I want to do more with the pink turban, too," Bill says to me. "How does he wash it? How does he starch it? How does he tie it? I may be able to include that whole routine in his waking-up scene."

When I ask Chachaji, he says that he does all these things himself. Washing and starching the turban, however, take several hours, so Bill settles for a shot of him just tying the turban.

Tying a turban is a swift and intricate task, so it is a good half hour before we get a decent take.

"I wonder if Bill is cracking under the strain," Eoin says to me. "This locking-doors and tying-turbans business is pure petit-point stuff. It's the kind of embroidery that producers go in for when they run out of ideas."

"If I'd had my way, I would have had Bill doing sequences like this all the time," I say to Eoin. "The humdrum minutiae of the day—those are what keep Chachaji going."

MARCH 13TH

THIS afternoon, Bill abruptly says, "I hate talking-head situations, but let's give the idea you had a whirl—let's film some of your clan sitting around and just talking about Chacha."

"But that will give the impression that they sit around and gossip, and may reflect badly on them," I say. "What I would like would be interviews with one or two people at a time."

"We don't have time for individual interviews. But if the general talk comes out looking bad, we won't use it."

We all arrive unannounced at the government residence where my sister Nimi lives. My sister Umi, who is going to a party later on, is here, too, dressed in her best sari and wearing a lot of jewelry. Nimi, on the other hand, is dressed casually, in what would look to a Westerner like a sleeping suit. Nimi's teen-age daughter Gita and Umi's teen-age daughter Indira are also here. I tell my sisters and nieces about Bill's idea. Umi feels she should be dressed more simply, but Bill likes the contrast between her style of dress and Nimi's. As it happens, Umi's elegance and Nimi's nonchalance in dress are characteristic.

Bill picks out the most luxuriant spot in the garden, and seats the two mothers and two daughters around a garden table. He hands them some empty teacups and saucers. Eoin says that the cups will sound empty, and asks for some tea, but Indira, who is drinking Coca-Cola, quickly puts some in everyone's cup. Bill tells the women to say anything about Chachaji that comes into their heads, and the camera and tape recorder are turned on.

The women talk in a seemingly uninhibited way. Umi sees the humor in Chachaji, Nimi the pathos. Indira is soulful about him, Gita scornful. If the two sisters set each other off, so do the mothers and daughters. The conversation flows easily along and is dramatically effective, but I feel that there is something artificial about it. Ordinarily, I am sure, they would never say, or think, the things they now find themselves saying. They talk about Chachaji's being cuckolded. Their conversation sounds affectionate but also patronizing, until one remembers how much they all do for Chachaji, and that they are talking mostly about events that happened forty years ago. And, irrespective of what they say, the setting is too lush, the contrast between the life of my sisters and nieces and that of Chachaji too painfully evident, the moment too intimate, for me to feel comfortable about the sequence.

"They look marvellous," Bill says, in his most upbeat manner. "They are a marvellous double act. The pathos and the humor are exactly what the life of Chacha is about. If their English sounds intelligible once we get back to Boston, I can certainly see using them in the film as a sort of a Greek chorus." Then, in a typical switch, he adds, "But things that look good at the time of shooting often don't look good in the editing room. This scene may fall flat on its face when we start working on it."

Mamaji drops by and says that she has just received word that Chachaji's wife, Tara, died while we were in Calcutta.

"Damn!" Bill says to me under his breath. "I wish we could have filmed her cremation. It would have made a marvellous sequence."

"I wonder if we can use the Tara scene in the film now," I say. "I certainly don't think we can use the sisters and nieces talking about her."

"Why not?"

"On grounds of taste," I say. "Her death casts the scenes in a very different light."

"I disagree," he says. "Who will ever know? And anyway her death only makes our little scene more dramatic."

MARCH 14TH

WHEN we come down in the morning for breakfast, there is a telex for Bill from Chris Gilbert, the production manager in Boston. It is the first written response to the rushes we've had, and it reads:

HAVE VIEWED ROLLS 3-8. NO DISASTERS. HOWEVER, SEQUENCE OF UNCLE WALKING INTO WORK PLACE (PHARMACY OF PROSPERITY) IS SLIGHTLY OVEREXPOSED—SOFT FOCUS—DEPTH OF FIELD VERY SHALLOW FOR DAYLIGHT. ALL SUBSEQUENT ROLLS DAYLIGHT FOCUS/LIGHT LEVEL FINE.

LATHE BRACELET MAKER CLOSE-UPS NOT CLEARLY SHOT FROM SIDE. CAN BE CUT, BUT NOT WELL UNDERSTOOD. NEED OVERSHOULDER OR HIGH SHOT TO LOOK WELL. BUS FOOTAGE WILL BE A HUMOROUS HIGHLIGHT.

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"I wish they had told me twenty sleepless nights ago that Chacha looks strong enough to hold the whole film," Bill says.

As a joke, Bill hands the telex to Chachaji, who is breakfasting with us.

Chachaji reads through it slowly, uncomprehendingly, and then hands it back. "Cran Sahib uses a lot of capitals," he says.

Between periods of driving Chachaji around to do Chopra's errands with dispatch, we spend the day filming Chachaji with his replacement, Chachaji at a ration shop, Chachaji with his son, Chachaji with his grandson—all little more than cameos but, with Bill's newfound enthusiasm for the film, all important for filling out the Chacha story.

"Come to think of it," Bill says, "we'd better just do a few shots more—of Chacha at the railway station, to complete the train sequence to the village. Then we'll be through."

So that's how we spend the afternoon.

We are scheduled to leave for home early on the morning of the eighteenth, and Bill has decided that we should all spend the next two days on a sort of busman's holiday, visiting the Taj Mahal and the nearby Moghul city of Fatehpur Sikri, to do some sightseeing.

MARCH 17TH

SHOOTING is over, and we leave late tonight: Bill for Boston, to edit the film, after a couple of days' stopover in London to see his parents and to choose some archival footage for flashbacks; Araminta, after a stopover in Dubai, for Toronto and her job; Ivan, Eoin, and Jane for their separate homes in London, to wait for word of their next assignments; Sally for New York, to look for a new job; and I also for New York, to resume my writing life.

We spend the day shopping and packing, and in the evening I give a dinner for everyone—my parents, my sisters, their husbands and children, Chachaji, and the team—at the India International Center, the headquarters of an association for Indians and foreigners here. Chachaji, however, mysteriously fails to show up.

"The lights at his house were off, so we thought he was already here," Mamaji says. "He must have forgotten."

I send Yoginder Singh to look for him.

Ivan, Eoin, and Jane stand in a corner, suddenly shy of mixing with my family, as if they were already mentally adjusting themselves to leaving.

"I wish we'd got old Chacha a present," Ivan says. "He worked awfully hard and got so little out of it."

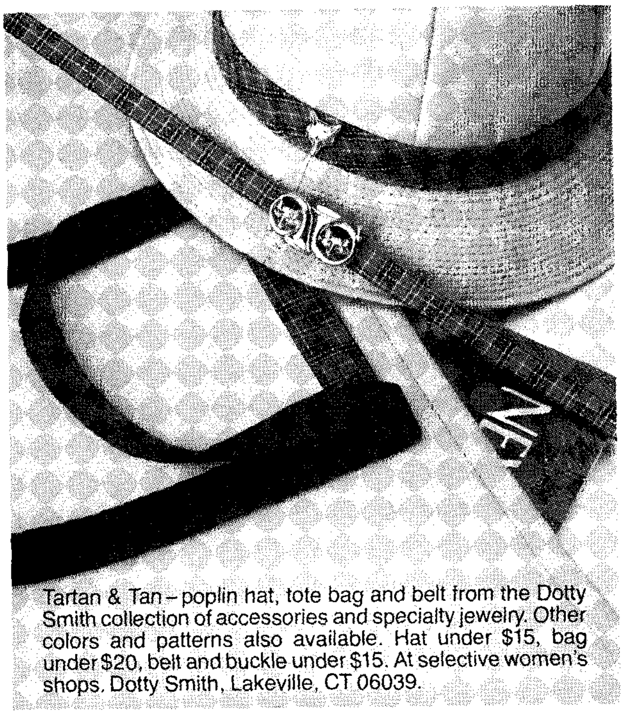
"Such presents are traditionally the responsibility of the producer," Eoin says.

"Still, it would have been nice to get something for him from the crew," Jane says.

I tell them not to worry—that Mamaji will give Chachaji a present from them—and I draw them into conversation with Daddyji.

Bill comes over. "I've already settled up with Yoginder Singh and Amarjit Singh," he says. "I tipped them each two hundred rupees—I was running a bit short. They saluted, but went away grumbling. What did they expect?"

"Well, that tip might have done from an Indian," I say. "But they probably expected five times that from



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you. I will tell Mamaji to give them a little something extra."

The dinner is predictably bittersweet. There is a certain amount of forced gaiety. What makes us especially sad is that Chachaji never comes; we may not have a chance to thank him and say our goodbyes.

After dinner, the members of the team hastily take leave of my family, and we go back to our hotel to catch a little catnap before our flight, which is due to depart at 2:30 A.M.

March 18th

AT about midnight, there is a knock at my door. It is Yoginder Singh, who has finally found Chachaji at a relative's house and brought him to the hotel. As Mamaji thought, he had completely forgotten about the dinner.

"He's waiting downstairs in the coffee shop," Yoginder Singh says.

I telephone the news to Bill and go downstairs.

Practically the first thing Chachaji says to me is that he is hungry. I order him a supper of tea, toast, and an omelette.

One by one, everybody in the team comes down, looking a little sleepy. No one seems to know what to say to Chachaji, except for Bill, who asks him questions about his day and laughs even louder than usual at Chachaji's funny-sounding English answers. The others laugh nervously and sporadically.

Chachaji busies himself with buttering his toast and pleasurably slurping his tea.

Bill suddenly stands up and makes a little speech. "Chacha, it has been a great privilege and an honor to know you," he says. "You have given us all the facilities for photographs."

Everybody laughs, but Chachaji is concentrating on his omelette and doesn't seem to take in the fact that Bill is addressing him.

I translate, and Chachaji says, "Cran Sahib has all the facilities for a gentleman."

Bill now presents Chachaji with a squarish cardboard box. Chachaji struggles to open it, but he can't. Bill takes it from him and yanks it open. Inside is a small, Indian-made transistor radio. At first, Chachaji looks disappointed; if he was going to get a present at all, he would no doubt have preferred money. But then he smiles in delight; he likes to go to my parents' house and listen to the news on the radio, and now he has a set of his own.

Chachaji and Bill both try to get the radio to work, but its batteries are apparently dead. Finally, Yoginder Singh plugs it into an electrical outlet, and the tinny sound of a film star singing a love song fills the coffee shop.

"Good brother," Chachaji says to Yoginder Singh, "Cran Sahib has made me remember my lusty youth."

March 26th

LATE in the evening, Bill calls me in New York from Boston. (Our arrangement is that he is to screen the rushes and edit and assemble the major sequences; then I am to fly up to Boston regularly to work with him.) He is out of sorts. Except that WGBH has found him a nice apartment, everything seems to have gone wrong.

"I tell you, on my first day here I should have been able to walk into a cutting room at nine o'clock in the morning and find all the rushes developed, edge-numbered, and synched up," he says. Edge numbers are put on the film for editing purposes, and "synched up" refers to the synchronization of sound and picture. "I should have been able to cut the first sequence if I wanted to. But I've been here five bloody days, and so far, out of the sixty-four exposed rolls of film, the GBH people have only got the first twenty-four rolls ready." Bill, who took pride in his economical use of film stock, had exposed only sixty-four rolls out of the WGBH allowance of a hundred and eight. "I have, of course, screened all twenty-four," he continues. "They say they won't have the rest of the rolls ready until late next week. What was the point of going through the trouble and expense of shipping all the film from India? The GBH people will cost me nearly two weeks of valuable editing time, just out of bone idleness. I tell you, there's a casualness about this station, a nine-to-five union mentality among members of the staff. The moment it's five, they all run home, and some idiot security man comes and locks my office—if you can believe it—so I can't even get at my notes and stills. I'm damn irritated. I'm damn mad."

Knowing that Bill has a tendency to exaggerate his frustration when things don't go precisely his way, I sympathize with him and then ask him what he thinks of the twenty-four rolls of film he has seen.

Suddenly sounding cheerful, he launches into a lengthy commentary on the rushes, jumping from sequence to sequence. "We've got several nice shots of Chacha looking very lugubrious at the luscious singsong. The contrast is terrific. The shot of old Chacha arriving at work at the chemist's is not out of focus, as alleged by GBH in the telex to us in India. In fact, there is a nice slight bonus in that our two takes of that look different enough so that we can use one take for his arriving at work and another for his going back to work after a 'mission.' If we can make anything at all of your niece's wedding, it will have to be pretty impressionistic. But, luckily, we've got two shots of Chacha at the wedding: one in which he's tossing flower petals at the bride, and one in which he's sitting on the ground singing to himself—though, unfortunately, we don't have a lot of his song. He stopped singing just as we started filming. The shots of his early-morning routine look and sound really beautiful; the expression on Chacha's face is lovely—it's very determined and intense. There's one disappointment with the visit to his son and daughter-in-law—Chacha talks very little. This is a bloody nuisance. In so many shots, we see him shuffling around, blundering around, not talking to anyone, that I was hoping that in this sequence we would hear the sound of his voice, which has such a distinctive flavor to it. Dinner with your family is great. Everything essential—all the great shots of Chachaji—are on the first roll, and this is lucky, because the GBH people were right about the second roll of the dinner being scratched. The second roll does have one rather nice shot, taken from the kitchen door, of the whole family sitting around the table. But the shot is wide, so maybe we can cut around the scratch. The color and the lighting of the bed-tea sequence are marvellous, even if no one notices such things on American television. One piece of good news is that the sound is of exceptionally high quality throughout. It's really very classy, authentic sound. When Chacha is shaving, you can hear the rasp of the razor blade on his tough old skin louder and clearer than you could hear it even when we were shooting. Again and again, subtle effects come out sensationally. In a feature film, you would record the sound effects in perfect studio conditions and splice them

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into the sound track for maximum effect. Eoin gets these sounds in the most imperfect conditions and they're just terrific."

March 29th

ANOTHER late-evening call from Bill in Boston. By now, he has all the rolls of film in hand and has screened all the rushes.

"Sometimes things look better on the screen than they did when you were involved in shooting them on location," he says. "The bit where your father intervenes on behalf of Chacha and talks to the president of the wretched sect is nothing visually, but it's very powerful. Though your father talks in a funny sort of mixture of Hindi and English and it's hard to follow him—still, as the scene goes on, you gather that Chacha's very home and livelihood are threatened. Again, when we were shooting the sequence of Chacha at his house with the young yogi, it just seemed pretty ordinary, but on the screen it's terrific. The sequence says that here is Chacha, living in this ridiculous house *cum* temple where weird religious cranks go to worship, and he's standing around, as old as can be, watching this strongly improbable-looking young man contort himself into silly shapes. Of course, no documentary cameraman whose work I know can touch the sheer beauty of Ivan's photography. But this has its drawbacks. The village just looks too pretty. After you have looked at the first four or five pretty shots, they start to cancel each other out—another picturesque bullock cart in a picturesque field makes you want to throw up. But then again Chacha riding up to the village in the trap is one of my favorite shots in all the rushes."

"Why is that?"

"Both the horse and Chacha look as if they were arrested at some earlier point in evolution." He laughs. "There are many other bonuses in the village. When we were filming the hay cutting sequence, it was quite windy. At the time, you couldn't really hear the wind, but you could see the men's clothes kind of flapping around them. By some acoustical freak, the microphone caught the sound of the wind, and you hear it all through the sequence. This sound gives the village a rather bleak and lonely feeling. It emphasizes the hopeless situation of the villagers. As for Calcutta, the cremation sequence turned out to be really disappointing. The shot of the mourners lifting the corpse onto the pyre is very good, but Ivan, in his zeal to get it on film, did not control it—there is too much smoke against the gray sky. But then it might not have worked anyway. The cremation sequence is a perfect example of things looking worse on the screen than they did on location, when you were emotionally involved with them. But I'm beginning to sound negative, so let me tell you about the gem of all the sequences. It's the one in which Chacha is scrounging razor blades off your father. One thing that is nice about it is that you can understand his English—hearing it, I really laughed out loud. Another thing that's nice is that he really looks pathetic and comic at the same time. One of the secretaries here walked in and saw him glowing with his blades, and said, 'He looks awfully sweet. Who is he—Ved's father?' I tried to explain the Mehta genealogy to her, without success."

I ask Bill when he hopes to have all the major sequences edited and assembled.

"I don't know yet. For logistical reasons to do with cutting rooms and editing machines, I cannot make my magical first cut until next Monday. That'll already be April 3rd."

Fanning had told us that he hoped to broadcast the film on June 15th, and I ask Bill if he now thinks we can have the film ready by then.

"I can have the film ready to go in May, but the GBH people are talking about putting off our broadcast until the thirteenth of July. What has happened, in effect, is that, through some quirk in planning, the three original GBH productions for 'World'—about race in Britain, about life in Bogotá, and ours—are going to be completed around the same time. So they will have to be bunched up in the last three slots of the viewing season—the fifteenth of June, the twenty-ninth of June, the thirteenth of July. Since audiences fall off precipitously in July, I am lobbying for the mid-June slot for us. I'm going around saying hello to station mucky-mucks to see if I can't get our film put ahead of the others."

April 3rd

"THIS was my happiest day," Bill says over the telephone late in the evening. "I've made my magical first cut. I wangled the best cutting room in the studio, with a good, clean

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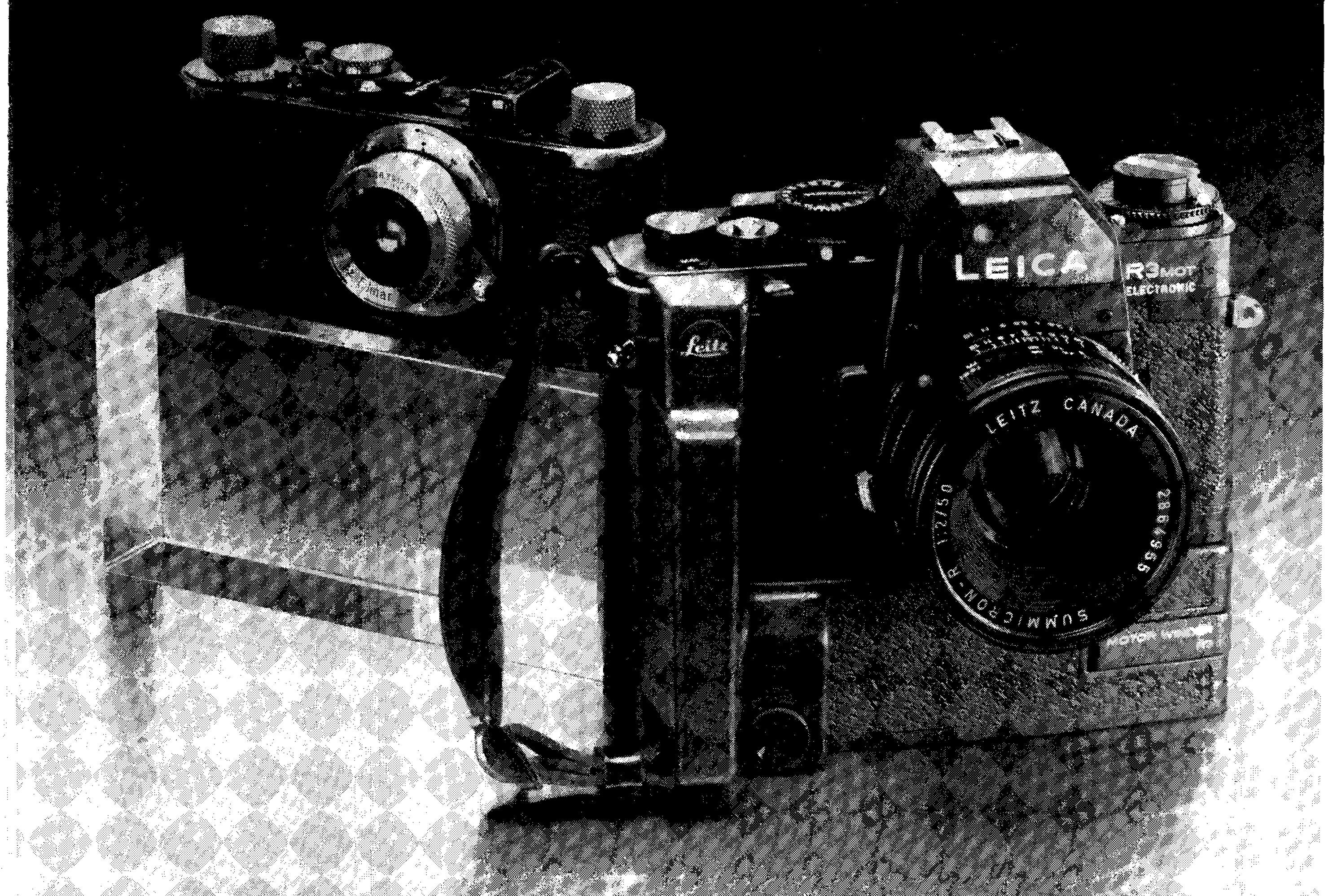

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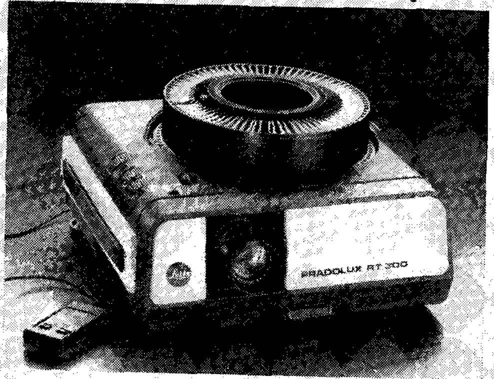

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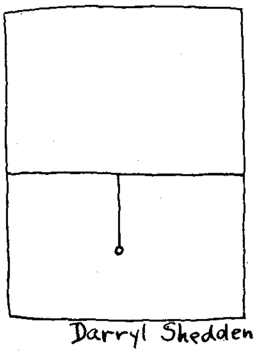
editing machine, which has two picture tracks and two sound tracks, so that the editor and I can work at the same time.”

“Who is your editor?”

“Oh, haven't I mentioned him yet? He is called Eric Neudel. We viewed all the rushes together. Now we'll be working on the more difficult sequences together; that is to say, strings of pictures that have to be made into sequences: the Delhi railway station, Chacha getting on the train, and so on—times when we had to hassle to get pictures and couldn't really develop sequences on the spot. The assistant editor, Mark Erder, is working on a smaller editing machine, assembling the natural sequences, like Chacha's early-morning routine, which goes together like butter and mashed potatoes.”



“What do Eric Neudel and Mark Erder make of Chachaji?”

“I don't know about Mark—he's an uncommunicative sort—but Eric just cackles away and rubs his hands when he sees Chacha shuffling along. Eric thinks Chacha is charismatic, which isn't quite the word I would use. He said to me, ‘It's going to be a real pleasure to spend the next several months looking at Chacha.’ We were lucky in our crew. Well, we've hit it lucky again in our editor.”

It is strange to think of two new people in Boston involved with Chachaji—even if it is only on film—and I ask Bill what, exactly, their role is.

“Theoretically, I could tell Eric or Mark that I want this shot, this shot, this shot, in sequence, and to cut it in just that way, but I would no more think of doing that than I would think of telling Ivan exactly how he should take a shot, because the editor, like the cameraman, has his own creative contribution to make. When Eric and I are viewing the takes together, I mention the bits I like in a take and what I want to get out of a sequence. He talks back and tells me the bits he likes. We toss it around, and then I give him his head. Then, when I see what he's done, how he's cut a scene, we may talk some more and he may have to recut it. It's a collaboration all the way.”

April 6th

ANOTHER late-evening call from Bill, who is eager to discuss with me some ideas about the structure of the film.

“What do you think of starting the film with some sort of montage of peak moments in Chacha's day?” he asks. “My instinct would be to build the montage around a tracking shot of him walking along the road, which would have the flavor of the beginning of an Italian neo-realist film. And we would just walk him, walk him, walk him—all the time showing this curious old man, with the film title up over it. The trick would be to show the long tracking shot and quickly slap on it a series of dissolves and superimpositions of those peak moments—Chacha waking up, Chacha getting washed, Chacha taking the bus—so that you would always be aware of Chacha walking in the background. We could put funny old English music to it, and you could say in your commentary, ‘Keep up to the end of the road.’ We could close the film with another montage, this time of peak moments in Chacha's life journey—Chacha in the Ganges, maybe the cremation ground in Calcutta—built on the same long tracking shot of Chacha walking along the road, so that the effect of the ending would be the equivalent of a long zoom back.”

“But if you start with this montage business, it'll be very confusing,” I say. “We'll have to do a lot of explaining about who Chachaji is and what he is doing, which will mean heavy commentary at the top of the film. The commentary would be off-putting—would take away from the power of the pictures.”

“How would you begin it, then?” Bill wants to know.

“I would perhaps begin with a sort of night-dawn opening—his house at night, dawn breaking over the house, Chachaji waking up, putting on his turban, doing his ablutions. Such an opening would be simple and natural, and would require only minimal commentary—actually just a phrase or two, stating, ‘This is my poor relation, this is the house where he's lived for twenty years.’ ”

“The morning stuff is really terrific, but I hate to send in my best cavalry at the beginning of the battle. Besides, although the pictures are great, the dawn makes for a very slow opening. A viewer will be five minutes into the film without knowing or caring what's happening—he will just be watching some old man wake up and get washed. I want a slam-bang opening.”

"On the contrary, I think the night-dawn opening would make you curious," I say. "You'd want to know who this old man is and what he's getting ready for. Anyway, the opening should grow out of the material of the film, not be imposed on it.

"I'll talk it over with Eric. By the way, I've obtained some very nice archival footage in London for flashbacks, and I've had it processed so that it can be used with our stock. I was thinking that on one side of the frame you could show Chacha in his house, drinking his tea—as it happens, he's drinking it greedily and noisily—and on the other side you could show archival footage of British pomp and power, of famine and plague. You could lay your commentary over the split frame, and say that Chacha is drinking tea, and that he grew up under the British raj, and his mother died in a plague epidemic. The split frame is almost in bad taste, but I think it will strike a pathetic-comic note."

"Bill, no split frames. Keep it simple."

We both laugh.

APRIL 15TH

BILL and I have not met since India, and now that he has edited and assembled the major sequences, I have come to Boston. I go to Soldiers Field Road—to the Allston area—where WGBH has some of its studios, in two low, characterless buildings within about a hundred yards of each other. I go to the building in which Bill has his cutting room, follow a claustrophobic narrow, meandering corridor past windowless cubicles and small, functional rooms, and arrive at Bill's door. Just inside the door, in a sort of antechamber, sits the assistant film editor, Mark Erder, winding and rewinding spools of film and tape. All around him are racks filled with flat cardboard boxes and small, round tins, all bearing labels like "Chacha Leaves House/Turban," "Yogi Man," "Razor," "New Man/Chacha's Successor," "Ablutions," "Tea Shop/Walk (Sky)," "Flashback Trims," "Chacha's Wife," "Hardwar—Dip."

Bill's own room is so small and crowded that there is scarcely space enough for two people to sit. One end is almost entirely taken up by a big editing machine, and all around are bins and racks overflowing with more labelled boxes and tins. Here and there, strips of film hang from hooks and racks like spaghetti.

"Oh, hello," Bill says, scarcely looking up from the editing machine and

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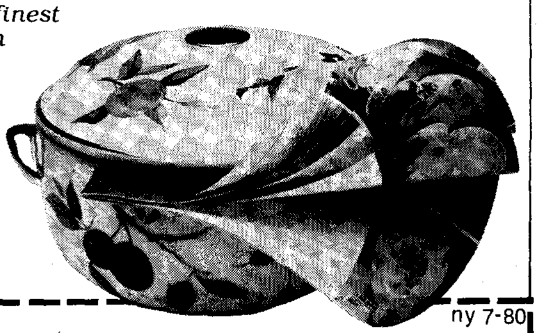

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without taking his pipe from his mouth. He pulls up a stool for me, and goes on, "You've missed Fanning. He sort of drifted in yesterday for about ten or fifteen minutes and watched a couple of sequences. He was all dressed up in a suit and said, 'I'm going to Washington.' And I said, 'Are you going there to ask for money?' He sort of chuckled, so I'm sure that was it." He laughs, and goes back to his machine.

Bill and Eric Neudel—a friendly, thin, dark, intense man, smoking a cigarette—are in the middle of looking at the family-dinner sequence. They turn on the machine, and there is Chachaji at the dinner table, almost dwarfed by it and by the towering members of the family all around him. Everyone is talking, laughing, and eating, and Chachaji is reciting an Urdu quatrain. I feel homesick.

"What is he saying?" Bill asks, stopping the machine.

I translate:

> There was a mud lamp burning at
> my tomb.
> He came, lit his cigarette,
> Used the oil to massage his head,
> And departed.

"Did he really say that?" Eric says, his eyes widening. "It's so moving."

"I wish to hell he'd been moving in English," Bill says. "Maybe you can give the gist in your commentary." He puffs on his pipe and reaches for a tin marked "Sisters."

I ask him about the system of labelling.

"We've cut up the footage into major sequences and shots, and labelled them," he tells me. "Whenever we need to find a sequence or a shot, instead of screening an entire roll we can usually just reach for it on one of these racks. Say you have a shot. You've been looking at it for a week of editing. You've always been a little unhappy with it. You suddenly realize that the shot is a tiny bit too short. If it were extended a tenth of a second, it would become a perfect shot. Unless you have properly marked and labelled all the strips of film, you can spend hours looking through hundreds of feet of film for just a few frames. We could be looking for a tenth of a second, or four-fifths of an inch, of film in the almost twelve hours, or twenty-five thousand six hundred feet, of film we shot in India."

Bill threads the "Sisters" sequence onto the machine and turns the machine on. By some trick of the camera, the garden in which my sisters and nieces sit looks ever more lush than it did at the time of shooting. Moreover, their conversation has been edited—reordered and pointed up—so that, for instance, their remarks about Chachaji's having been cuckolded sound not affectionate, as they did at the time, but harsh and a little cruel.

I wonder aloud whether my sisters and nieces don't come off sounding unsympathetic and unfeeling.

"I think their comic-tragic view of Chacha is very true to life," Bill says. "A man can slip and fall and break his nose and you might feel sorry for him but it would still be funny. Chacha is just one of those unfortunate beings with a funny broken nose."

"But I don't think laughing at someone's being cuckolded is in good taste," I persist.

"But didn't they joke about it? *Didn't they laugh about it?*" Bill asks.

"But in editing you've pointed it up," I say. "Besides, we set them in front of the camera and told them to talk about Chachaji. If Eoin, Ivan, Jane, and Sally were put in front of a camera and asked to talk about you, they might find themselves saying all kinds of things that ordinarily they would never say—things that would be out of character."

"Hell, I just don't see what's out of character," Bill says. "I just don't see it the way you see it. Your reaction may be colored by the fact that you are a member of the family."

"But what do you think Chachaji and Madan would feel if they saw the scene? Isn't that worth worrying about?"

"Who cares?" Bill says. "Who knows whether they'll ever see it or understand it? Besides, what does Chacha know about film? What do you think, Eric?"

"I have to say I agree with you, Bill," Eric says. "In fact, they are such powerful women that they steal the show."

"But that's the last thing I want them to do," I say.

"What do you think, Mark?" Bill calls out.

"About what?" Mark calls back.

"About the sisters and the nieces."

"I don't know."

"I'll see what Fanning thinks," Bill says. "But I think they're great."

MAY 5TH

ANOTHER in a series of visits to Allston.

Together, Bill, Eric, and I screen the working rough cut, which, though

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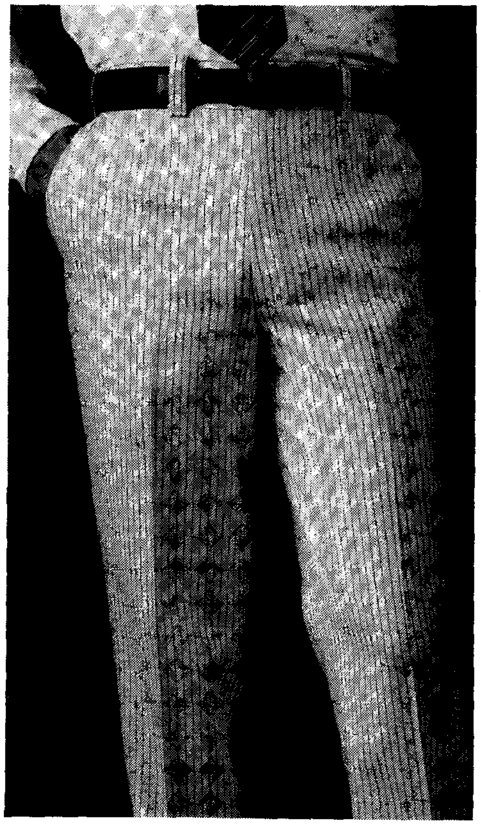

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it is much longer than the designated length of fifty-seven minutes and has many uneven spots, is quite miraculous. Once again, Bill has astonished me. During the shooting, I often wondered whether Bill understood what Chachaji was about. During earlier sessions in Allston, I wondered about Bill's judgment and taste. But the rough cut has a meditative tone, a certain lyrical calm. It consummately conveys Chachaji's spirit, and most of it is in good taste. It's as though Bill's frenetic pyrotechnics on location and his brashness in the initial editing were just a camouflage for his innate poetic sense, for his instinctive understanding of Chachaji and, by analogy, of India.

"Well, what do you think?" Bill asks.

"It's very moving," I say. "The film has a certain stillness, which is just right."

"Can you be specific about what you like?" he asks.

"One thing I like is that in many stretches the shots seem to be held for a longer time than they usually are in documentaries, so that details really emerge. I especially like the slow night-dawn opening."

"What else?" Bill asks.

I refer to our old dispute about material extraneous to Chacha's story. "I'm relieved that you decided to leave out the Calcutta stuff."

"I tried and tried, but what can I tell you?" Bill says. "In the end, those sequences just couldn't be made to fit into Chacha's story."

"There are many other things in the film I like—"

Bill interrupts. "What bothers you? You must have criticisms."

"I am still troubled by the sisters and the nieces," I say.

"That's probably just you," Fanning says, joining us. "I agree with Bill, Eric, and Mark. The women look and sound terrific. We'll just have to agree to disagree on that."

"You can put a line or two in your commentary saying how much your sisters and nieces help Chacha and take care of him," Bill says good-naturedly. "Anything else you don't like?"

"The ending is really abrupt," I say. "The Hardwar scene is over before it gets started. I always imagined that it would be one of the most lyrical passages in the film."

"When Eric and I got down to cutting it, everything besides Chacha's dip seemed distracting," Bill says.

"But we don't get a sense of place or occasion," I say.

"I am of the same opinion," Fanning says. "I think the Hardwar scene should be two or three times its present length."

Bill and Eric look thoughtful.

"What about lengthening the scene by using the singing of the blind musician as a motif, and intercutting shots of him singing with general shots of the bathers in the river—all building up to Chachaji's own ritual bath?" I say.

Everyone more or less agrees to give the idea a try, and then Fanning leaves.

MAY 18TH

Bill comes to New York to film me for the prologue. (Neither of us particularly wanted a prologue. We thought that the film should speak for itself. But Fanning felt that the night-dawn opening Bill and I finally settled on—Chachaji's house at night, Chachaji waking up, tying his turban, doing his ablutions—was too slow for American viewers, and that the film needed a sort of teaser to establish me, Chachaji, and the theme of India.) Bill has brought along a tall, muscular black cameraman, Dasal Banks, from the WGBH staff. (Ivan was unavailable—he was off in some corner of the Mediterranean.) Bill does a tracking shot of me walking along Fifth Avenue near my office, on Forty-third Street, and then rushes off with Banks to film the view of Manhattan from Brooklyn Heights.

That evening, he calls me and suddenly sounds very excited about the prologue. "We can make it a real attention-getter," he says, "showing you living in New York, thinking about Chacha in India."

I have learned by working with Bill in Allston that his editing is as controlled and careful as his talk is flamboyant and loose, so I simply reply, "As Chachaji would say, 'I know you will treat it like a gentleman.' "

MAY 26TH

AGAIN in Allston, this time with the final script of my commentary, which I have been working on for the past three weeks, sometimes reading it against the new, final rough cut to get the words to coincide with the pictures. In the new cut, the scene with my sisters and nieces is no better, but the revised Hardwar ending is marvellous.

I go into a soundproof booth, which is furnished with a chair, a microphone, and an intercom for communication with Bill, who sits outside at a control panel with Steve Izzi, the sound mixer. Bill is equipped with a stopwatch, a copy of my commentary, and a list of the shots to which the commentary is keyed.

"O.K.? Are you relaxed?" Bill calls to me through the intercom. "Do you have plenty of water? Just try to strike that slightly amused tone that we generally used in talking about the old sod in India. Let's take you through the prologue. Cue One. Recording."

I take a deep breath and say into the microphone, "For the last thirty years, I have lived in the United States and Great Britain, and I am now an American citizen—"

Bill interrupts. "Put a little smile in your voice. You sound a little lugubrious. Again, Cue One."

"For the last thirty years, I have lived in the United States and Great Britain, and I am now an American citizen—"

Bill interrupts again. "You're reading too slow. You're going over by almost four seconds. You'll cover all the New York traffic sounds. Again, Cue One."

I say in rapid fire, "For the last thirty years, I have lived in the United States and Great Britain, and I am now an American citizen."

"Now it sounds like 'Jabberwocky.' Can you rewrite and shorten the line?"

Bill waits while I cut and recast the sentence.

"Again, Cue One."

"For the last thirty years, I have lived in the West, mostly in New York."

"Over the top—that's fine. Cue Two."

"I live in Manhattan, an island of immigrants within a nation of immigrants. My name is Ved Mehta."

"Forget it," Bill interrupts. "We'll be over the shot of the Taj Mahal by the time you get to your name."

I drop the "immigrants" sentence. I am learning that the discipline of television writing is a bit like that of writing haiku, but with little poetry.

"Cut Cue One and Cue Two together."

"For the last thirty years, I have lived in the West, mostly in New York. My name is Ved Mehta."

May 30th

Bill brings a videocassette of the rough cut down to New York, and we take it over to the offices of the Public Broadcasting Service, at Rockefeller Center, where we have arranged to meet the Indian Public Relations Consul, A. G. Thakur, who has been designated by the Indian government

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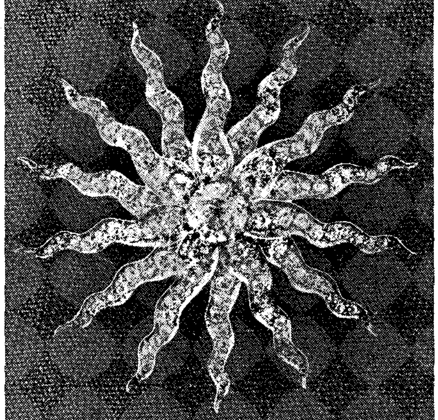

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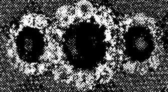

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to make an appraisal of the film. He is the first Indian-government official to view the film, and our commitment to the Indian government is that we will try to meet any "objection" that Thakur makes, and will not broadcast the film without a "no objection" letter from him.

Thakur arrives with a colleague from Washington, and they both watch the film without expression. The film is, of course, still in a working version; the commentary and natural sounds overlap, and sometimes the commentary runs over and explains a picture that has already gone by. Still, by and large it gives a fairly accurate impression of what the finished film will be like. Though Bill laughs raucously at every funny passage—as if he were seeing the film for the first time—the two officials don't so much as smile, and they depart without a comment.

"God, what do you suppose that means?" Bill asks. "That they don't like it?"

"Not at all," I say. "They probably want to compare notes before committing themselves. In the Indian government, no one likes to take responsibility for anything unless he can share it with someone else."

"Even if they don't like it, we're going to broadcast it," Bill says. "We'll make our stand on freedom of the press. Anyhow, there's hardly any time left to diddle with the film." Bill has managed to get the broadcast of our film scheduled for the fifteenth of June—ahead of the two other WGBH original "World" productions.

"Let's not cross that bridge until we come to it," I say.

"But I wish they had said something," he says.

As soon as I reach my office, I get a call from Thakur. "I say the film was beautiful," he says. "There is nothing objectionable in it, except for the vultures eating the carcass of a holy cow." Thakur is a devout Hindu. "I'm not saying those things are not seen in India, but . . ." He trails off.

I start explaining to him Bill's reasons for including the vulture shots in the storm sequence, but he cuts me off. "Please do not bother," he says. "I will send you a 'no objection' letter tomorrow. If I may add a personal note, the film is very true to Indian life."

June 13th

Bill calls from Boston. He has finished doing everything—mixing the final version of my commentary and the sound in with the pictures, getting the film and the opticals (archival flashbacks and special effects) printed, screening the test print, getting the colors adjusted, screening the final print—but instead of sounding elated he sounds low. "In spite of all the care we took with timings and all the cuts we made the last time we recorded your commentary, the commentary was still too long," he says. "When we came to mix it, it didn't always hit the right picture, or crowded out things like the wonderful flapping sound of old Chacha putting down the prayer rug. In mixing, I had to be ruthless with the commentary. You may not agree with my cuts, but what can I say? There was no time to consult you. We were right down to the wire."

Changing the subject, I ask him what he thinks of the final print.

"What can I tell you? The station really let me down badly. Before I went to India, I told the GBH people that I would probably want to do some elaborate opticals, and that they should book us time in a good optical house. Cutting opticals is a special skill, because they're all made up of special effects, and a film cutter in an ordinary laboratory simply can't handle them. The station failed to do what I had asked. Luckily, our flashbacks turned out to be simpler than I had originally imagined, or we would have had a real mess on our hands. Still, I'm not happy about the grading of colors on the opticals. The GBH people also failed to book time with a good laboratory for cutting the negative, so we ended up using some undistinguished place that made a lot of mistakes."

"What kind of mistakes?"

"Well, we had marked the film so that after the prologue we would start with a very simple title, white on black—'Chachaji, My Poor Relation: A Memoir by Ved Mehta'—and then fade up to a first shot of Chacha's house at night. Instead of a fadeup, they made a cut from the title to the house. I had a long fadeout at the end of the Hardwar sequence, and they made it into a short fadeout—instead of slowly easing out the scene, they hacked it. Worst of all, for some reason the laboratory got some sort of particles all over the negative, which show up on the print. The particles are so fine that no one but a cameraman or a producer would notice them, but they detract at least one per cent from my pleasure in seeing the film."

"But aside from your vexation over all the technical defects, what do you feel about the film as a whole?"

"Normally, when I finish a film I

never think about it—it's just a number on a list of films—because until the making of 'Chachaji' I'd been mostly stuck with stock journalistic stuff. But with 'Chachaji' I just keep thinking about it, actually dreaming about the bloody thing. I keep thinking that somehow we might have made it better. Working on this film has been one of the most amazing creative experiences of my life. It has opened the mental doors to a whole new world for me."

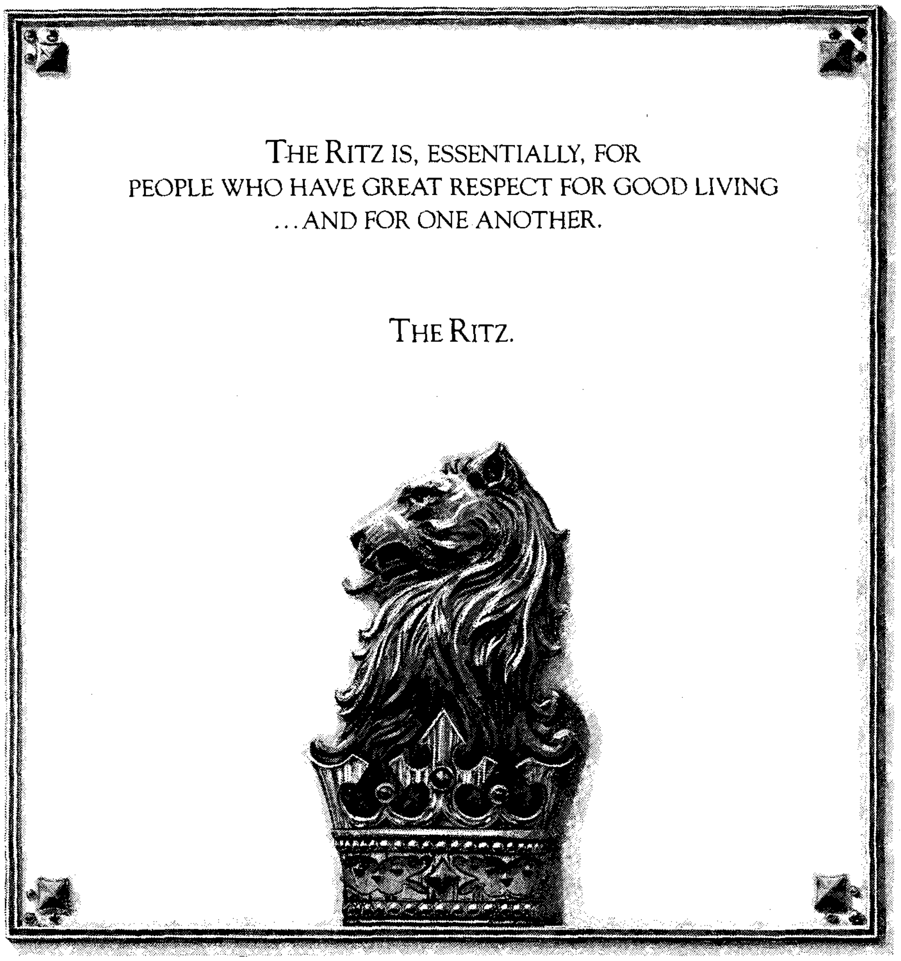
JUNE 15TH

THIS is the day of the film's broadcast. Bill has flown home to Toronto to watch the broadcast with Araminta, and I have Sally and a few other friends over to my apartment to watch it with me. Although I have been involved with the film at every stage, the realization that it is now going to appear to the American and Canadian public, at a designated time, on a regular channel, gives me the odd sensation that I am coming to it as a stranger.

I am surprised all over again at how true the film is to Chachaji's spirit—a remarkable accomplishment, since so many people who helped to shape it had at most a cursory acquaintance with Chachaji. Even the prologue, despite its disparate, clashing elements (New York and India, the Taj Mahal and Calcutta), somehow succeeds in striking the right note.

The first section of the film, constructed around a typical day in Chachaji's life in the city, shows Chachaji in an ironic, amusing light. A mouselike figure in a bright-pink turban, he is seen being shoved aside, laughed at, ignored, and patronized. We see him as an old, poor, eccentric, proud, solitary man, defending himself against the bullying world by sticking to little rituals and routines. We learn that he lives like a poor relation and works as a clerk, and that his needs are as elemental as those of his poorer brethren—centering mainly on eating. We discover through flashbacks and through the conversation of his relations that he has been bedevilled by calamities; for instance, he can't even be certain which of the four children he thought he had fathered are his. Despite his travails, he is consistently portrayed as having a certain amount of natural elegance and dignity.

The second section of the film, constructed around a journey, shows Chachaji in a warm, affectionate light. We see him travelling to the village, and, by extension, to village India,



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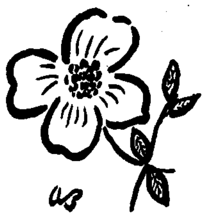
where he was born and brought up. We gather, through a flashback, that he lost his home, his ancestral village—almost his world—during the religious wars over the creation of Pakistan in 1947. We see him moving about the bleak, backward, crumbling village where some of his poorer relations have settled, and we perceive village life as at once changeless and precarious—nature as at once life-sustaining and destructive. Chachaji seems oddly out of place in the village—an effect that makes us realize that although in city surroundings he appeared innocent and insignificant, in village surroundings he is sophisticated and important.



If the first two sections of the film are essentially descriptive, the third, and last, section has the texture of a short story. Constructed around a time when everything begins to go wrong for Chachaji, it shows him in a pathetic, almost tragic light. After Chachaji leaves the village, a vicious hailstorm almost lays it waste. When he gets back to the city, a similarly vicious household storm almost lays waste the pattern of his life. In his absence, a much younger and more vigorous man has been hired to perform many of the duties that Chachaji has been performing to earn his room and board. Chachaji manages to survive this latest crisis, but we are left in no doubt that he is infirm and all but defeated as he struggles to keep his balance in the vortex of Indian poverty. We follow him on his day's rounds and see how the people he especially honors and reveres (government functionaries and the like) spurn and reject him. Even shopkeepers, who are lower in station than he is, heap insults on him. Yet he is stoical and dogged in his endurance, perhaps because his struggle is not without purpose. Much as he is supported by his better-off relations, so, in turn, he supports a little family of relations poorer than he is—the family of the one son who acknowledges him as his father. (It is as if the whole society were held together by a chain of relatives, one only slightly less poor and dependent than the last.) Then we see him in a sort of Last Supper scene with his little family, on the eve of a sort of penitential journey to the sacred Ganges. There we see him communing with the river and taking the traditional Hindu cleansing bath for salvation. The last image we have is of Chachaji, turbanless and—except for a towel around his middle—naked, shivering on the steps of the Ganges.

The film works well when the focus is on Chachaji and his struggle to survive, perhaps because, in a sense, it is a reflection of the struggles of hundreds of millions of his countrymen, who, of course, have their own individual stories to tell. It exploits brilliantly the special gifts of the visual medium—conveying in a few shots, for instance, the horrors of taking a bus in India, which would require pages of description in a book. The film works less well when it tries to describe social complexities—the difference between the social standing of Chachaji and that of his better-off relations—perhaps because of the device it uses: a single conversation of four women (my sisters and nieces) is cut into segments, and the segments are dropped into the film at strategic moments, with the women made to serve as a sort of Greek chorus. We are never sure from the snippets of conversation whether the women are well-intentioned or malicious, whether Chachaji deserves their criticism or is an innocent victim of their sarcasm. (They even joke about Chachaji's being cuckolded.) Their character is all the more puzzling because we are told that they have always helped to take care of him, even though he is only a cousin twice or three times removed. (In the West, someone like Chachaji would very likely be committed to an old people's home by his own children.) Moreover, the contrast between the women's situation and Chachaji's is so blatant (they sit in a very rich-looking garden drinking tea, while he seems to have no place to rest and can scarcely afford tea) that the device borders on cinematic rhetoric, and intrudes on the lyrical mood of the film.

The chorus of women, however, is a minor, if irritating, distraction in a film that is simple and touching over all, for we never really lose sight of Chachaji or the meaning of his story. The film has a certain unfolding intensity. (As Bill had hoped all along, the film received a prize: a duPont-Columbia Award for Excellence in Broadcast Journalism for 1977-78.)

EPILOGUE

AFTER the turmoil of the broadcast (Sally, Sally's mother, and Sally's sister felt sad because Bill listed everyone but her in the credits), I write a longish letter to Chachaji, enclosing many newspaper and magazine stories about him which feature his picture. Around the same time, Bill posts the following letter to Chachaji, with a copy to me:

Canadian Broadcasting Corporation
Société Radio-Canada
June 20th, 1978

DEAR BAHALI RAM,

Here are the snaps I promised to send you. Your picture has appeared in many newspapers in America. Many people saw the film and were very interested in what they saw. Most people liked the pictures in the village (especially the Swami) and the scenes at Hardwar best.

I would like to thank you for all the help you gave us when we were in India. I hope I come back again soon and meet you again. We all send you our warmest greetings and say "thank you for your great sympathetic consideration."

Yours sincerely,
William Cran

A few weeks later, I receive this letter from Chachaji:

NEW DELHI
July 8, 1978

DEAR MR. VED MEHTA,

We have not heard from you since your departure. I hope you are enjoying good health.

Here all are keeping good health. You will be glad to know that William Cran sent us some photographs. Please convey him my thanks. You have not sent us any photograph. You know that my wife passed away two days before you left here. Please do send us some photographs of my wife and my family by the return of post. Please write about your health also. My son Madan is anxious about the photographs of my wife Tara as she is no more on the earth. Please do sent me some photographs as early as possible.

I have heard that my picture is going on the New York Television and my picture was published in many newspapers. Please do write me more about my picture. I hope you will pay us a tour early in future. Please bring me an electronic watch as my old watch is gone out of order. I shall be eagerly waiting for your visit.

Remember me to Baily [Sally] and rest of your company.

Once again I would like to remind you to send me photographs.

Your well wisher
BAHALI RAM
D-24 Nizamuddin East
N. Delhi
India

At first, I am a little taken aback by the stiff, formal, and also importunate tone of Chachaji's letter, but then—as I hasten to send him some stills of his wife and some duplicates of the newspaper and magazine clippings about the film, since it seems my first batch went astray—I reflect that the letter is in English, and was written by a poor man to a relation who,

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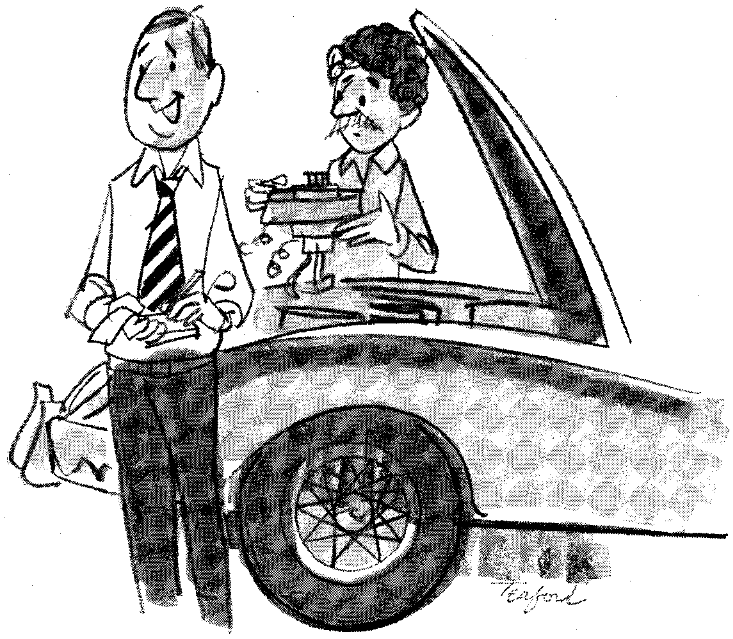

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for all its writer knows, lives like a king in a fairyland.

As it happens, Chachaji did see the film—I was able to show him a videocassette of it during a visit to India. He watched it, stunned and riveted, sitting on the edge of his chair with his hands between his knees—clutching the chair as if he were afraid that he might fall off. The only time he said anything was when his wife appeared on the screen. "Even that!" he exclaimed. At the end, I asked him if he liked the film. "Like it?" he said. "If I do not like it, who will like it? Wonderful! Was that really me? Was it a dream? It seemed as if I was having a holy audience with myself in Heaven."

—VED MEHTA

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

MIDDLE AGE: A NOCTURNE

The silver tea service
assembles, stands at attention
when you walk by.
Like some lost regiment,
it wears tarnished coats.

The grand piano bares
yellowed teeth as you
give it the brushoff.
You no longer tickle its fancy.
The feeling is mutual.

The liquor cabinet chokes
on dusty bottles. You're forbidden.
In the wines, sediment
settles like sentiment,
like expectations.

You visit your children's rooms.
In their sleep they breathe
heavily. In their waking
they bear new adulthood
easily. They don't need you.

In her dream your wife sheds
responsibilities like cellulite,
acquires a new habit.
A gaunt nun of the old order,
she bends to a mystical flame.

All the pictures have been
looked at, all the books read.
Your former black mistress,
the telephone, hangs around;
there's no one you want to call.

But early this morning,
in the upper field—
seven young deer
grazing in the rain!

—ROBERT PHILLIPS

THE ART WORLD

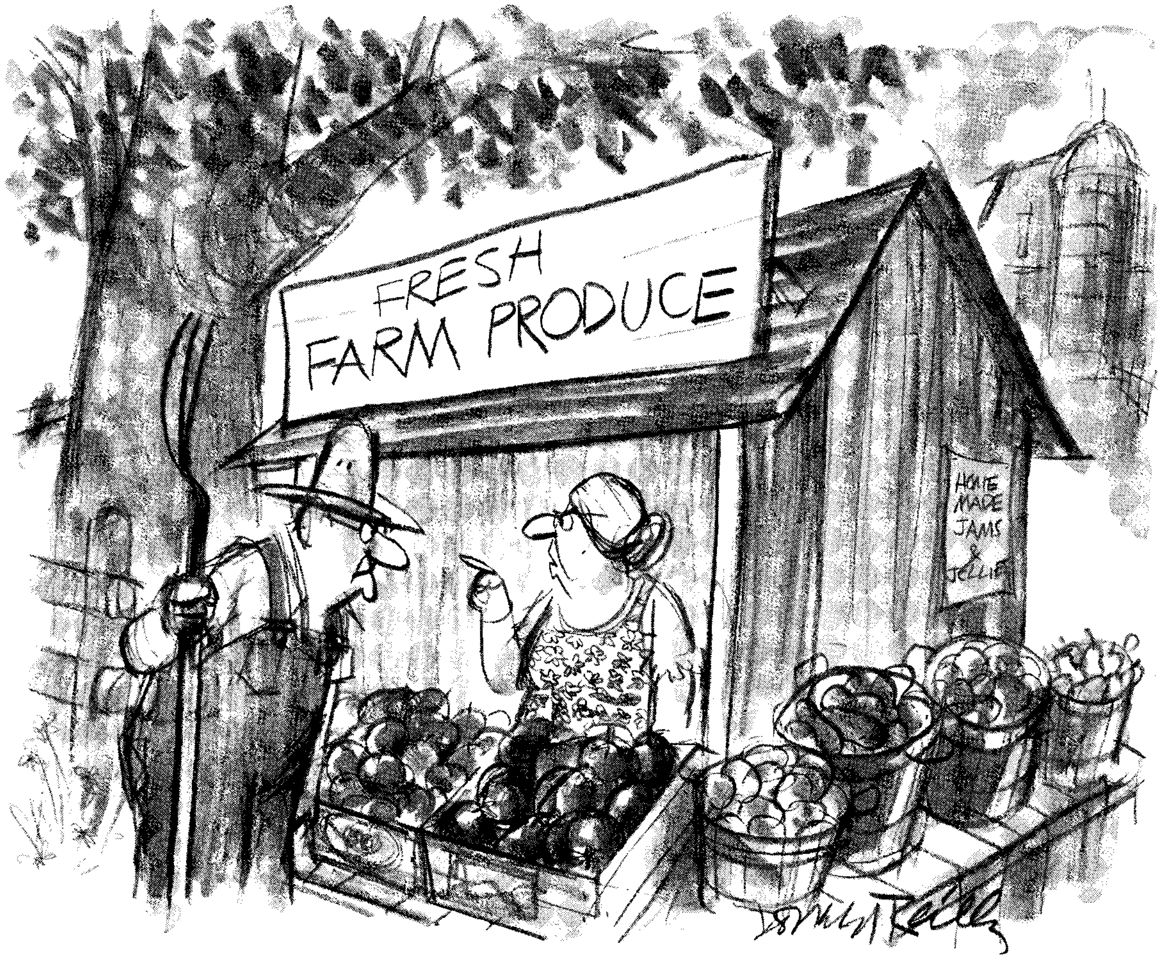
Erasing the Line

SUMMER is well advanced, as anybody can tell from the proliferation of crafts fairs across the land. Estivating Americans flock to these events in ever greater numbers. The Northeast Craft Fair, in Rhinebeck, New York—one of the largest—last month attracted sixty thousand visitors during the three days it was open to the general public; it also generated four and a half million dollars' worth of sales and orders for some five hundred exhibitors. At the Rhinebeck fairgrounds, there were literally acres of ceramics, woven fabrics, baskets, macramé, lace, crochet, knitting, crewelwork, quilting, rugs, beadwork, blown glass, stained glass, gold- and silversmithing, enamelwork, jewelry, woodwork, toys, paper, leatherwork, bookbindings, and other hand-wrought wonders. You might have thought the machine had given up the ghost.

It is more than a little strange, this blossoming of the handmade in a country with so few native craft traditions. There are people in the Appalachian hills, to be sure, who still make things by hand in the way their great-great-grandparents did. The Indian pueblos of the Southwest service the tourists with debased versions of "traditional" pottery, blankets, and jewelry—traditional in the sense that their designs reflect the designs that their ancestors happened to be following in the nineteen-twenties, when the whites started buying Indian wares and encouraging the Indians to turn out more of the same. Aside from a few pockets like these, however, the flourishing American crafts movement is a fairly new phenomenon. It began in earnest right after the Second World War, when American colleges and universities, pressed to expand their facilities to cope with the flood of veterans under the G.I. Bill, discovered that a surprising number of these vets wanted to take courses in the arts. The crafts boom is directly related to the arts boom in this country. It may still be possible for any child to dream of growing up to be President (recent history offers melancholy proof of this), but the contemporary American dream seems to be that any child can grow up to be an artist.

The line between art and craft, always hazy, has eroded almost to the vanishing point in America. Traditionally, the distinction has had to do with form as well as with function: the artist creates new forms, the craftsman reproduces familiar and, for the most part, functional forms. Invention versus imitation. Even this distinction is suspect, though, and relatively recent in Western history. The European craft guilds of the Middle Ages made no separation between major and minor arts, and some of the finest and most inventive medieval works of art—stone carvings, enamels, *objets de vertu*—were made by anonymous artisans. During the Renaissance, as painting and sculpture came to dominate the academies, the worker in glass or clay or metal sank in status—became a mere hireling pursuing a "minor" or "decorative" art. This notion of hierarchy in the arts has never taken hold in the Orient, where ceramics, for example, have been appreciated for centuries on the same level as paintings. In the West, though, the word "art" has come to refer almost exclusively to painting and sculpture. In the entrance wing of the Metropolitan Museum, which is given over mainly to Greek, Roman, and Egyptian antiquities, a guard once told me that the question he was asked the most was "Where is the art?"

"Architects, painters, and sculptors, we must all turn to the crafts," Walter Gropius proclaimed in 1919. "There is no essential difference between the artist and the craftsman; the artist is a craftsman raised to a higher power." The Bauhaus under Gropius combined an academy of art and a school of crafts. Unlike William Morris's nineteenth-century crafts revival in England, which sought to counter industrial blight with medieval ideals, the Bauhaus embraced the machine age and urged artists to design for indus-



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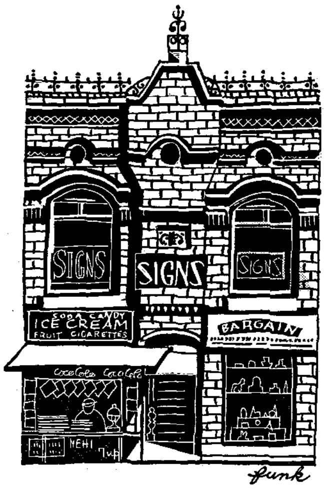
try. Driven out of Germany by Hitler, most of the Bauhaus teachers and students came to America, the most industrialized nation in the world. Bauhaus ideals infused the thinking of Alfred H. Barr, Jr., and his colleagues at the Museum of Modern Art, which mounted a show of "Machine Art" as early as 1934. Curiously, though, the union of artist, craftsman, and industrial designer which Gropius tried to bring about found virtually no takers here. With the exception of a few fabric designers—notably Dorothy Liebes and Jack Lenor Larsen—American crafts people have shown little inclination to design for industry.

The postwar movement divided itself into two broad groups, the drop-outs and the academics. Becoming a potter or a weaver, for the first, was a means to a desired style of life—a life removed from both the urban treadmill and the suburban stereotype. This trend reached its apogee in the sixties, when every other twenty-year-old seemed to be selling handmade belts on street corners. The academics, on the other hand, aspired to art. Having learned their métier in college and then been hired to teach it, they were not obliged to think in terms of producing salable wares; their focus was on objects for exhibition, objects whose sole function was to be looked at. Why make coffee mugs when you can create ceramic sculptures?



Ceramics is where the line between art and craft broke down most visibly—in California, during the fifties. The assault was led by Peter Voulkos, an extraordinarily gifted young potter, who was invited in 1954 to set up and direct a ceramics department at Otis Art Institute, in Los Angeles (now known as Otis/Parsons). Voulkos had been around the art world a bit. He had met some of the more advanced New York painters, both in Manhattan and at Black Mountain College, in North Carolina, and when he took on the job at Otis he was freed from the necessity of producing work to sell. For the next two years, working closely with about a dozen students (some of them older than he was), he succeeded in bringing Abstract Expressionism into ceramics. Voulkos would throw a big vessel on the wheel and then, while it was still soft, whack away at it with wooden paddles and other implements, getting rid of the wheel-imposed symmetry, exposing raw edges and sharp angles. He would add to it, tear it away in sections, and scratch and gouge the surface, exploring the limits of its plasticity. Clay is the most plastic material on earth; no synthetic approaches it in pliability, and there is, after all, no law that limits its shaping to the vessel form. Voulkos and his principal student-associates—John Mason, Malcolm McClain, Paul Soldner, Billy Al Bengston, Kenneth Price, Michael Frumkess, Jerry Rothman, and Henry Takemoto—turned clay into a medium of contemporary art.

Although Bengston switched to painting and Voulkos himself has devoted much of his time in recent years to bronze sculpture, most of the others have continued to work primarily in clay, and the revolution they brought about has influenced others to do the same. Kenneth Price's fanciful cups and curios, done in earthenware and painted with bright industrial colors instead of glazes, anticipated the Pop Art ceramics that Robert Arneson and a host of younger people started turning out in the sixties. Paul Soldner has experimented with Japanese *raku* techniques, removing his pieces red hot from the kiln and cooling them in various ways to take advantage of spontaneous effects. John Mason made huge ceramic reliefs, clay walls requiring four or five tons of raw clay; from those he went into freestanding clay sculptures; and lately he has been using firebrick to make modular works that are a form of Minimal Art. Voulkos, Mason, Price, and Arneson have all had important museum shows, and their innovations have been faithfully documented in *Craft Horizons* (recently renamed *American Craft*), the magazine of the American Craft Council, whose editor throughout the sixties and seventies, Rose Slivka, often annoyed her function-oriented readers by concentrating so rigorously on the aesthetic vanguard of the crafts movement. Today, the California clay artists and their descendants are widely known, as artists, on the West Coast and in many areas of the United States and Europe. In fact, about the only place their fine-art status is still uncertain is New York.

Why this should be so is anybody's

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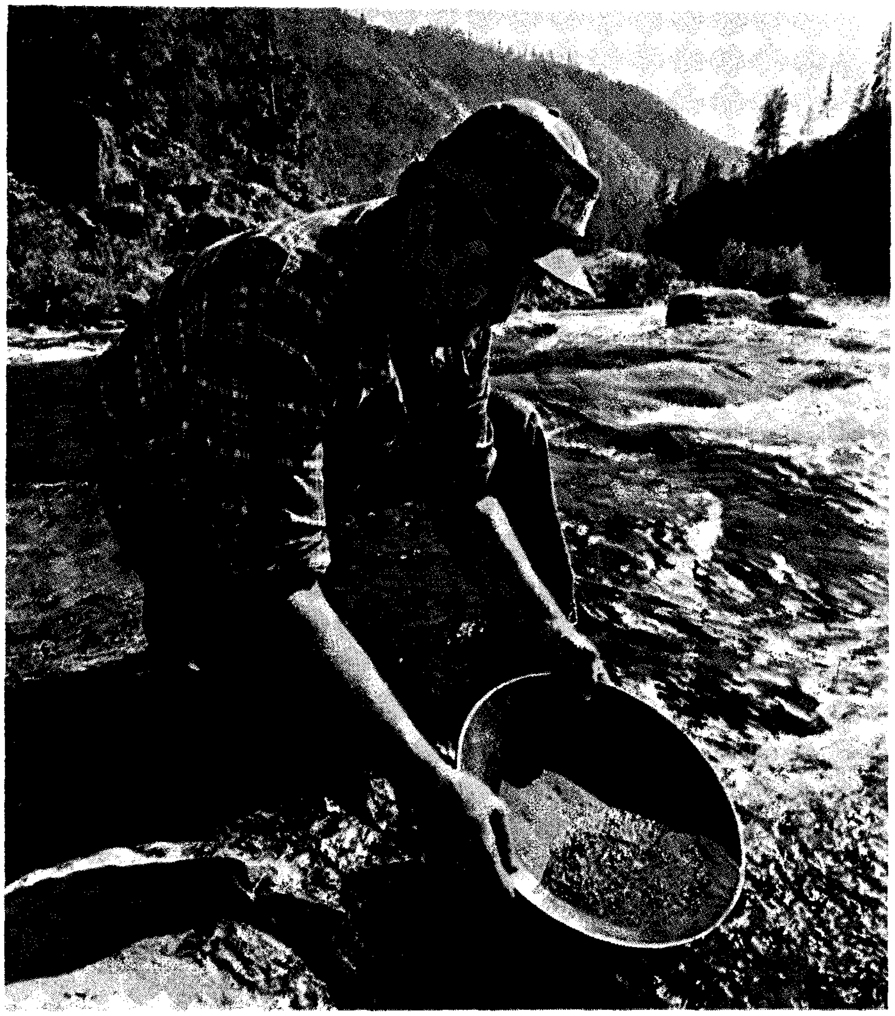
MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

The trials and triumphs of the weekend gold digger.



Late Sunday afternoon as the shadows crawl across the deep Sierra Nevada ravines, they pan out the day's find, pack up their gear and in pickups, campers, or heavily laden cars make the tortuous climb up the steep dirt roads. An hour later they're out on the broad California Freeways heading back down to the "flatlands".

There have always been these weekend gold seekers in California —and in many other parts of the country as well: Colorado, Oregon, Washington, South Dakota, the Carolinas, to mention only some. But spurred by today's higher gold price, their numbers are increasing—panning classes are being held; small-town newspapers carry stories; some local Chambers of Commerce even promote the search for gold.

And so they come, these so-called "flatlanders", in what is almost the reincarnation of an era; drawn to the same gold fields, with the same dreams of riches, wearing the same degree of innocent optimism.

Times have changed, however, and even though most of the very same techniques—panning, sluicing, dredging, etc.—are used, there is no question that today's equipment is more efficient. Items such as lightweight portable dredges and modern scuba gear enable the new 49ers to work faster and longer in the cold currents. Camp life, too, is easier and the amenities can range from a transistor radio to an air-conditioned camper.

Still the work itself can be backbreakingly hard and the gold, though conceded to exist in considerable quantity, has not become that much easier to find. On balance there are more trials than triumphs.

There is evidence, though, that some weekenders—through a combination of hard work, common sense, intelligence perhaps, and luck or the tenacity to find the richer area—do indeed succeed and one such is the man pictured here.

He is David Glau, a former construction worker from San Jose, California, and his first real commitment came five years ago when he took a summer job in the Sierras "to look things over".

Two years later he bought an underwater dredge and, camping on the river and putting in 10 hours a day, he grabbed his first firm foothold on a new life.

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guess. For years, New York artists have been demonstrating their ability to "make art" out of old socks, kitchen appliances, condemned wharves, and every other sort of humble material. It seems ironic that an artist should be ignored here because he happens to work in clay, but this happens quite regularly. A major retrospective exhibition of Voulkos' work of the last thirty years, which appeared at the American Craft Museum, on West Fifty-third Street, in 1978, was not even reviewed by the *Times*. Only a few of the established clay artists show with any regularity in New York galleries—Robert Arneson at Frumkin, Marilyn Levine at O. K. Harris, Mary Frank at Zabriskie, Margaret Israel at Cordier & Ekstrom. Theo Portnoy, a Fifty-seventh Street dealer who concentrates on the work of ceramic artists, is resigned to the fact that her shows are only rarely reviewed; if the *Times* mentions them at all, it does so in the Home section. Portnoy reports, however, that there is a knowledgeable and growing group of collectors who buy the work both for pleasure and for investment. Clay sculpture is still cheap in comparison with everything else on the art market, including prints.

Contrary to some published reports, the crafts movement shows no signs of slowing down. Teaching opportunities at the college and university level dried up in the seventies, with virtually all the jobs filled by young men and women who have a long time to go before retirement, and one result has been a shift in emphasis toward more "production" work—limited production of functional wares by individuals working alone in their studios or, in some cases, with one or two assistants. According to Paul Smith, the director of the American Craft Museum, the functional-crafts people are a great deal more professional and businesslike than they used to be. Few of them make what an aluminum-siding salesman would call a good living, but they enjoy their work, and they are buoyed by the evidence of an expanding market for handmade, "quality" goods. Department stores, gift shops, and boutiques of all kinds are stocking more and more craftwork, and a successful showing at a major crafts fair can provide orders for a year's production. The government, which has dispensed five hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in Craftsmen's Fellowships this year through the National Endowment for the Arts, also underwrites a good deal of craft-as-art through the General Services Administration, which sets aside one half of one per cent of the estimated construction costs of all new federal buildings to commission works of art. A number of G.S.A. commissions have gone to crafts people, whose work tends to excite less controversy than the work of certain well-known painters and sculptors.

It remains to be noted that the crafts movement has generated an appalling amount of bad art. Clay, for some reason, seems to lend itself particularly to "humorous"—treatment—anthropomorphic animals and anecdotal japes that may be wonderfully expert in the technical sense but whose effect is often as numbing as a row of ceramic novelties in an airport gift shop. Arneson, Price, and one or two others skirt this abyss with great style, but their followers and imitators often do not. A straining after effect is apparent in much of the work in other media, as though the maker, uneasily astride the tightrope between craft and art, had confused cleverness with imagination. There is neither the serenity of traditional craftwork nor the authority of an artistic statement.

Meanwhile, out there in the hinterland beyond Twelfth Avenue, untold legions of craftsmen and craftswomen toil away in expectation of the muse's descent. Maybe this is one answer to the problems of life in the post-industrial age—ghetto dwellers and suburban matrons, unemployed auto workers and senior citizens and bored brakemen on the MX missile track all joining together in the creation of tenth-rate craft-as-art. Worse things could happen. The salutary aspect of art, good or bad, is the amount of energy its making requires. And the results are forever unpredictable. Peter Voulkos said some time ago, "If the energy is there, I don't give a damn what you call it. A really fine Japanese tea bowl can give you the same kind of excitement you get from painting and sculpture. These distinctions are made because people are not educated. Too bad for them."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

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[*From the Goshen (Ind.) News*]

WASHINGTON (AP)—The world's population, now at 4.5 billion, may stop growing "at almost any time," the Environmental Fund says.

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U.S. JOURNAL: NEW ORLEANS

MAKING DEALS

IT took me a while to realize that the suburban shopping center is an invention. For a long time, I thought of it as a collection of stores. In the early sixties, as each shopping center completed seemed more elaborate than the last, I assumed that the entrepreneurs who built them were simply trying to outdo the competition—creating a larger collection of stores or a more conveniently arranged collection or a collection that included an air-conditioned shopping mall or a collection that provided more distractions for the kids. What they were really doing, I now know, was tinkering with the early versions of the invention until they got it working the way it was intended to work. By sometime in the middle sixties, a satisfactory model of the large suburban shopping center had been arrived at; it is basically the same model being built today. In the trade, it is called a "regional mall," or simply a "regional." It is put together with parts as unchanging as the parts that make up some invention like the internal-combustion engine.

Regionals are always "anchored," as shopping-center people say, by department stores—usually two and perhaps as many as four or five. (One step from an early version of the suburban shopping center—a version that amounted to a branch department store and a line of shops along the parking lot next to it—came when someone discovered that the inclusion of a second department store increased the sales volume of the first, and a third usually increased it even more.) A regional's department stores are separated by several dozen smaller stores. The department stores usually own their own buildings. The smaller stores are tenants of the shopping center's owner, in an arrangement that always includes paying the landlord "overage" when gross receipts exceed a set figure. A regional is always surrounded by acres of parking. It normally has an enclosed mall. Shopping-center developers still build smaller centers that are not enclosed—the anchor store may be a supermarket or a discount store—but, except in a few places with particularly agreeable climates, no shopping-center developer would consider building a regional without an enclosed mall. Some "specialty centers" in, say, a restored warehouse downtown or a particularly prosperous suburb consist of only specialized stores—Faneuil Hall, in Boston, is probably the most successful example—but no shopping-center developer would consider building a regional unanchored by department stores. Among shopping-center developers, it is assumed that every element of the regional is necessary to produce the internal dynamic that causes it to spout money. The formula is so unvarying that once the elements have been set in place—once a department store or the developer has done a market survey, once the land is under option, once the companion department stores have committed themselves—a well-established developer might pencil in the names of some tenants before he begins negotiating with them, the assumption being that some credit-jewelry chains and shoe chains and clothing chains will put a store in any regional whose developer can produce a projection sheet with acceptable numbers on it. If a regional is not spouting money the way it was designed to, the developer can adjust what he calls "the mix"—the way someone running an engine might adjust the fuel mix. In time, he can cut the percentage of shoe stores or increase the percentage of jeans stores. He can try to persuade the weaker tenants that everybody might be better off if some arrangement were worked out for the remaining portions of their leases—one of the generators for the regional's internal dynamic being the principle that everybody involved has a direct stake in the profitability of everybody else. At this year's convention of the International Council of Shopping Centers, which was held not long ago in New Orleans, I occasionally heard people refer to the regional as a selling machine. It is a collection of stores only to the extent that a station wagon is a collection of auto parts.

Among the disadvantages a traditional downtown has in trying to meet the competition of a regional—obvious disadvantages in location and parking facilities and design—is the handicap of not being a machine. Nobody owns downtown. Nobody can adjust the mix. A dusty, empty storefront is the direct financial concern only of the man who owns the building—a man who may have long ago moved to Florida. The department store that should be drawing most of the traffic may be in the hands of a family that lost interest in aggressive merchandising a generation ago. Citizens who might want to go downtown to do some shopping not only have no enclosed mall to protect them from the elements

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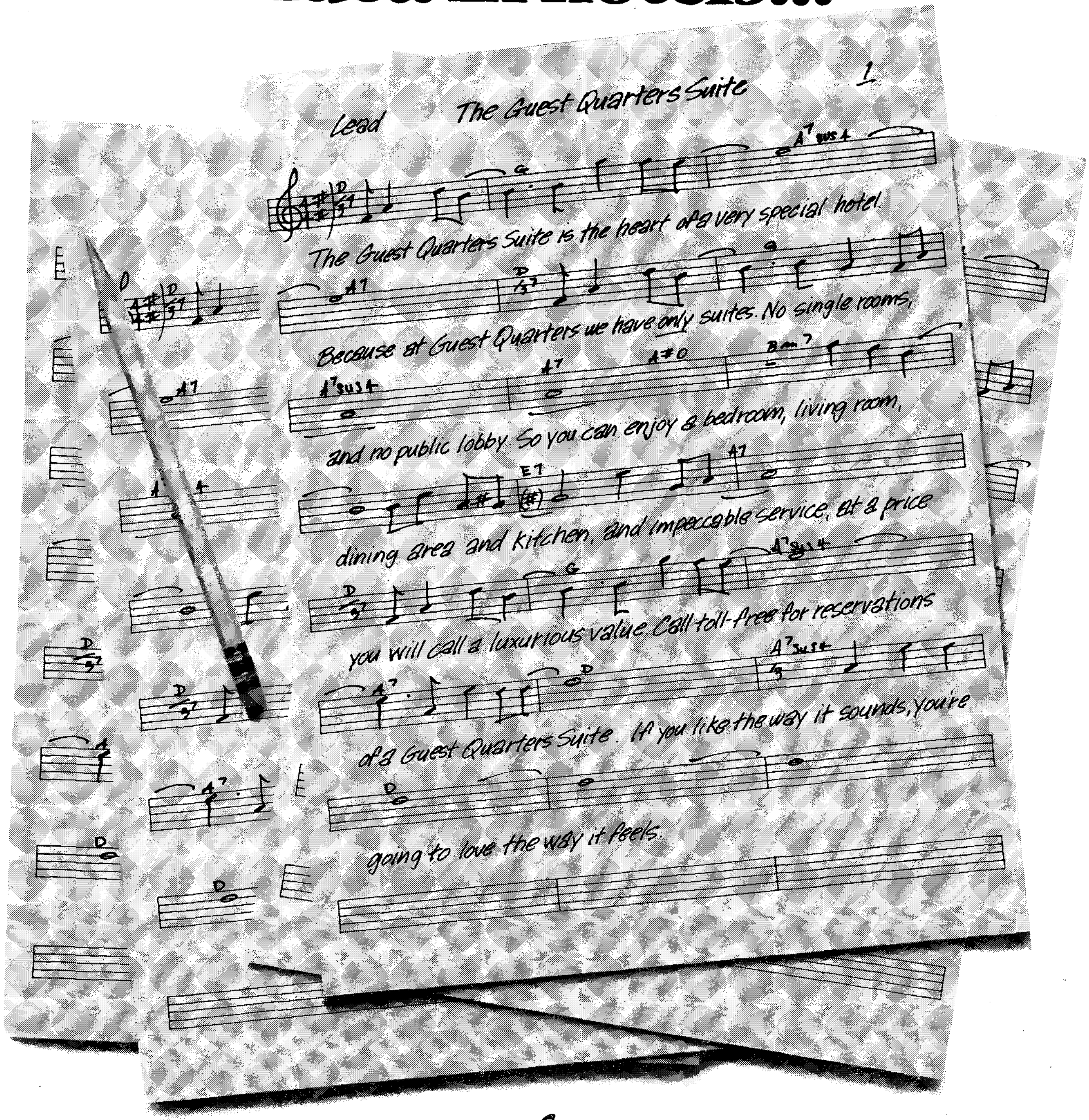
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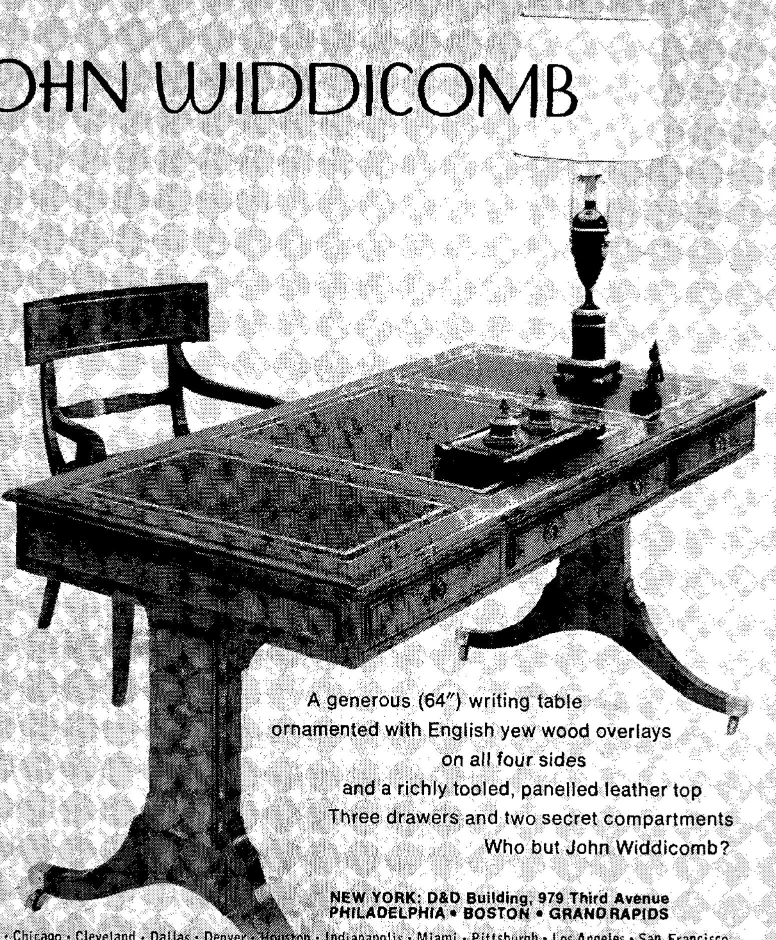

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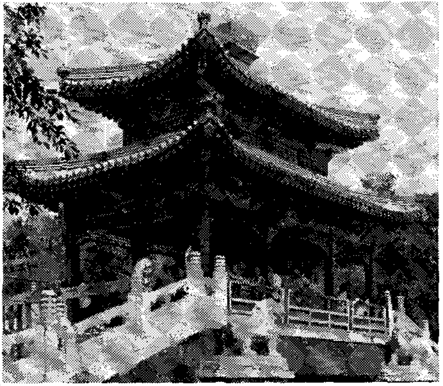

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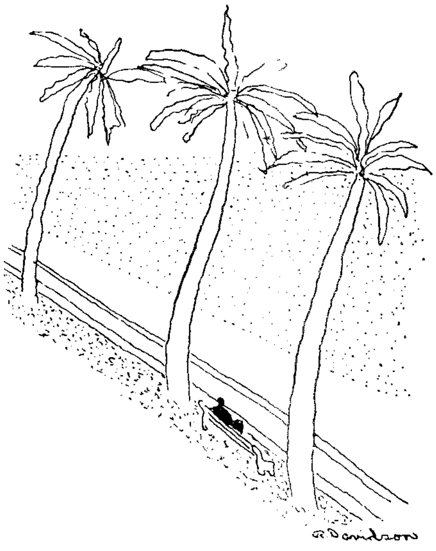
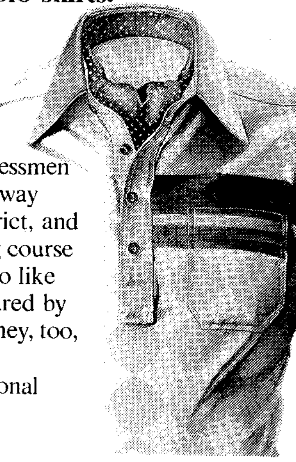
but no owner to protect them from other citizens who might want to go downtown to do some petition-gathering or some panhandling or some proselytizing. The history of litigation over the right of free speech in shopping centers has been marked by the efforts of shopping-center owners to resist the contention that their centers are, de facto, public places—efforts that were generally successful until the Supreme Court ruled recently that a state could require a shopping center to tolerate even petition gatherers. Someone walking through downtown may be a citizen, but someone walking through a regional, the shopping-center people maintain, is a customer. If he—or, more likely, she, since eighty-five per cent of the customers at regionals are women—should be harassed by a clot of Moonie candy salesmen, she might leave in disgust after, say, the first hour of her shopping trip. The machine works best with shopping trips of three and a half hours.

THE regional is a successful invention. When it's in good tune—when it generates the sort of traffic the market survey predicted—it can spout a fearsome amount of money. In the dozen years after its invention, it was such an attractive investment that Americans in the suburbs of large cities now tend to take the regionals' presence for granted, the way they take it for granted that a human being normally owns two automobiles. Fewer and fewer of the suburbs that developers find most appealing can absorb another regional without becoming what people in the trade call "overstored." These days, there is talk among shopping-center people of "running out of cornfields"—"cornfield" being the trade's generic term for a piece of farmland appropriate for a regional, even if wheat or soybeans happened to be the crop in the ground when the bulldozers arrived. In his state-of-the-industry speech at the New Orleans convention, the executive vice-president of the I.C.S.C. mentioned with regret the ferocious competition that has grown up among shopping-center developers recently for desirable sites and department-store commitments. Although shopping-center developers tend to be optimistic by nature, some of them may have entertained the thought that a day could come when every part of America that can support a regional mall has one. Regionals don't wear out as fast as station wagons.

These days, of course, there are other factors that can mute the optimism of a shopping-center entrepreneur. The fluctuation of interest rates has made retailers cautious and has inspired the nstitutions that finance shopping centers—normally life-insurance companies—to demand a percentage of the take rather than conventional interest payments. The federal government, which helped create the suburbs with projects like the interstate-highway system and suburban sewer-and-water grants, is now trying to encourage the restoration of downtowns, partly by establishing a process through which local officials can delay just about any suburban shopping center they consider harmful. Construction costs go up daily, and so does the price of gasoline. The issue of a trade magazine called *National Mall Monitor* which was distributed at the convention contained a debate in which Michael Hirschfeld, the chairman of a New York store-leasing firm, predicted that, given such factors as inflation and energy shortages, the regional mall will be dead in the next decade or two.

All of that does not mean that a lot fewer shopping centers are being developed. By now there are huge corporations whose existence depends on turning out shopping centers, in the way that there are huge corporations whose existence depends on turning out automobiles. In New Orleans, there was a lot of talk about remaking old (circa 1958) shopping centers into regionals. There was talk of some companies' putting part of their energy into developing specialty centers or "vertical centers," or even some version of a regional downtown—doing battle with preservationists and citizens groups, pushing the city's redevelopment agency to get a HUD grant to cover the parking garage, squatting on some unfertile urban version of a cornfield created by the tendency of fifties urban





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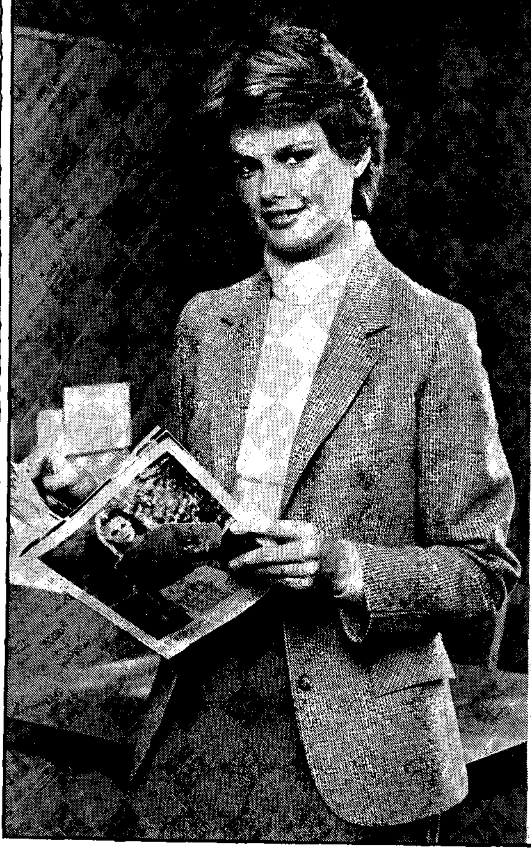

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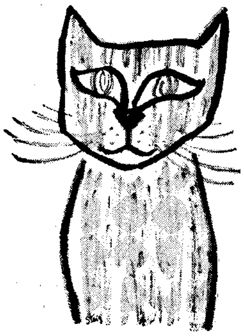
redevelopment to demolish acres of buildings without ever putting up anything in their place. In the New Orleans hospitality suites of the larger shopping-center developers, though, the business of turning out suburban regionals seemed to be going on as usual. Small mountains of shrimp were available. Drinks were available. Affable guides were available to walk a visitor past displays of fifteen or twenty regionals that the developer had in the planning or building or leasing stage. The displays tended to look alike—floor plans with the space for the anchor stores colored in and the space for the tenants neatly divided, accompanied by an artist's rendering of what the inside of the mall would look like. Some people told me that the level of activity in the suites was well below that of previous years, but the displays seemed to differ from those that might have been seen five or ten years ago mainly in that the centers depicted were smaller and were located in what people in the trade call "middle markets"—smaller cities, where the residents have not yet had the opportunity to stroll up and down an air-conditioned mall connecting department stores, in a movement that one developer I spoke to compares to ducks flying back and forth between feeding grounds. The people who invented the regional mall are doing what American businessmen have always done when they find themselves with profitable products: They turn them out as long as there are customers for them, and they scratch around to create new customers when the supply seems to be running thin.



SHOPPING-CENTER people are constantly dealing. They make deals. They do deals. They have deals. At a convention, of course, they eat and drink and listen to luncheon speakers and hold panel discussions—but not to the extent of interfering with deal-making. When the industry first began to hold conventions, they included the sort of day-long program ordinarily found at such events, but soon, a developer told me, "the deal-making just took over." Eventually, the I.C.S.C. decided to hold a separate annual gathering for most of the discussions and speeches—a gathering called the University of Shopping Centers. Since then, even the most conscientious attender of official panels and speeches at the annual convention is through at lunchtime, free to make deals. The University of Shopping Centers has recently been made two days longer, so that those attending can have an opportunity to participate in what is officially known as a "deal-making weekend."

At first glance, a hospitality suite at the New Orleans meeting seemed similar to a hospitality suite at any other trade convention—people renewing old friendships and talking shop and cadging drinks and glancing at displays—but then it became apparent that, two by two, people were constantly leaving the main gathering to sit at a table in the corner or in a room down the hall, where they pored over floor plans and leasing agreements, trying to make a deal. Everything is negotiable—the base rent, the percentage of receipts taken by the developer, the amount of participation given a lender, whether or not a tenant will get a construction allowance. It is not always easy to tell who is courting whom. The most lavish hospitality suite in New Orleans, an entire paddle-wheeler—the Delta Queen—was provided by a developer called Ernest W. Hahn, Inc.; the most elaborate party was thrown by a tenant, the Zale jewelry company. What developers have to sell tenants is traffic; what tenants have to sell developers is overage. The trade press of the shopping-center industry is full of advertisements in which developers talk about how much money one of their shopping centers can make tenants—because of its location or because of its management or because of its promotion or because of its design. The trade press is also full of advertisements in which tenants talk about how much overage money they can make developers. ("The Record Bar is a proven winner in record and tape sales.") The deals are measured in dollars per square foot—how much construction will cost per square foot, how much the base rent will be per square foot, how much a retailer has produced in gross receipts per square foot in other regionals. (Furniture stores are rarely found in shopping malls because they require too many square feet for the receipts they produce; other stores are gradually becoming smaller as the rent per square foot increases.) Most people at the convention wore regular I.C.S.C. name tags identifying them by name and company; Barnett Helzberg, Jr., whose jewelry chain has stores in forty

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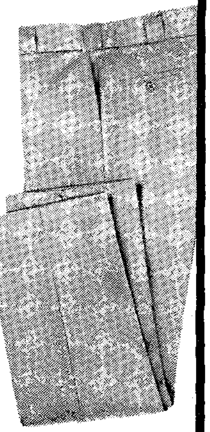

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shopping centers, wore a tag that also included the answer to the question that remains the basis for any relationship he might have with a developer—$579 per square foot.

An I.C.S.C. convention is not full of people who knew each other at Princeton. Shopping-center developers tend to be self-made men—throwback American entrepreneurs who are not afflicted with doubts about the process of making a lot of money and spending it. They often have at least as many company jets as they can use, and perhaps a yacht or two more than that. Some of the most successful men in the industry belong to a sort of inner circle called the Rat Pack, which has as its insignia a rat whose tail curls around to form a dollar sign. The stars of the industry tend to have rags-to-riches stories. It is said that Edward J. DeBartolo, whose company owns forty-one million square feet of what the trade calls G.L.A.—gross leasable area—started out in Youngstown in the thirties helping his father put in sidewalks and driveways. It is said that Melvin Simon, a Bronx boy who stayed in Indianapolis after an Army hitch to try his hand at real estate, is worth several hundred million dollars. Shopping-center people often say that the days of the daring entrepreneur are over in the industry; a large percentage of the G.L.A. in the country is now controlled by big corporations. But some of the big corporations are simply the daring entrepreneurs twenty years later. They do not run the sort of corporation in which the chief executive officer sits in his office making high-level decisions on policy that is to be carried out by subordinates. In New Orleans, Edward DeBartolo and his son, as well as Mel Simon and his brothers, could be found in their corporations' hospitality suites, doing deals.

—Calvin Trillin

•

Sen. Charles Mathias easily wins the Republican renomination and State Sen. Edward J. Conroy emerges from a crowded pack to win the Democratic nomination. The state's other congressional recumbents are renominated.—*News summary in the Washington Star.*

Without half trying.

•

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[*From "The Language of Journalism" (1970), by Ruth Kimball Kent*]

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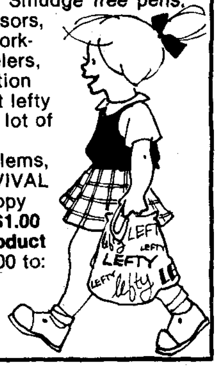

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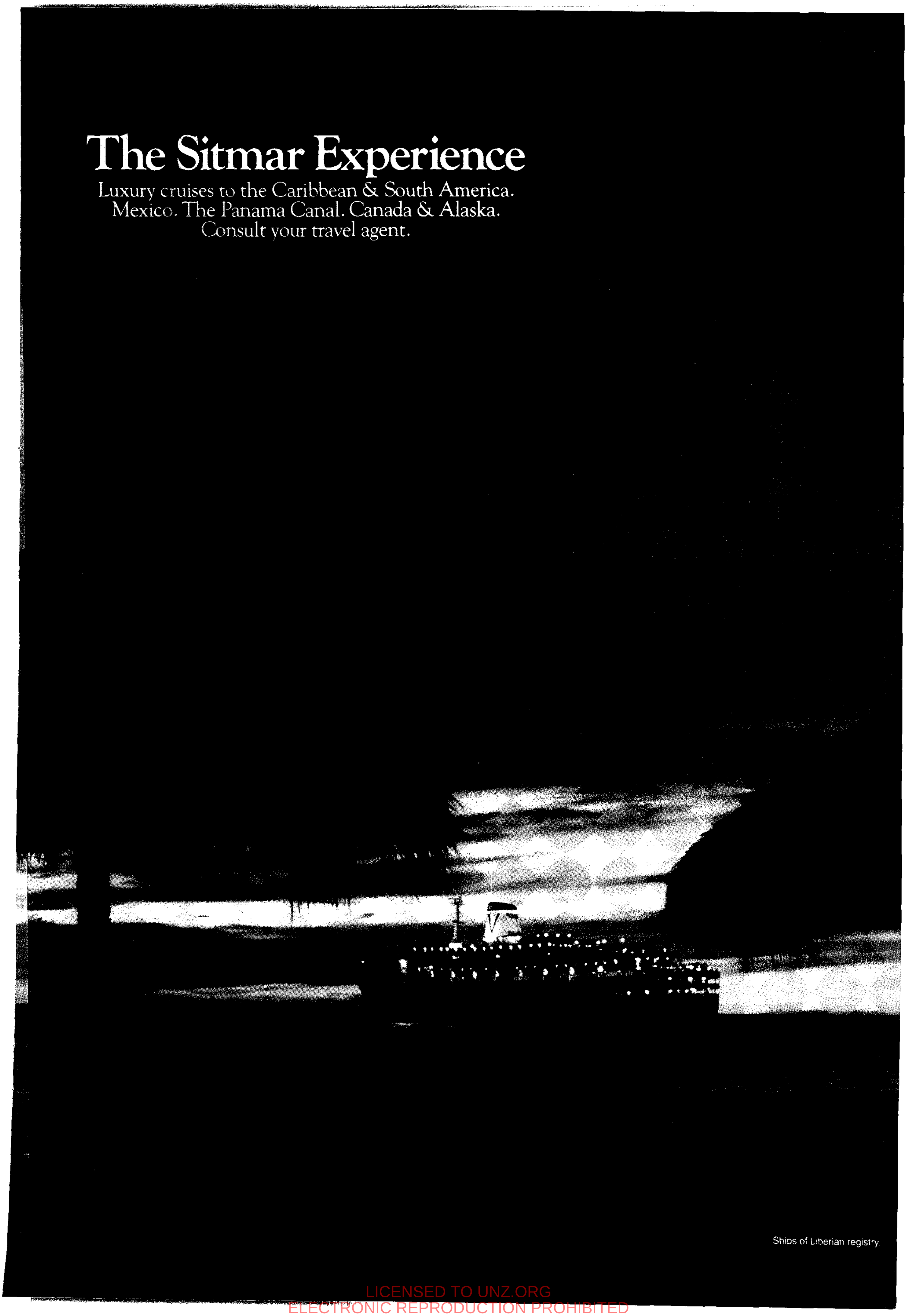
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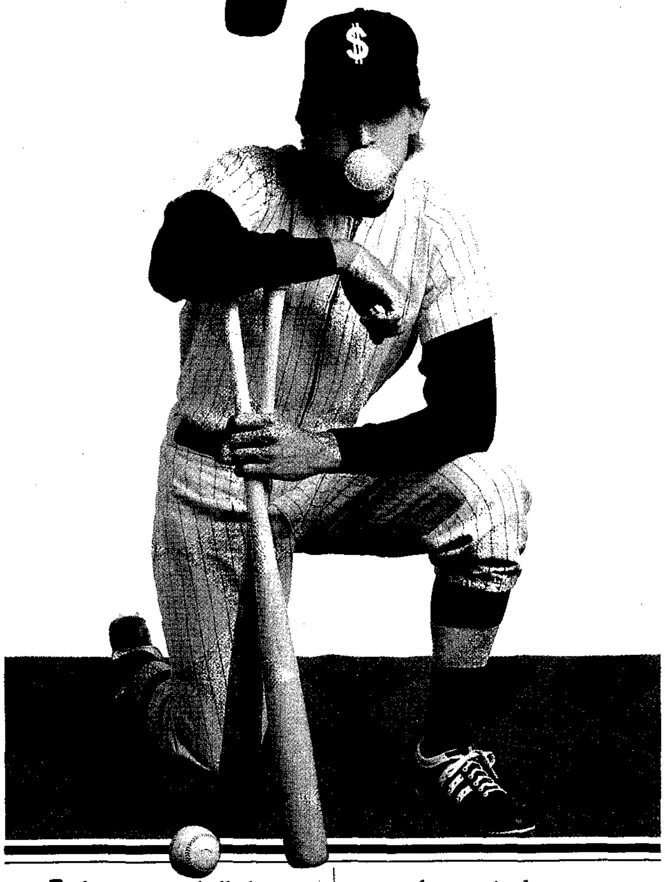

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BOOKS

A Green and Pleasant Land

DOROTHY HARTLEY'S "Lost Country Life" (Pantheon; $14.95) is an irresistible account of medieval English agriculture—of how men and women labored for their livings over something like a millennium: the tools they used, the crafts they understood and improved upon, the inventiveness that characterized the world of Piers Plowman. Miss Hartley delineates the powers of the land—its demands and its generosity—as well as the skills it elicits from human beings. She then generally follows the agricultural year as set forth in a rhyming farmer's calendar composed by Thomas Tusser and published in 1557. Tusser may be thought of as a follower of Hesiod or as a forerunner of Poor Richard. The calendar appeared at the end of the period Miss Hartley studies—although she is by no means rigid about time: she looks back to the Roman occupation of Britain and forward to twentieth-century agricultural customs. She also discusses ways that farm products got to market: medieval roads and road maps; pack animals and droving; rafts and barges; inns and hostels; the perils of travel; the organization of fairs; and the impenetrable convolutions of medieval traffic jams.

Miss Hartley tells us what people did and precisely how they did it. I had no idea how hazy was my understanding of Levin's activities in those majestic chapters of "Anna Karenina" in which he helps the peasants with the mowing; with Miss Hartley's aid, I am now able to grasp some refinements that Tolstoy expected his readers to understand but that had escaped me because I had never seen anyone cut hay with a scythe. Ours may be the last generation in which "Lost Country Life" could have been written. Though most of us know what machines accomplish, we have forgotten what hands and tools used to do. (Miss Hartley says that no one nowadays can figure out how medieval reapers, who cut grain with sickles, managed at the same time to bind the sheaves.) The book is a distillation of its author's career; she was born in the last century and has written extensively on the rural past. It is also a distillation of innumerable specialties: a work of investigation that calls on countless disciplines—archeology, botany, chemistry, iconography, for a start. The identification of medieval tools is a specialty of its own, since tools were custom-made for, or by, their users. For example, the shepherd's crook, as we associate it with Bopeep and bishops, had no defined form in the early Middle Ages.

Miss Hartley's prose is lucid, demure, and unemphatic. Her wit is dry and subtle. She never nudges or buttonholes the reader but trusts to her material, which is almost bewilderingly rich. Our language teems with hand-me-downs from medieval agriculture, with metaphors that once had literal meanings (freshly woven woollen cloth was stretched and hung on tenter hooks). Americanization has produced oddities. In discussing finger counts and tallies, which medieval farm people, who lacked formal education, used in place of arithmetic, Miss Hartley tells us that "many rural counts went to America, were picked up by the Indians, and then in the nineteenth century were called 'Indian counts.' " A four-finger shepherd's count goes, "Eena, deena, dina, das." Many of us learned this at play at about the time we were memorizing the most famous American speech, which opens with a tally: "Fourscore and seven years ago." I was taught that Lincoln borrowed that usage from the King James Version of the Bible (whose language, by the way, appears much less elevated and far more matter-of-fact after one reads Miss Hartley). However, the childhood of Lincoln, the son of frontier farmers, is surprisingly similar to the lives of the people in "Lost Country Life," and it is conceivable that young Lincoln learned tallies from his neighbors as well as from the Bible.

Though on a map of the world the British Isles look like pebbles off the coast of Eurasia, they include an enormous variety of terrain—everything from mountain to marsh—and have been inhabited, time out of mind, by a mixture of peoples. These facts help account for the diversity of agricultural life in the Middle Ages. Nothing medieval is typical: depending on what the land offered, people built houses of wood, stone, mud, or reeds. Froissart and Defoe, writing some three hundred years apart, comment on the speed (Froissart says three days) with which perfectly serviceable cottages were put up. One English environment—the forest—began to disappear early. The Norman conquerors controlled the countryside by building huge castles, whose construction, Miss Hartley tells us, "cleared the timber for miles around." Once the process of defor-

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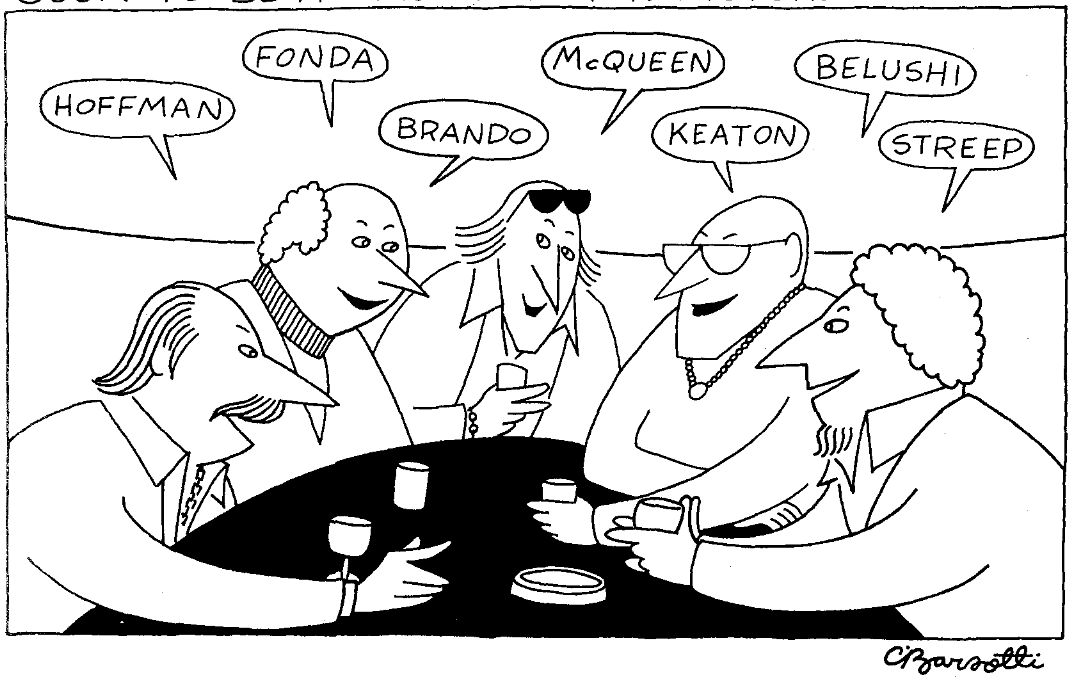

estation was begun, neither laws nor lamentations reversed it. By the time we Americans enter history, it is an accomplished fact, and one of its consequences was a Colonial grievance: the tallest trees in American forests were reserved for the British Navy. It is awesome to think of ecological unravelling proceeding over centuries and then figuring in standard, old-fashioned political-history texts. We are just starting to suspect how all human doings have been inextricably entangled with Darwin's "web of life."

Medieval rural work involved both art and play. Work songs guided rhythmic activities. A diagram of a threshing floor, showing how the team coördinated its movements with the calls or chants of a leader, looks like choreographic notation. Homemade musical instruments, like shepherds' pipes, might do duty on the job and off it, but rural people constructed instruments for art's sake as well, and valued the noisiest. They also adored loud colors, and, if their homemade dyes had permitted it, would have dressed garishly indeed. The question of "taste" or "good taste" is puzzling, but, at all events, some consumer vulgarities are venerable: Miss Hartley mentions that "unwashed beeswax was probably the earliest form of chewing-gum."

The core of this book—the reason that it is so impressive—is its description of work and its meticulous explanation of the techniques of labor. These techniques rarely appear in literature, partly because they are usually taught orally and by demonstration, and partly because audiences of all periods have enjoyed what is noisy and colorful, and have preferred to read or hear about war than about work. But the paucity of detailed records of the techniques of everyday work has had the unfortunate consequence that few of us ever adequately appreciate each other's skills and therefore do not appreciate each other's intelligence. Because human character is nowhere near as good as human brains, all societies have belittled some work and some workers. The expression "unskilled labor" is a belittlement that betrays lack of knowledge: there is no such thing. The most routine task—sowing seeds, for instance—requires abstraction, responsiveness, judgment, and dexterity. In Miss Hartley's book—a panorama, a sort of world's-fair exposition of skills invented and acquired by illiterate human beings—we read of innovation and creativity, the work of anonymous McCormicks and Burbanks and junior achievers. (Children were employed to

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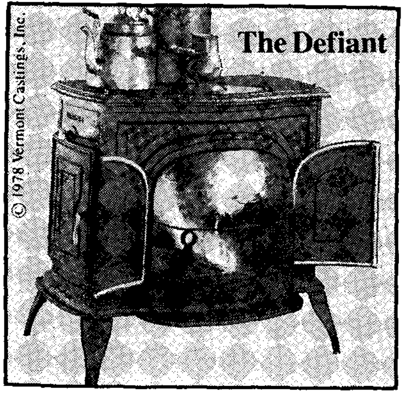

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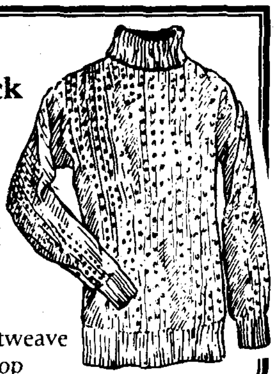

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select seed corn, because their fingers were small.) The insight required to see linen in flax or a roof in a patch of reeds; the imagination required to invent more uses for materials than seems possible (Miss Hartley's section on straw is amazing): these were the properties of people who were regarded by their rulers (and by the historians of their rulers) as unimportant, stupid, and comic—in a word, boorish.

Miss Hartley is not nostalgic. She does not suggest that those were the good old days, that medieval people were happier than we are, or that medieval society was better than ours is. Instead, she modestly and accurately explains the ingenuity—the genius—that the humblest human beings have applied to survival. "Lost Country Life" helps us understand other studies, yet the most important lesson it imparts is that by the study of work we learn respect for the capacities of our fellowmen. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WHITE HORSE INN, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Norman Denny (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95). The first appearance in English of still another of the haunting psychological vignettes that M. Simenon dashed off with such amazing proficiency in the nineteen-thirties. The scene here is a small hotel and restaurant on the Loire, and the story examines (in the usual masterly fusion of vivid details and shifting glances and little shrugs and sometimes cryptic murmurs) the comings and goings of a small company—the smiling, imperturbable proprietress and her philandering husband; the two young but already depraved waitresses whose favors the husband enjoys; the ancient scullery maid anchored to her kitchen chair by fat; the sick, seething, deliberately revolting night porter; the young holiday couple with their two small sons—and the crosscurrents of emotion that these perambulations release.

EVERYTHING IN THE WINDOW, by Shirley Faessler (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $11.95). A striking first novel, set in Toronto before the Second World War. When a headstrong Jewish girl decides to marry a goy, her father (a bill collector) and her stepmother (an uncouth, if devout, peasant woman who regards her own, arranged marriage as a blessed miracle) have a fit, but

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when the blond-haired, blue-eyed groom agrees to submit to circumcision, Jewish marriage rites, and intensive religious tutoring they are appeased. What begins as a touching and often funny portrait of a passionately blissful young couple ends as a sad account of a sorry household. A house, in fact, is one of the chief characters: the dingy structure in which the bride grew up, in which her parents still live, and from which she hoped that her marriage would deliver her, but where she and her husband find themselves (rent-free) when they discover that they cannot afford rooms of their own—especially after their daughter is born. Although the wife chooses to name her daughter Emma because she has just read "Madame Bovary," the author is too skilled a storyteller to push the allusion.

GENERAL

PILGRIMAGE OF PASSION: THE LIFE OF WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT, by Elizabeth Longford (Knopf; $16.95). Wilfrid Blunt (1840-1922) was an "occasional" poet whose sonnets and poetical dramas, though praised by many of his contemporaries (he was in old age given a testimonial dinner by a group of poets that included Yeats and Pound), now scarcely exist, even in the most conventional anthologies. If, however, he was less than a full-fledged poet, he was also something more—a man of vigorous action in several very different fields. Blunt came into life with every natural advantage. His family background was the old landed Sussex gentry, and he was tall and athletic, uncommonly handsome, highly intelligent, charming to men, and irresistible to women. He went on to make the most of his gifts. He married Lady Annabella King-Noel, a member of a glittering section of the English aristocracy and Lord Byron's granddaughter. He served an apprenticeship in the Foreign Office, quickly learning the nature of the British Empire, and resigned to devote the rest of his life to ending that Empire: he was perhaps the pioneer advocate of Indian and Egyptian nationalism. Later, he became a tireless advocate of Irish Home Rule, and served a two-month jail sentence (at hard labor) for his advocacy. With his wife, he established in England a famous Arabian-horse stud. He stood, unsuccessfully, for

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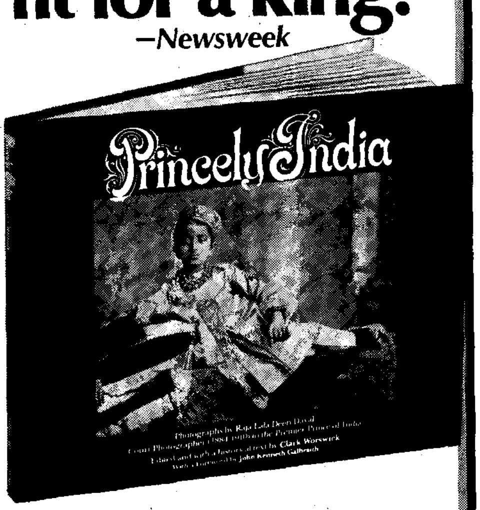

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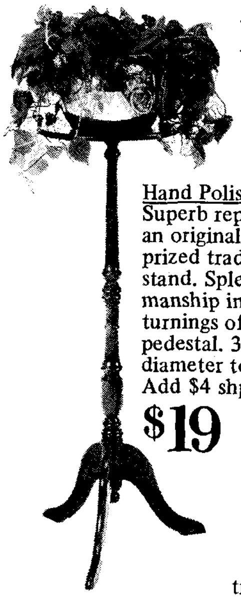

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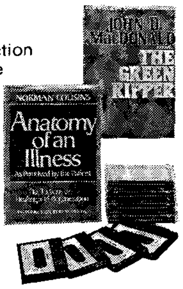

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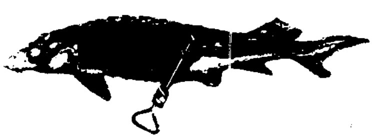
Parliament. He denounced the Boer War, and later even the First World War. (One day, after shooting three pheasants in his wood, he wrote in his diary, "It did me good but I could wish them to have been Asquith and Grey and George.") He wrote dozens of influential pamphlets and hundreds of thundering letters to the *Times*. He knew every important politician of his long day, and he detested most of them. And he was an almost compulsive bedder of young women. His conquests included almost every eligible woman in his wide and fashionable family connection, and he sired several (highborn) bastards, two of whom he recognized and supported. He remained throughout his life on the best of terms with all his former mistresses. His marriage, not surprisingly, ended in separation, and he eventually quarrelled with his only legitimate child, Judith, Lady Wentworth. Lady Longford's biography of this extraordinary man is very long and exquisitely detailed—indeed, almost a daily record. (The personalities and the long period in which it immerses us are richly recorded in Blunt's once "secret" diaries.) The result is a joy and an exhilaration and a lesson. Many photographs.

POWERS OF THE WEAK, by Elizabeth Janeway (Knopf; $13.95). A well-written, intelligent, discursive feminist essay that draws on varied fields—child development, abnormal psychology, history, current events—in its search for parallels to the secondary roles allotted to women. Children, subjects, slaves, prisoners—all afford such instances, and their forms of resistance and assertion suggest to Mrs. Janeway strategies for women. Her work demonstrates a novelist's sensitivity to human relations of every degree of intimacy or impersonality; it is intellectually ingenious; and it does not shirk hard questions about the nature of power and the ambivalence with which we regard it.

HOME BEFORE NIGHT, by Hugh Leonard (Atheneum; $9.95). It's instructive as well as entertaining to compare the two autobiographies composed by the author; one is the play "Da," which ran for many months on Broadway and will surely be running somewhere in the world from now until kingdom come, and the other is this eloquent little book of merry and bitter remi-



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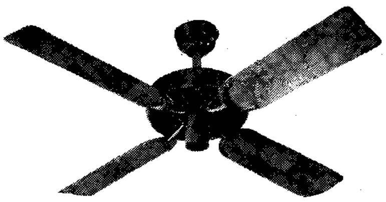

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niscence. Contrary to what one might expect, the play is leisurely and the book pell-mell. In the theatre, we are allowed to take our time in getting to know the easygoing gardener-father, the disappointed mother, the tight-lipped employer; between covers, these characters are hurled into our presence along with a score of others, whose harum-scarum ways measure up to the high standard of folly and rascality that we encounter with delight in O'Casey and Joyce. The playwright speaks colloquially, the autobiographer employs a prose that approaches the intensity and ellipsis of poetry; metaphors stinging and tender tumble about in happy profusion. Mr. Leonard, who is still only in his fifties, comes early enough to autobiography; he has led a life of classic Irish disarray, and he presents it to us with a pride that turns all Irishmen into heroes and mock heroes—"saints," as J. B. Yeats once tauntingly said of them, "and plaster saints."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GOING IT ALONE, by Michael Innes (Dodd, Mead; $7.95). A wealthy Englishman who has chosen to live in France to keep his taxes down, and who chafes at the resulting restrictions placed on his visits to his native land, trades passports with a French friend who is his look-alike and pays a visit to his sister at her country house near London. His pleasure in outsmarting the immigration authorities is dimmed by his fear of being discovered and arrested, but both emotions are soon eclipsed by concern for his nephew, who has made himself the friend of a band of young radicals and the enemy of a gang of bank robbers; to complicate matters, the police are under the impression that the two groups are one and the same. Uncle and nephew set out to nab the robbers—an adventure that involves a wild assortment of allies and assailants, including a Frenchman named Flaubert who wears a tiny porkpie hat, a hippie who drives an aged Bentley, and a squatter who recites Xenophon to his wife and suckling child. A clever caper by a veteran mystery writer ("The Paper Thunderbolt," "The Crabtree Affair") who—as J. I. M. Stewart—teaches English literature at Oxford and here cannot resist alluding to a dozen literary creations and creators,

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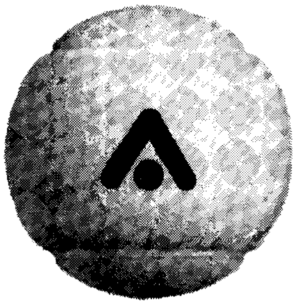

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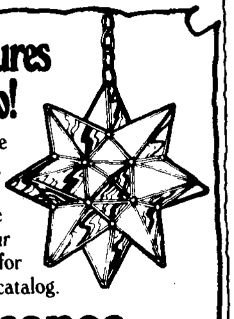

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from Macbeth and Robin Hood to Beckett and Wodehouse.

THE PHILOMEL FOUNDATION, by James Gollin (St. Martin's; $10). When the members of the Antiqua Players, a little-known quintet specializing in medieval and Renaissance music, receive an invitation from an outfit calling itself the Philomel Foundation to make an all-expenses-paid European tour and receive twelve thousand dollars for their trouble, they cannot afford to say no, even after the tour turns out to be a cover for a mission to rescue a dissident Russian cellist who is being held incommunicado in East Germany. The musicians agree to orchestrate, and assist in, his escape, but they soon discover that Philomel's ambitions—not to mention the cellist's—are far less altruistic than their own. By the end, Mr. Gollin (a writer and a harpsichordist who makes his début here as a writer of thrillers) has demonstrated that chamber musicians have just those skills and instincts that are essential in espionage—a point supported by quotations from an essay by C. P. E. Bach that introduce the chapters: "Of course, it is only rarely possible to reveal the true content and affect of a piece on its first reading;" "Clarity is attained through rests;" "Pupils must learn the figures with dispatch." A virtuoso performance.

SANDCATCHER, by Stuart Jackman (Atheneum; $10.95). An episode in the Empty Quarter of the Saudi Arabian Desert in 1944, and one that is as stark and brutally grim as the desert itself. A British commando force is dispatched to capture alive a marauding Bedouin sheikh named Marak. The mission is successful, up to a point, but in a way that Mr. Jackman keeps carefully to himself until he has our full and riveted attention. Mr. Jackman saw wartime service in the Middle East, and his depiction of the desert and of the Bedouin in all of their natural moods is a good part of the pleasure that his adventure story provides.

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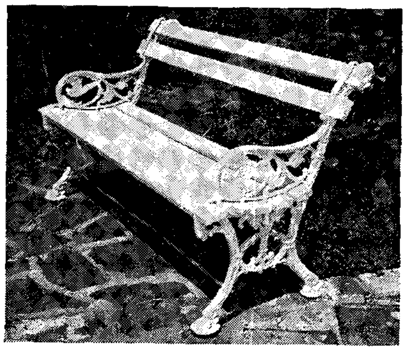

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